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MAXIM

AUGUST 2003

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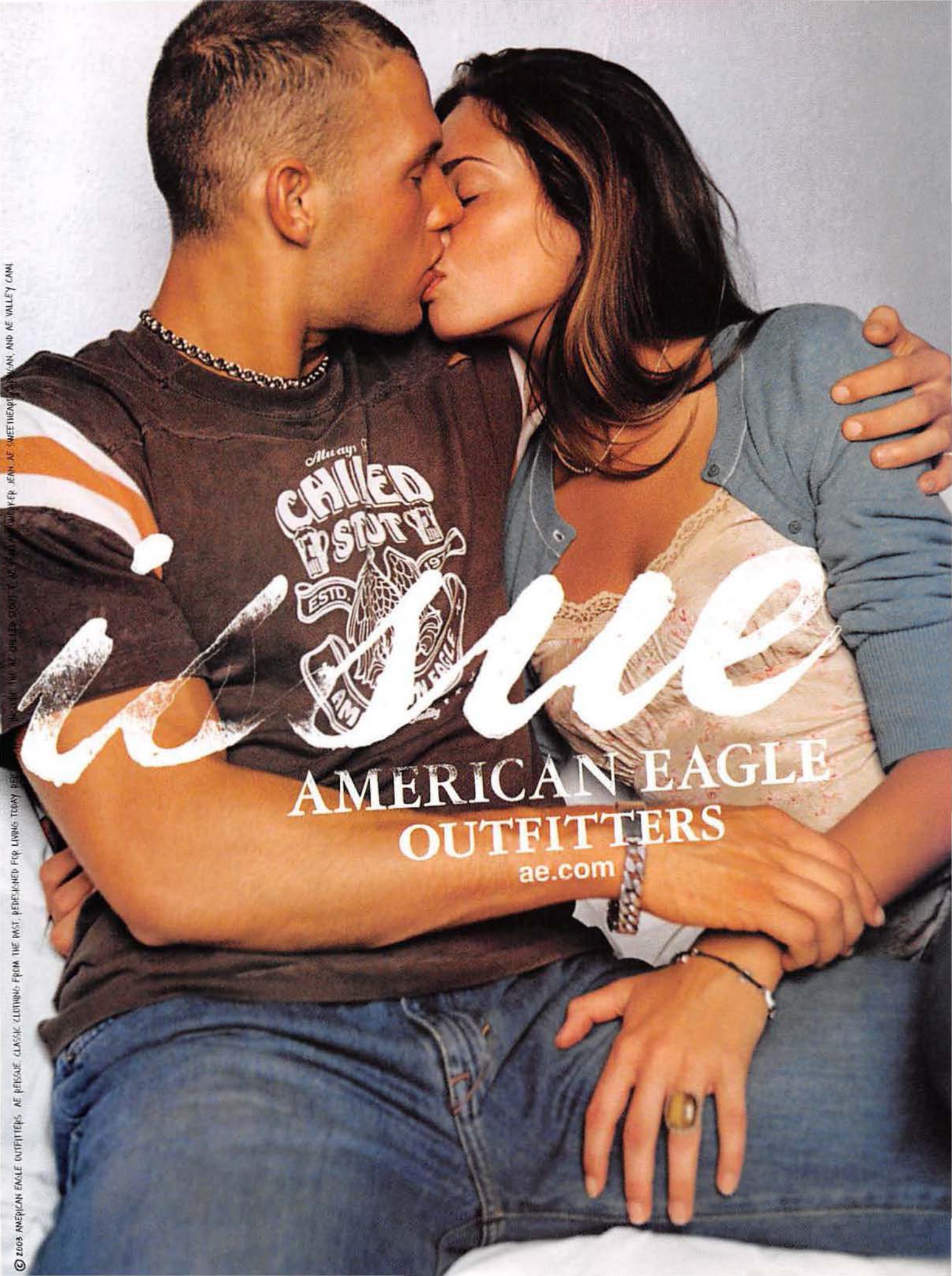

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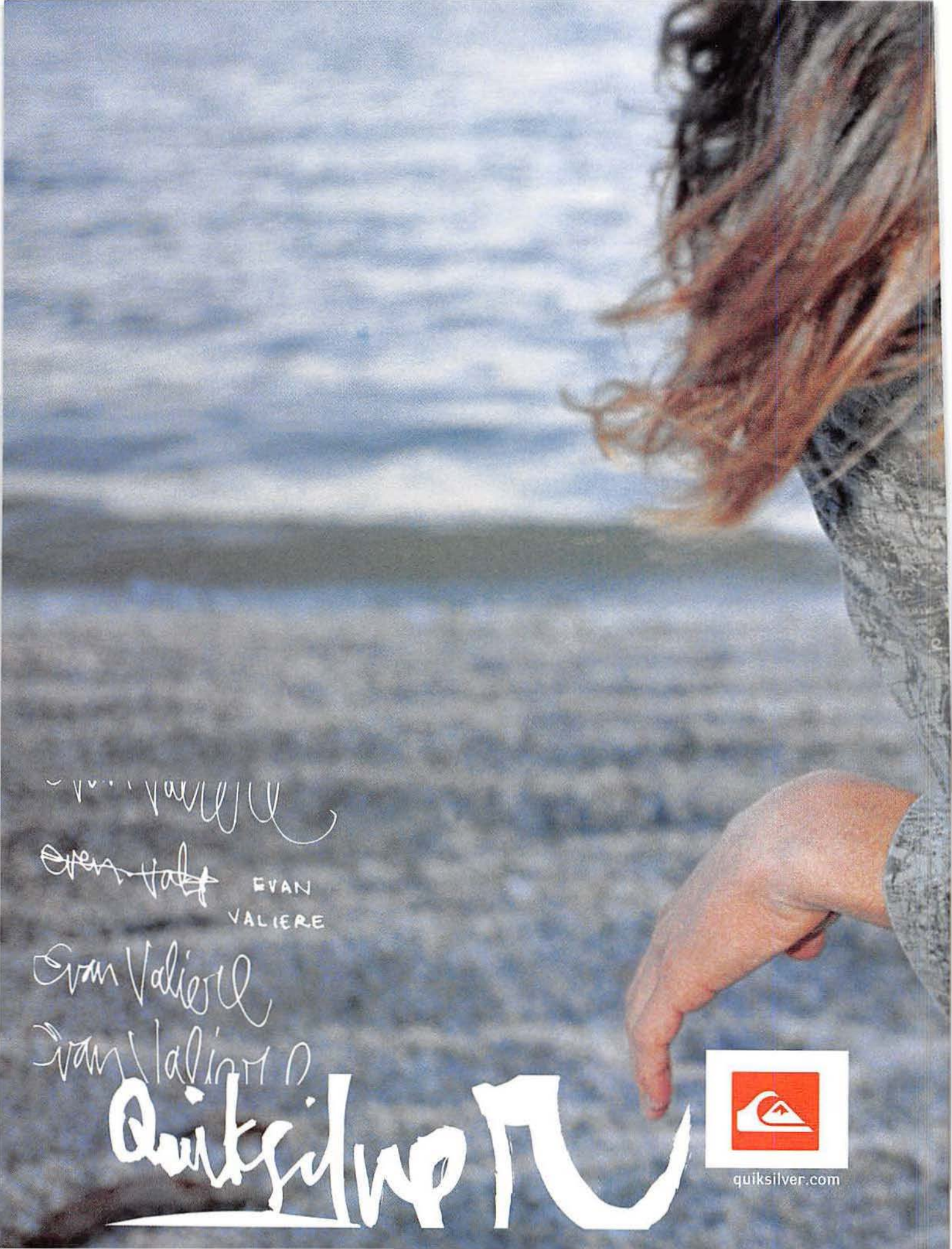
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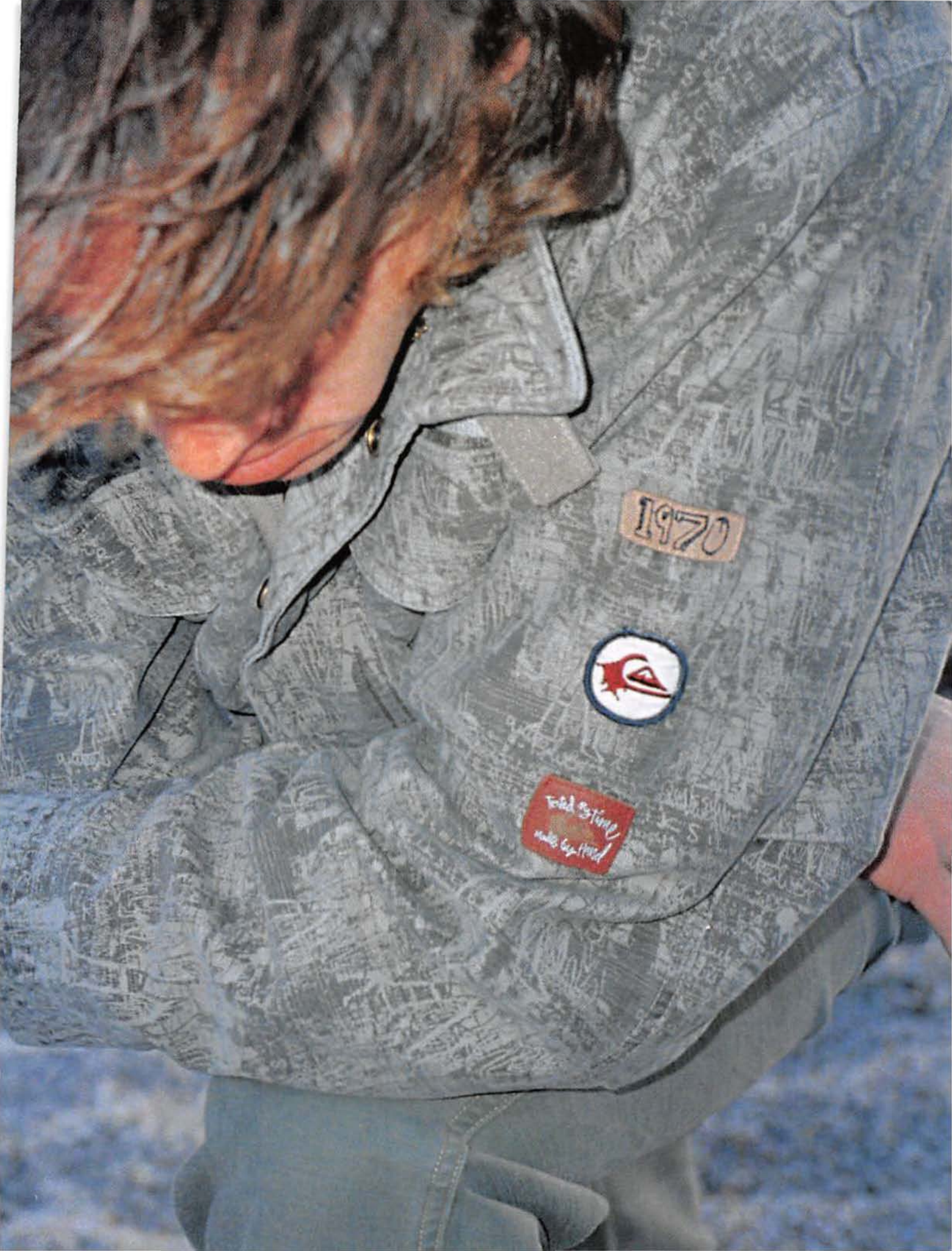
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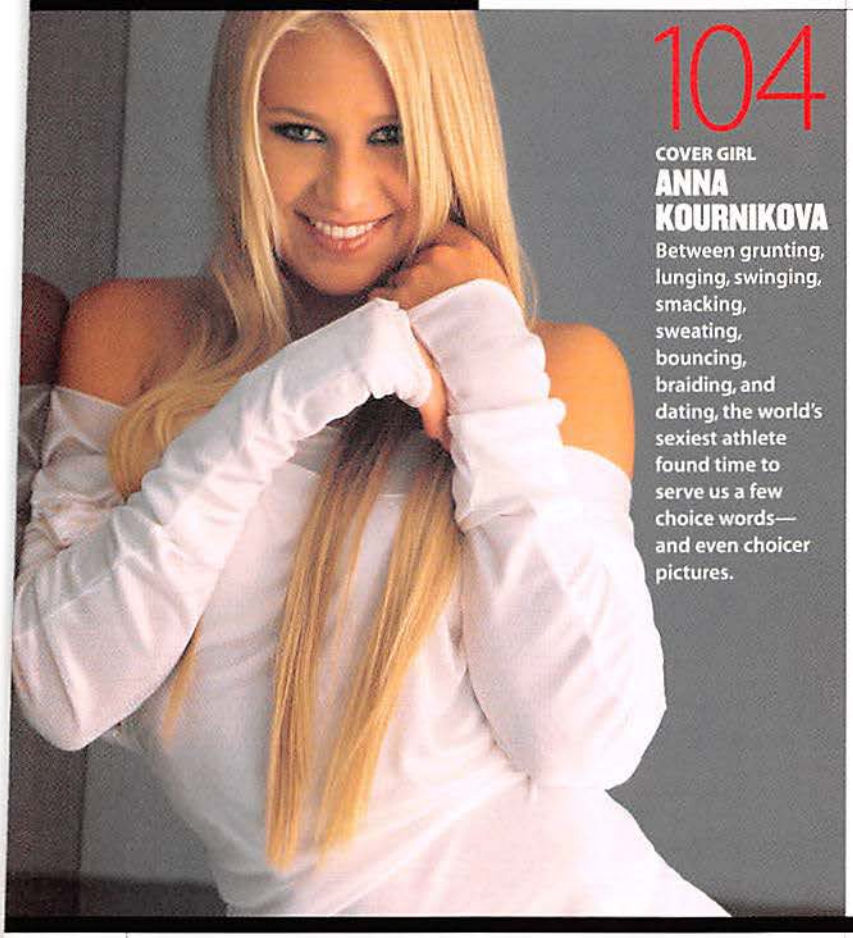

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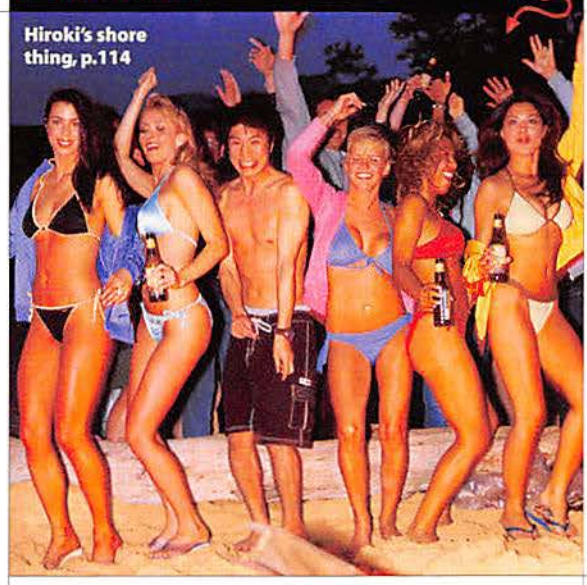
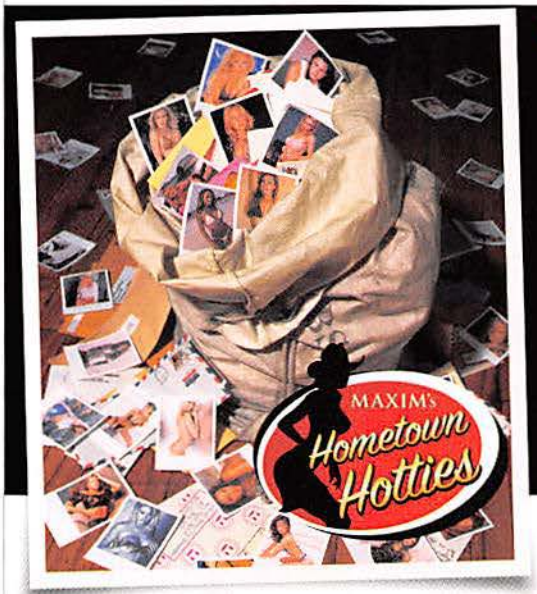
COVER GIRL
ANNA KOURNIKOVA

Between grunting, lunging, swinging, smacking, sweating, bouncing, braiding, and dating, the world's sexiest athlete found time to serve us a few choice words—and even choicer pictures.





133

MODELS NEXT DOOR
HOMETOWN HOTTIES

The results are in! Thanks to our readers, we've located the 100 hottest gals from sea to shining sea. We even found some in Jersey!

WE WANT ANSWERS!

100 GARY BUSEY

The official craziest bastard in Hollywood and star of Comedy Central's new surreality show *I'm With Busey* opens up.

p.114

RAGGED AND SANDY

114 BEACH BUMS

If we say it's safe to drink on this beach, then it's safe to drink on this beach! We researched the best ways to have a blast at the shore: Drink beer, bake lobster, and ogle girls in bikinis. The things we do for our readers…

PRANKS A LOT

124 DIRTY WORK

A well-played prank can lift the spirits of a whole office. Or it can get you shitcanned. Proceed at your own risk.

SWINDLERS LIST

142 KING CONS

No weapons, masks, or getaway cars. Armed only with big brains and bigger balls, these master con men bilked America's rich and famous. Here's how.

WORTH WATCHING

150 THE GIRLS OF REALITY TV

These nine lovely ladies have turned reality TV into every man's fantasy. Note to network execs: We're still waiting for *Who Wants to Lather a Supermodel?*

p.114

mazda

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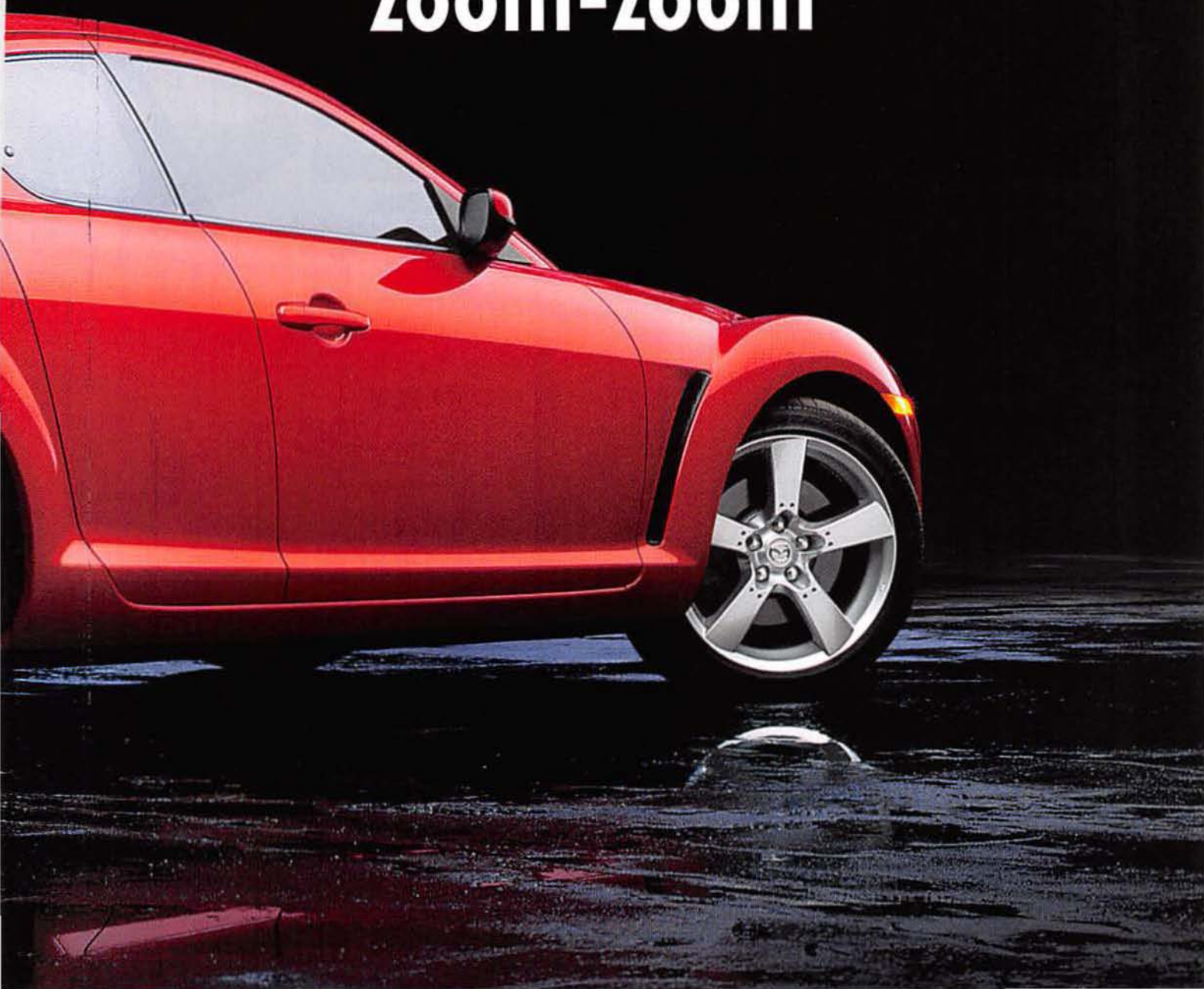

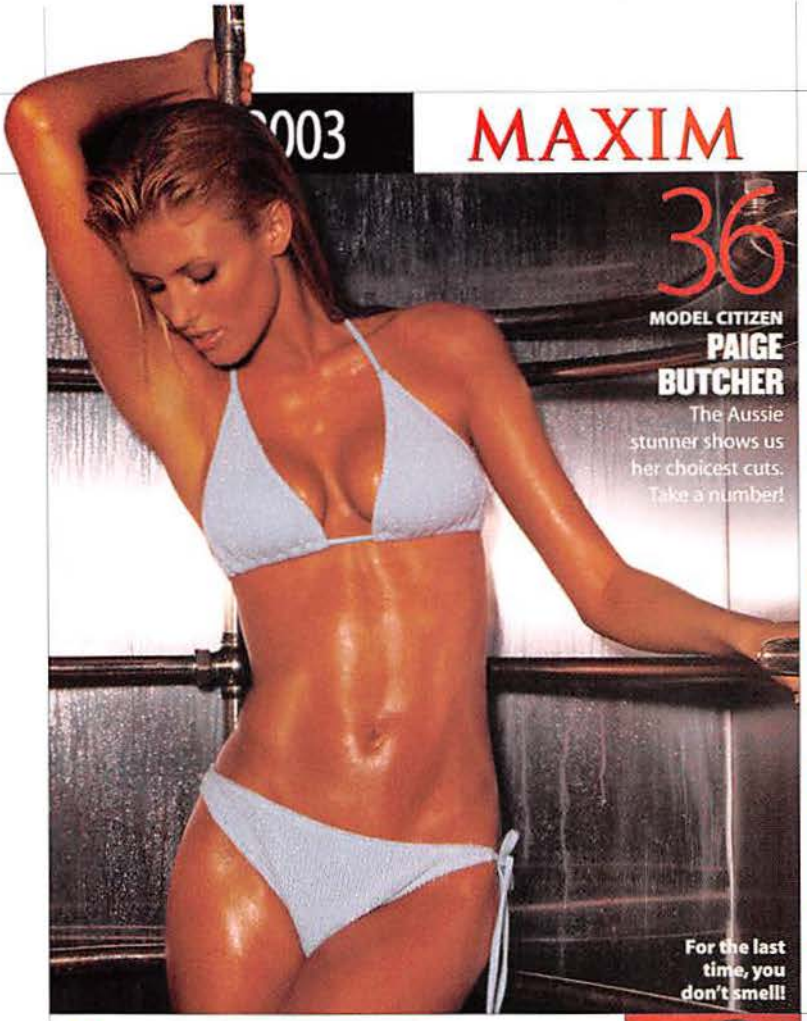

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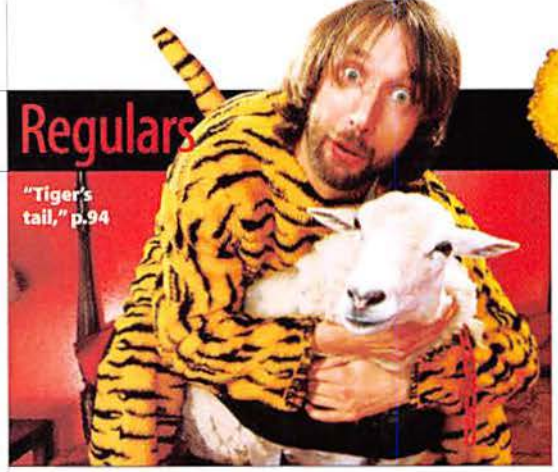
MODEL CITIZEN
PAIGE BUTCHER
The Aussie stunner shows us her choicest cuts. Take a number!

For the last time, you don't smell!

Regulars



"Tiger's tail," p.94

Street tall p.46

p.62

Satan 'n' pals, p.172

Smoke it up, p.194

20 READERS' LETTERS
Think we care what *you've* got to say? Who asked you, anyway? Oh, right…we did. Well, carry on, then.

p.196

26 JOKES
What do a dateless musician, extra-large condoms, two dumb blondes, and anal sex all have in common? Oh, you've heard that one already?

28 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
Monuments to the vagina, a deeper look at children's books, *Maxim*-ized tattoos, and cute, vaguely disturbing rubber ducks. Plus: Hiroki goes to the movies!

54 HOW TO
Build a doghouse, be her hero, cook with lava, and train a freakin' hawk. Plus, a bonus for the ladies: how to strip for your boyfriend!

THE EDGE
62 HOME SCHOOLED
A turncoat contractor gives us the inside scoop on how to avoid paying an arm and a leg the next time you have to get your walls stuck together with Play-Doh and paper clips.

p.74
TOONING UP
74 STRIPPERELLA
Evildoers, prepare to be thwap-thwapped by TNN's sexy new superheroine—modeled after Pam Anderson, no less!

"Tailgating? Us?" p.54

82 HOT ZONE
Actor Robert Englund—that's Mr. Freddy Krueger to you—slashes through four classic horror flicks to tell us which stand the test of time.

171 MAXIM FASHION
Rock star duds and fresh-smelling suds will have the ladies begging for an encore.

193 TOP GEAR
We've got camping gear so high-tech you'll never go home again (a good idea once the cops get a whiff of the crawlspace…).

200 BAR EXAM
Executive editor James Heidenry's anaconda don't want none unless you got buns, hon.

p.194

68
THE MAXIM BAR
ABSINTHE MINDED
The "green fairy" was banned in the U.S. 100 years ago. But we scored a stash in Europe and… who are you?

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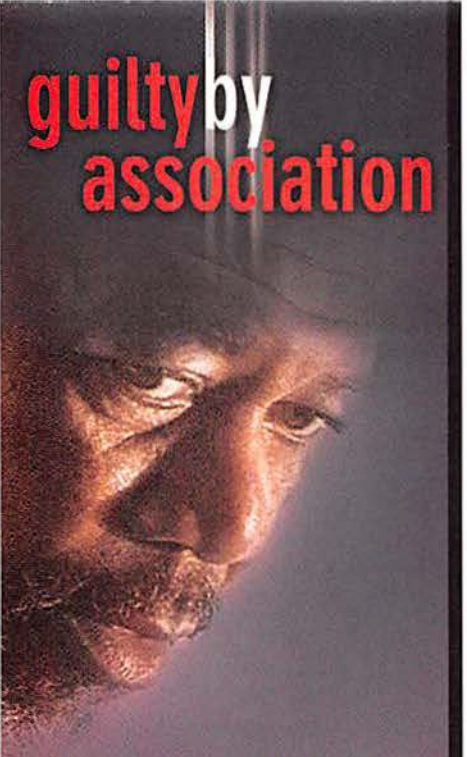

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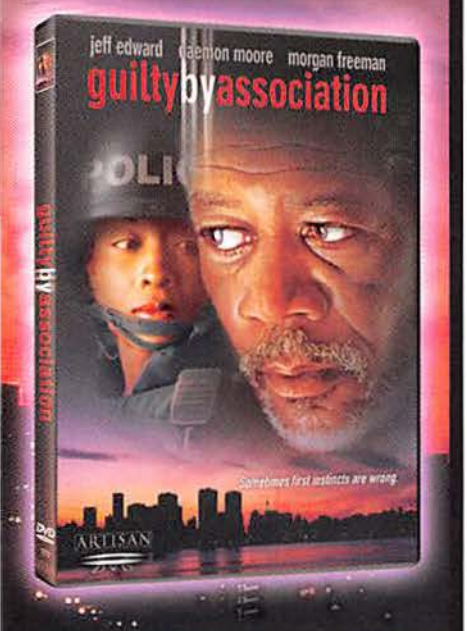

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▼ **Keith Blanchard**
After only one Chia Pet treatment

In your town, in your office, in your rehab center, in your dorm at clown college: There's always one girl who exerts a gravitational attraction on the mortals around her. Our heads swivel involuntarily as she passes; her existence bends the normal paths of errands so as to wind pathetically past her house; we get spastic and discombobulated inside her event horizon. In much the same way that short people paint society as unnecessarily jostling and insensitive, hot girls live in a world filled with furtive eye contact and bashful smiles and free drinks and mysterious offers to go camping. There's no argument as to who these local lust engines are: Beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, but hotness is written all over your face.

As many of you know, we decided a few months back to capitalize on this untapped national resource with *Maxim*'s Hometown Hotties contest. It was a project similar in scope (and, dare I say, importance) to sequencing the human genome. But at last we've gathered our 100 semifinalists, inside these pages and in even greater detail on maximonline.com, and you're in for a treat. I have to say that the level of assembled talent puts one in mind of King Arthur's Round Table . . . the Dream Team . . . maybe even the cast of the original *Caddyshack*. Join the girls for a couple of drinks in the winner's circle on page 133, and grab your phone to vote now for the one you want to see wear her laurels—and not much else, yuk, yuk—in her very own *Maxim* photo shoot. Your forefathers fought hard for your right to vote—don't dishonor their memory.

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to review the candidates one last time.

Keith Blanchard

ON THE COVER:
ANNA KOURNIKOVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
Bill Ling

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Permanent scars sustained in office-wide rubber-band fracas	2
Dollar value of alcohol consumed by one model in p.172's fashion story	256
Model's fee for the day, in dollars	150
Hometown Hotties contacted by staffers	100
Dates received as a result	0
Temperature, in degrees fahrenheit, at *Maxim*'s beach bash	40
Minutes senior editor Jason Kersten spent in the icy sea to collect $65	5
Staffers who yelled "Shark!" to freak him out	2
Staffers who yelled "Shark!" hoping to attract sharks	6
Percentage change in the size of Kersten's nut cluster	-92
Plates of meatballs thrown merrily at staffer Charles Coxe at beach bash	2
Weeks until thrower will be back on solid food	8

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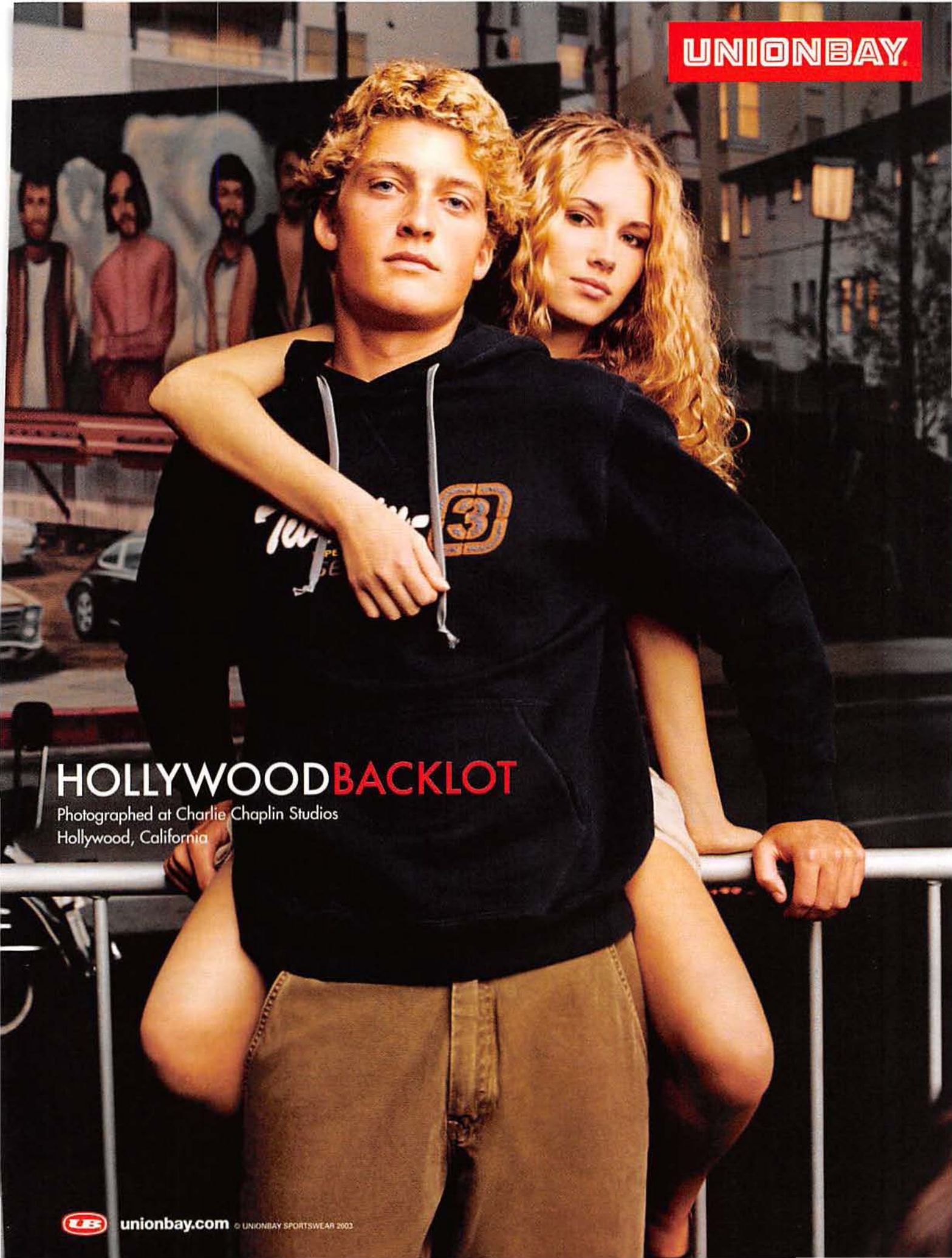
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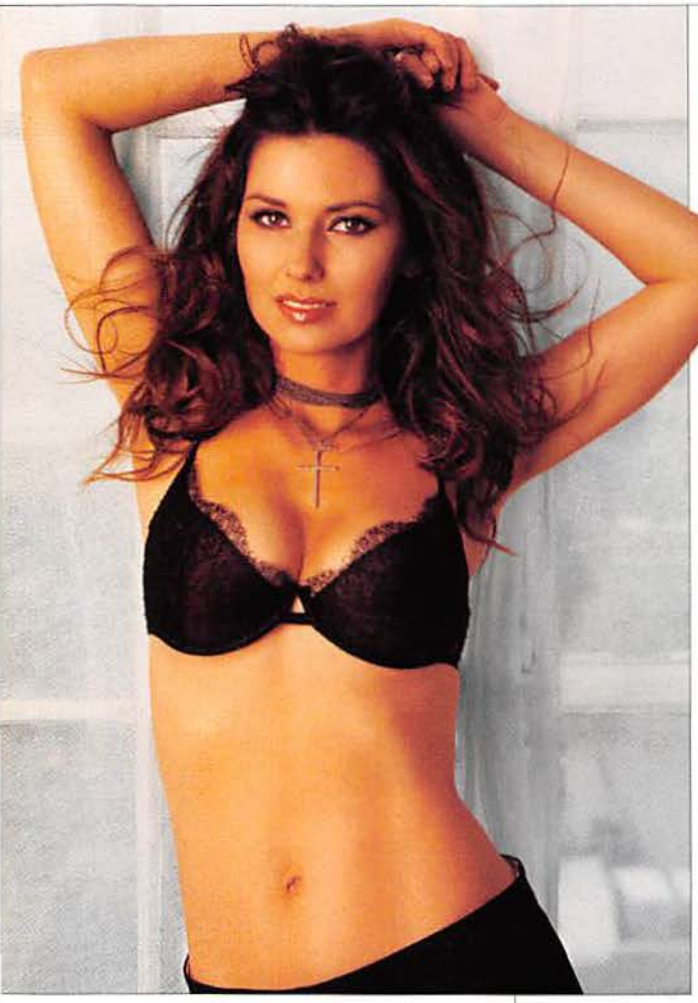
YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Back from summer vacation? Swimming in TPS reports? Take an extended coffee break and enjoy some idle chatter from a college prankster, a peeved metalhead, and an obnoxious French apologist. Send all hate mail to the address at the right.

DID YOU WIN?

If we used your letter this month, we'll send you some Aspyr computer games. Want swag? E-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., New York, NY 10018.



Well, if you really *want* us to frisk you...

The Twain Shall Meet

Aha! You guys revel in bashing everything Canadian, but along comes stunning Canuck country gal Shania Twain ["Runaway Twain," June] and you guys get all giddy. Could the woman be any more perfect? She loves hockey.

She dresses in supersexy skintight leopard-print outfits. And she's from the Great White North!

Craig Basker
Ontario, Canada

We know, we know. Solely because of her, we can almost forgive you guys for the export of Rush, Loverboy, and Celine Dion. But not Paul Shaffer.

Super Dork

I object to the inclusion of Superman and Wonder Woman in your "25 Lamest Superheroes Ever" [June]. What about Plastic Man, the Falcon, Bucky Barnes, and, especially, Zan of the Wonder Twins? Can you get any lamer than a guy who can turn himself into a bucket of water?

Gabe T.
Via e-mail

Sure—how about a live-at-home comic book know-it-all who can transform himself into a complete asshole?

Lost in the Translation

In your May issue, you ran a short article entitled "Eight Thoughts to Rein in Your Soldier" [Circus Maximus], which mentioned something about Ron Jeremy giving your sister Arabian goggles. What are Arabian goggles?

Nick Beers
Scranton, PA

Do we have to spell it out for you? It's the same thing as a Maltese overbite, or a Siamese knockout, or an order of Swedish meatballs...Oh, even you must get the point by now.

Twisted Sisters

How dare you dis Metallica in your June issue ["Best in Fests," Hot Zone]! Twenty years from now, kids will still be listening to them. And when their latest album, *St. Anger*, becomes a huge success, you'd better get down on your knees and beg forgiveness!

Kirk Todd
Via e-mail

Fine, but if it doesn't, then we get the keys to your '78 Camaro and the chance to shave that greasy perma-mullet off your jughead. Deal?

Model Behavior

In your May feature "Picture Perfect!" Alina Vacariu claims she doesn't care about a guy's physique. Instead, she says she wants a man with a big heart. Sadly, from personal experience, I ▶

PUT ME IN MAXIM!

*Maxim*um Velocity

During my 400th free-fall, over Tecumseh, Michigan, as I hurtled toward Earth, the beautiful women of your magazine [February 2003] kept me company. As you can see, skydiving is a "reverse effect" drug: The fun happens on your way down. Anyway, whatever I'm doing to get a rush, *Maxim* is always there.

Jeremy Backus
Ann Arbor, MI

That's totally extre-e-e-e-me, man! Here's hoping it helps you unwind during your hot coffee enema.

In-flight entertainment

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

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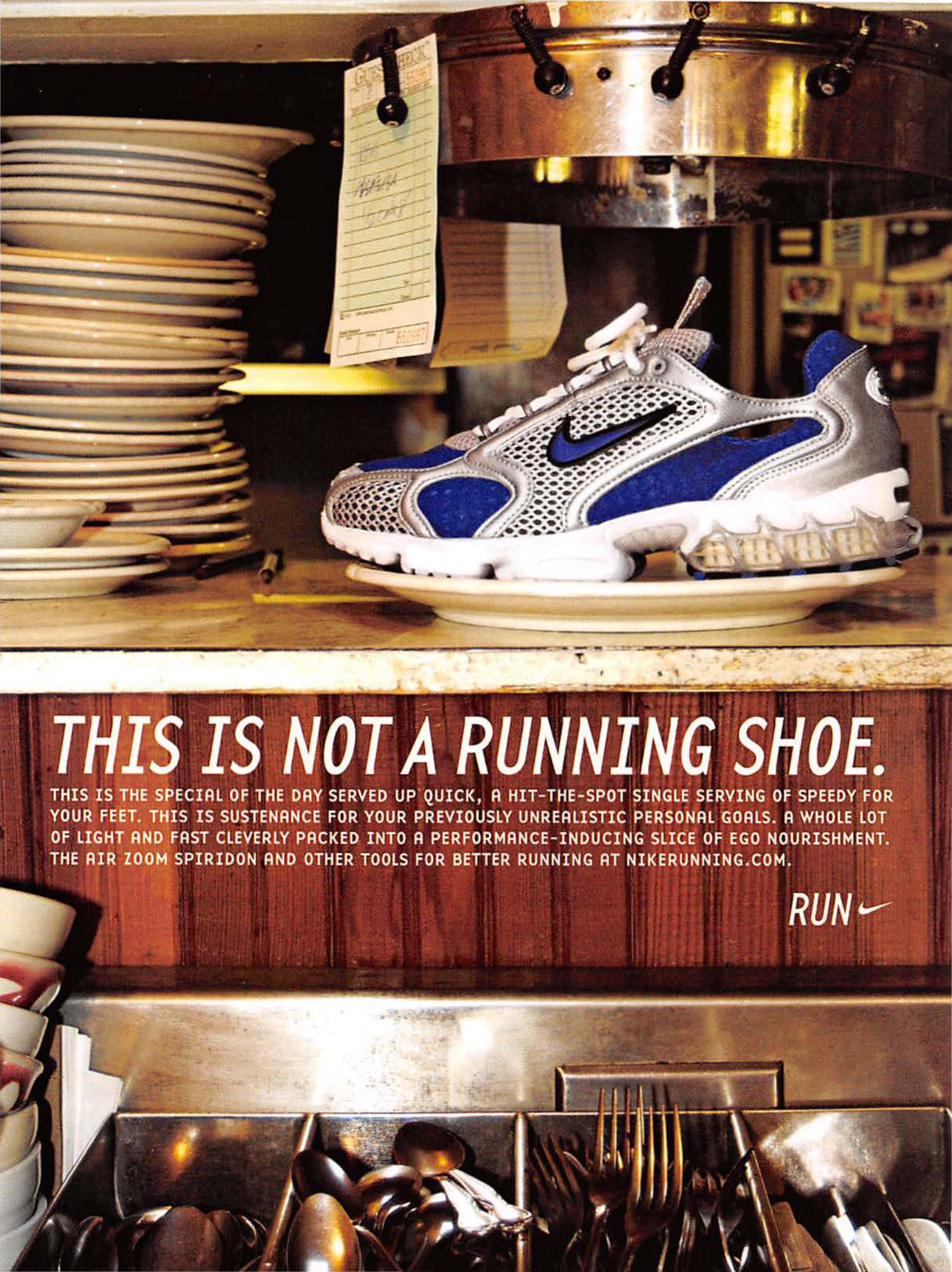
WIN!

Easy Rider!

Time to trade in your Big Wheel, kids, 'cause we're giving away a 2003 Honda Element. The four-door, five-speed roadrunner boasts a four-cylinder engine, an antilock breaking system, a clamshell tailgate with removable flip-up backseats, and a 270-watt AM/FM/CD audio system with seven speakers. To sweeten the deal, we're also throwing in a year's supply of ice-cold Elements beverages in a variety of refreshing flavors, like Tangelo, Agave Cactus, Dragonfruit, and Siberian Cherry. Nitrous oxide canisters, roof rack, and collision insurance not included. For a chance to win the $19,550 prize package, log on to maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be repeatedly strip-searched by "Walter."

Photograph, Antoine Verglas (Shania)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know that's not true, and I can't help but wonder if Alina is all talk.

John Granic
Ontario, Canada

Calling her a liar won't help, Chubby.

Wing Nut

Your May feature "*Maxim*'s Ultimate Wingman Training Manual" was the greatest piece of literature ever. On behalf of all wingmen, thank you for having the brass balls to print this historic reference guide.

Paul Horton
Monroeville, PA

Much obliged. But the greatest piece of literature ever? Have you seen page 54?

Hate Mail

My father and I share the same first name. So whenever mail gets sent to our house, my dad always opens it up. He's kept birthday cards, checks, even bills of mine until they were past due. Help me teach this old bum a lesson.

Craig Cougle Jr.
Sewell, NJ

Oh, that's an easy fix. Just hack off one of your fingers and mail it to yourself. He'll stop...if his heartbeat doesn't first.

Burning Down the House

Thank you for saving my life. Somehow my girlfriend's hair dryer caught fire and ignited a bottle of hair spray, sending flames shooting up the bathroom wall. Luckily, I recalled April's "How to Put Out a Fire" and remembered to unplug the dryer before throwing a potful of water on the blaze.

Chris Jones
Saskatchewan, Canada

Glad to help a loyal reader. Next month, don't miss our step-by-step guide on "How to Stop Your Girlfriend From Moving All Her Shit Into Your Bathroom."

Practically a Joke

I'm a college student living in a house with nine pranksters. This past month I've been the target of most of their mischief. I want revenge! I was thinking about sedating a skunk and leaving it in someone's room. What do you think?

Justin Dexter
Via e-mail

Try Revenge Juice (recipe courtesy of Frank Whalen, host of the A.M. X radio show in Fayetteville, Ark.): Fill a Ziploc bag with rancid milk, vomit, and bong water, then place in a strategic spot, like an air vent. As the mixture festers, the bag will explode, releasing the most horrifically nauseating aroma ever. Good luck! ▶

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Ever get the feeling you could come up with better captions than we do? Take a look at the photo above, of the extended royal family, and write in your best one-liner. Beat ours and we'll ship you a *Daredevil* DVD, a collection of other high-octane DVDs, and a Toshiba DVD player. So e-mail your idea to caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be taxed without representation.

JUNE'S WINNING CAPTIONS

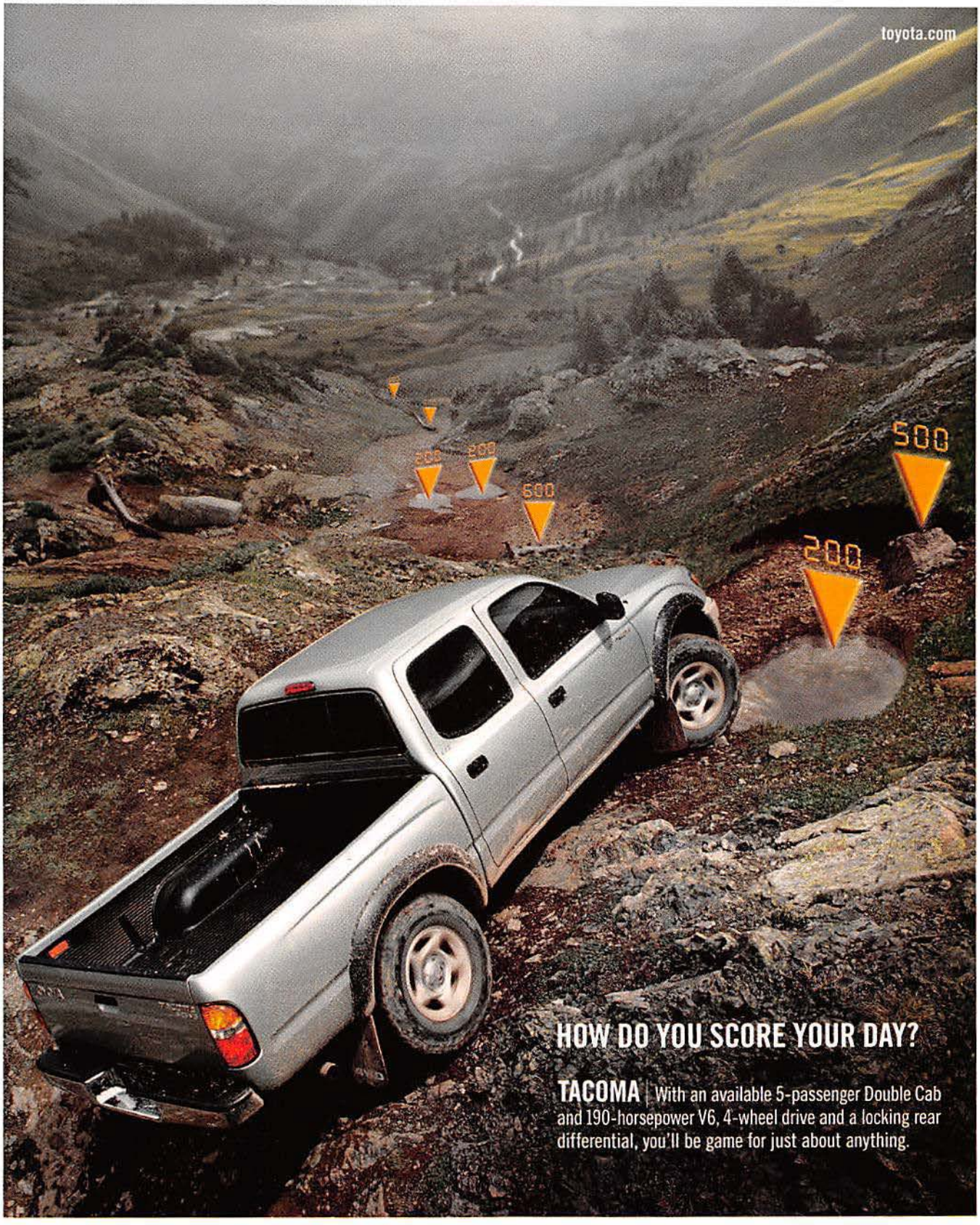
Winner:
His career in the dumps, Rick Moranis signed on for *Honey, I Shrunk the Hindus.*
R. Scott Weddle, Lexington, KY

Runners-up:
Punjabi University students raise the roof for AC/DC's show-stopping performance of "Big Balls."
Andy Perry, Lafayette, IN

Well, isn't *that* a sari sight!
F. Lemoyne Page, Princeton, NJ

Just imagine how excited they'll be when they get electricity!
Matt Brigham, Roswell, GA

Welcome to Epcot Center, Calcutta.
Mimi Jacobs, via e-mail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Curious George

In your feature on brain disorders ["Dangerous Minds," June], you state that George III had porphyria. I've been teaching this contested theory to my biology classes for the past 10 years. Both James I and his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, exhibited classic symptoms of the disease. If it weren't for this bad bit of DNA, George might have had the wherewithal and presence of mind to rein in the rebellious American colonies. Then where would we be?

Walter Hintz
Wickliffe, OH

Miles from the dentist, that's for sure.

Chumps Elysees

Your article "Next Stop: France" [June] troubled me. In it you belittle France and the part she played during the American Revolution; without her we'd have been crushed by the Brits. Also, you bust on French berets. Guess who else wears berets—the Green Berets!

Stephen Thompson
Los Angeles, CA

Yes, the illustrious American Special Forces sometimes wear green berets, but they wear them mainly for camouflage... just in case they need to blend in among a bunch of spineless, reeking, chain-smoking mimes.

LETTERS FROM LADIES

Opening Up

My friends believe I'm beautiful enough to be featured in the pages of *Maxim*. Well, I'd love nothing more than to reveal myself to the world's hottest magazine.

Jenny McLain
Wilmington, NC

You say you want to reveal yourself, but do you tell us anything of your hopes, your ambitions? Of course not! All you care about is showing off your sexy body! We feel used! God, we love feeling used.

Babe and Switch

In your April Says Her column, "Chick Flick Survival Guide," you raved about the scene in *Pretty Woman* where the camera pans up Julia Roberts' lingerie-clad body. Hate to break it to you guys, but that's not Julia's body. That figure belongs to Shelley Michelle, the same woman who body-doubled for Kim Basinger in *My Stepmother Is an Alien*.

Kate Hames
Allston, MA

Point taken. We have a dream—a dream that one day beautiful Hollywood starlets will be able to shed their clothes without resorting to hiring unknown sexy women as body doubles. We also have a dream where we're not wearing pants.

Jalalababe

I'm a 25-year-old college grad. I was born in Jalalabad, Afghanistan and came to the U.S. at the age of four. I had a very strict Muslim upbringing and, sadly, was disowned by my family years later for marrying a Greek Orthodox man. My desire? To "shed the veil," so to speak, and appear in your magazine. Can you help a girl out?

Evette A.
Farmingville, NY

Here ya go, your pic for all to see. And from now on, think of yourself as a part of our extended family... just nothing closer than a second cousin.

Broad Horizons

My boyfriend thinks I'm a dirty pervert. I like to be handcuffed, blindfolded, and spanked with a riding crop. But he just won't play along. Any advice on how I can push him beyond his current comfort limits? Eventually, I want him to demand that I get down on my knees and give him oral.

Alissa W.
Philadelphia, PA

Have you considered finding yourself a new boyfriend? Like... well... us?

Attention all female doctors, lawyers, police officers, and, especially, librarians: Send us sexy photos of you working it to: Letters From Ladies, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018. If we print yours, we'll reward you with a crisp $100 bill!

Pipe Dreams

As co-owner of Hookah and Shisha Central, I think it would be awesome if you guys did a feature on hookah smoking, the hottest new trend in America since the cigar craze. We'd be more than happy to assist *Maxim* in any way possible.

Sami Romman
Via e-mail

In any way possible, huh? Feel free to send us a tokin' of your appreciation.

A Violent End

You guys recently ran a tip about covering up blood spatter on walls ["Show Us Your Tips!," Readers' Letters, May]. That's sick. Are all *Maxim* readers homicidal maniacs? If so, I probably shouldn't give out my real name, but what the heck...

Kevin Devinney
Pittsburgh, PA

Kevin... you're a dead man.

SUBSCRIBE TO MAXIM
Changed your address? Missing an issue? Please write to *Maxim*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142
OR CALL 386-447-6312

Correction: In "Crash Course" [April] we reported that Michele Thibaudeau mistimed her skydiving jump. In fact, an official investigation showed she was not at fault in the accident. We apologize for the error.

STOLICHNAYA

RUSSIAN VODKA

NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Big Mouth

A woman walks into a drugstore and asks the pharmacist if the store carries extra-large condoms.

"Yes we do," he says. "Would you like to buy some?"

"No," she replies. "But do you mind if I wait around until someone does?"

—C. J. Paley, Springfield, IL

Growing Pains

Q: What do anal sex and spinach have in common?

A: If you were forced to have it as a boy, you're going to hate it as an adult.

—Nakul Patel, New York, NY

Sweet Nothings

A guy's been dating the girl of his dreams for several months, but he's been holding back his sexual advances because he's worried she'll notice his smaller-than-average penis.

One night they're in his car, and he decides to finally make his move. After kissing for a while, he opens his zipper and guides her hand into his pants.

"No, thanks," moans the girl. "You know I don't smoke."

—Ricky Knowles, via e-mail

The Kindness of Strangers

A man walks into a bar and yells, "All right, who thinks he's the strongest man in this place?"

A big musclebound guy stands up, puts his hands on his hips, and says, "I am. What's it to you?"

"Listen," says the man, "can you help me push my car to the gas station?"

—Billy Franklin, El Paso, TX

Dewy Dismal

A blonde walks into a library, goes up to the front desk, and says, "I'm here to see the doctor."

"This is a library, dearie," says the elderly librarian.

"Oh, I'm sorry," whispers the blonde. *"I'm here to see the doctor."*

—Brian Gilbert, Woodside, NY

Greener Grass

A married couple is walking past their neighbors' house. "John and Sarah are so loving toward each other," says the wife. "Every time he sees her, he gives her a big kiss...unlike *someone* I know."

"Hey, I'd love to," says the husband. "But I don't really know her that well."

—Trevor Egan, via e-mail

Pianist Envy

An unemployed piano player walks into a piano bar and starts jamming. The manager runs up to him and says he's never heard anything quite like it.

"Thanks," says the pianist, who launches into another song. "I call that one 'I Wanna Suck Your Titties.' This one's called 'Screwing a Bag Lady.'"

"Tell you what," says the manager. "Come by tonight and we'll see how it goes. Just don't go announcing the names of your songs."

That night the pianist shows up and quickly gets the place rocking. After playing for an hour, he excuses himself and goes to the bathroom. When he returns, a hush falls over the crowd. As he prepares to begin playing, one of the customers leans over to him and says, "Hey, buddy. Do you know your schlong is hanging out of your zipper?"

"Know it?" exclaims the pianist excitedly. "I wrote it!"

—Trevor Titus, Waseca, MN

Q: What's gray and comes in quarts? A: An elephant.

Cheese Head

A blonde is on a date with a geography teacher. "Believe it or not, I know all the state capitals," she says proudly.

"Oh, yeah?" says the guy. "What's the capital of Wisconsin?"

"That's easy," she replies. "It's a *W*."

—Scott Marks, via e-mail

Three the Hard Way

A man walks into a bar and orders a beer. A few drinks later, he goes to the men's room, where he sees a guy bent over the sink with his pants around his ankles and a guy giving it to him from behind, who in turn has a third guy doing *him* from behind.

The shocked man runs back to the bartender and says, "Do you know what's going on in your bathroom right now?" and explains what he saw.

The bartender says, "The guy in the middle, was he wearing a red sweater?"

"Yeah, I think so," the patron says.

"Yup, that's Frank," says the bartender. "He's lucky at cards too."

—Nick Duke, Parma, OH

Rock the House

Q: What do you call a musician without a girlfriend?

A: Homeless.

—Frank Whitley, Palo Alto, CA

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at **maximonline.com.**

THE $150 JOKE

Smashed Hit

A drunk staggers into a bar and shouts, "A round on me, bartender... and get one for yourself!"

The bartender pours everybody a round, and they all cheer the drunk.

"That'll be $50," says the barkeep.

"I can't pay that," slurs the drunk. "I don't have any money."

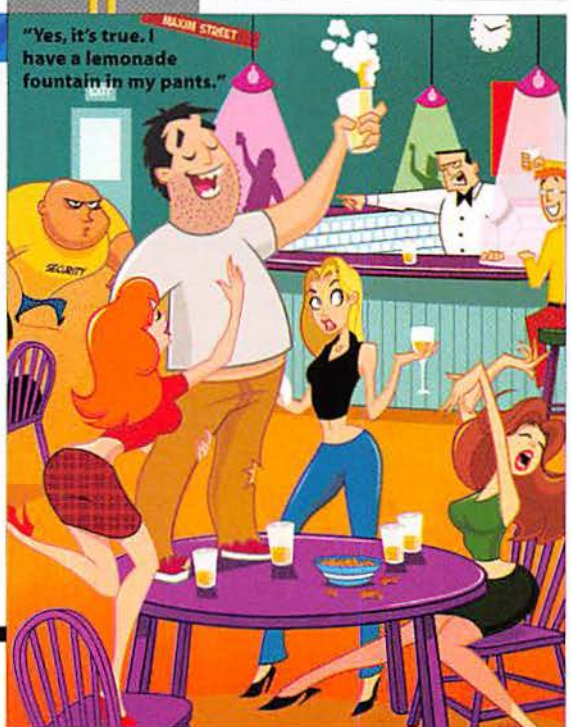
"You son of a bitch," yells the bartender, who promptly throws the guy out of the bar.

A minute later, the drunk staggers back in and shouts, "Another round for everyone on me, bartender!"

"What, no drink for me this time?" quips the barman.

"No way, mister. You get testy when you drink."

—Joan Woodsley, Greenfield, MA



Illustrations, Gary Ham

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You're watching a bad movie.
She puts her hand on your knee.
You're watching the greatest movie in the history of film.

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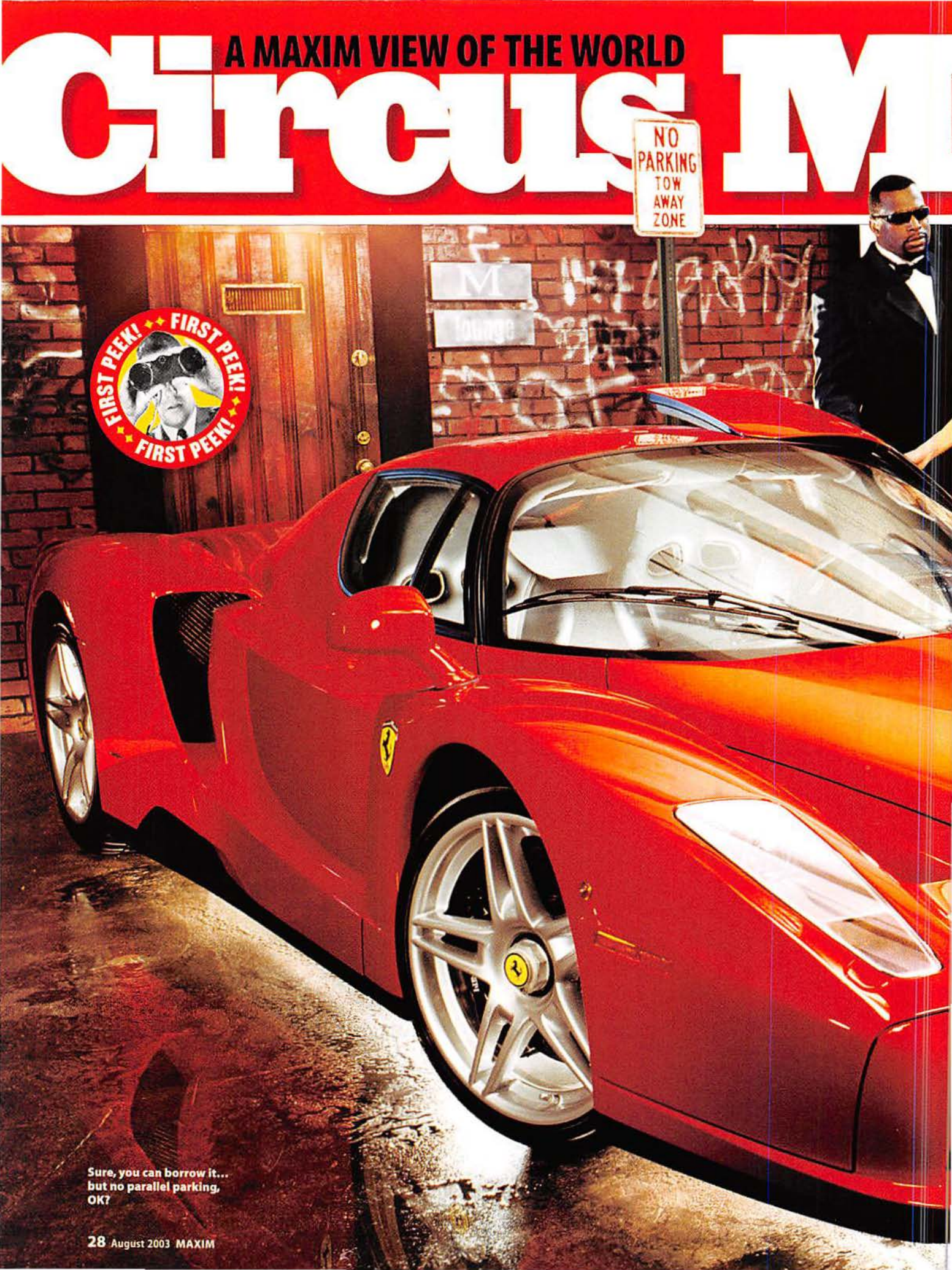
Circus M

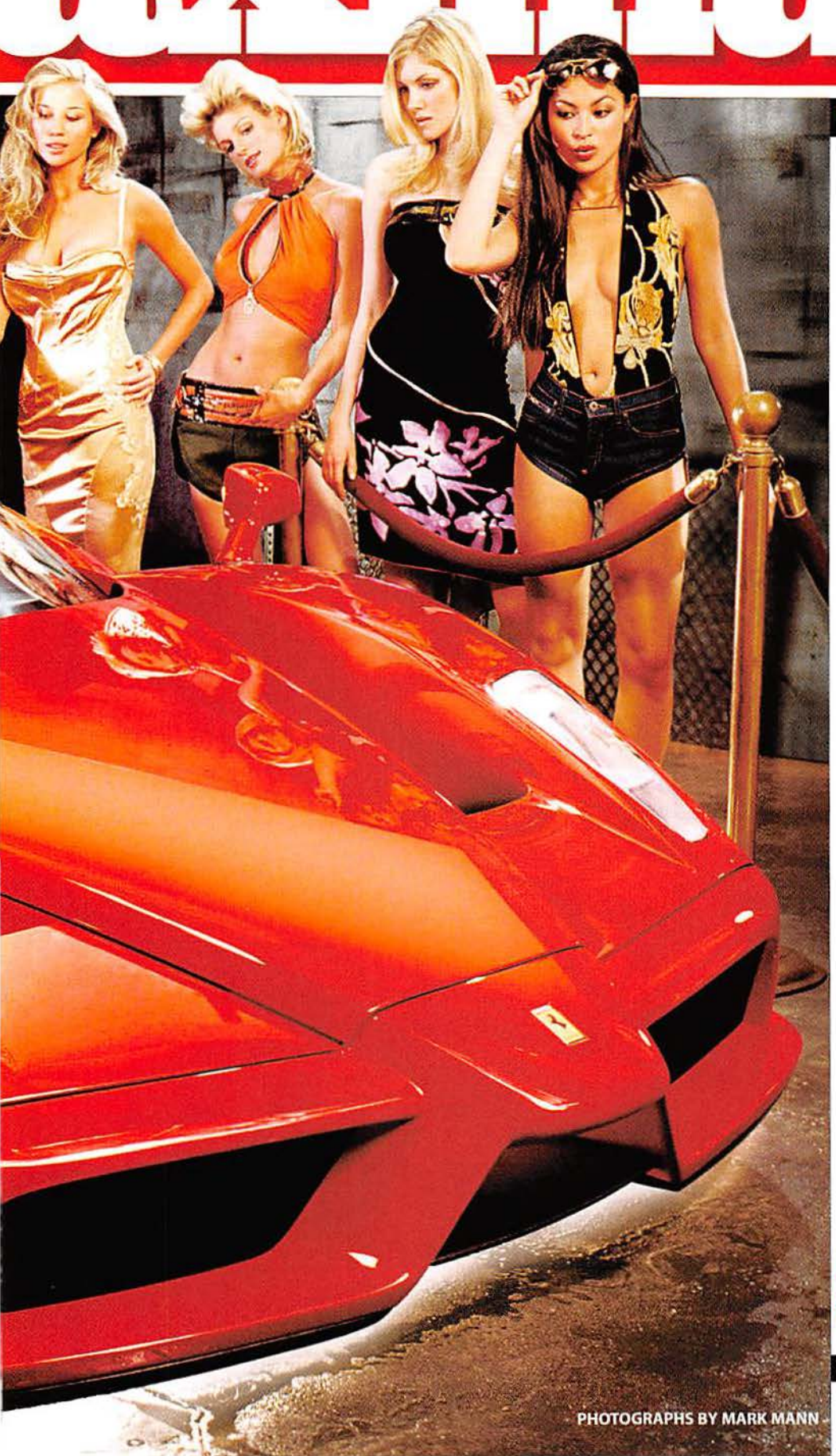
A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD



Sure, you can borrow it... but no parallel parking, OK?

axim us

THE BIG PICTURE



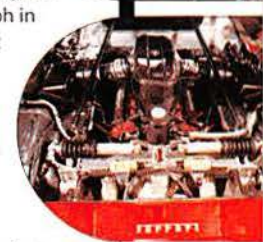
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MANN

That's your Ferrari? Shotgun!

RED HEAT

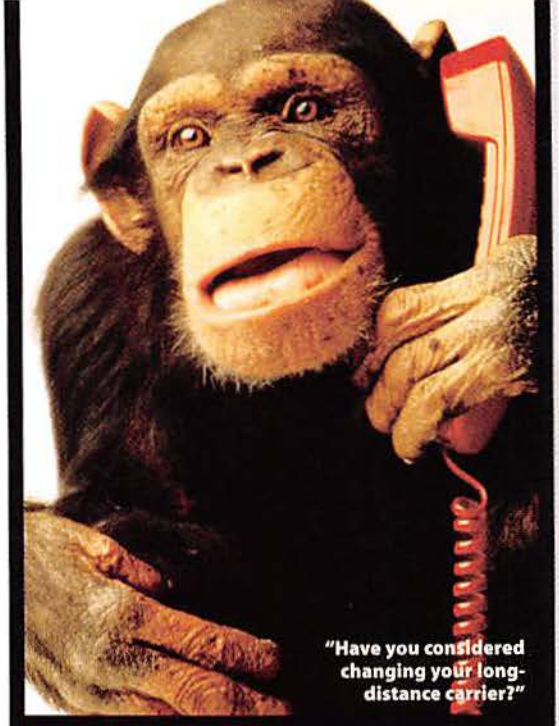
For the first time ever, the fastest thing in this magazine is a car.

Good bartenders the world over reward loyal customers with an occasional buy-back. Similarly, Ferrari is thanking its top clientele by offering these Italian beauties to a select few—only instead of giving the cars away, Ferrari is exchanging them for $660,000! Named after the company's legendary founder, the 660 bhp V-12 Enzo follows the F40 and the F50 as the company's latest limited-production competition racer. Essentially Michael Schumacher's Formula One ride with bumpers, this stallion leaps to 60 mph in 3.5 seconds and has about 220 on top, making it the fastest street-legal auto *ever*. It's also got a paddle-shift tranny, carbo-ceramic brakes, and single-bolt mags all wrapped up in a honeycomb carbon-fiber chassis so strong and sleek that its mere presence impregnates female admirers. Sadly, all 399 handmade speed demons have been sold… including this one. Boy, accounting is gonna question that expense *for sure*.



Heart defibrillator not included

Set design, Michael Sturgeon; styling, Tiffany Pentz; makeup, Karen Panoch for artistsbytimothypriano.com; hair, Steven Ramsey for artistsbytimothypriano.com



PHONEY BUSINESS

CALLING ALL SARS

Will groups with the infamous acronym answer cries for help?

Services for At Risk Students
State Office of Education, Utah

Maxim: Hi, is this the S-A-R-S?
SARS: Yes it is.
M: I think I might have SARS.
S: You'll need to call your doctor or the health department about that.
M: So if I were to, say, have difficulty breathing, you couldn't help me?
S: No. You'd better call your doctor.
M: *[wheezes]* Please help.
S: Can you call a doctor?
M: *[coughs for 10 seconds]* I don't know any. Do you by any chance have the number for one?
S: Um…I can't find a phone book. *[hangs up]*

SARS Software Products
Mill Valley, California

SARS: Good morning, SARS.
Maxim: Good *[coughs for 13 seconds]* morning.
S: Sorry, we don't deal with the disease. We're a software company.
M: You're the only SARS I could find.
S: We're not a medical outfitter. We just happen to have the same initials.
M: Then why'd you name yourself after the disease?
S: We were named *three* years ago. The disease just came out this year!
M: I'm having difficulty breathing.
S: I suggest you dial 911.
M: What area code is that?
S: Any area code. *[hangs up]*

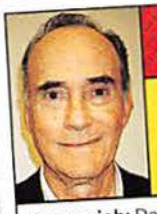
16

Minutes, on average, that American sex outlasts Russian sex. U.S.A.! U.S.A.!

ALL STAR COLLECTOR'S SERIES #1

ARTFUL CODGERS

What better way to honor our wise, cantankerous elders than with their very own set of trading cards? Collect 'em all, whippersnapper!



MAXIM

HARVEY HIMMELSTEIN
Laguna Woods, CA
D.O.B.: 1/28/32

Former job: Dentist
Ailments: Colorectal cancer
Preferred method of death: "Very quickly on the 18th green."
He fought the law: "Once I was trying on raincoats and a security guard thought I was a flasher. Plus, as chairman of a zoning committee, I turned down bribes—not enough money."
Viagra? "I can't mix anything with cancer drugs."

MAXIM

DICK SHARP
Kansas City, MO
D.O.B.: 9/5/37

Former job: Architectural engineer
Ailments: Hernia
Dream vacation: "I'd go somewhere with my new lady friend—a time machine or a luxury spaceship."
No rest in the rest home: "The retirement community is a bachelor's heaven. It's a fine place to find ladies to do just about anything with."
Viagra? "I cut it into quarters. That does a lot."

MAXIM

A.C. SMITH
Dallas, TX
D.O.B.: 2/4/38

Former job: Sales
Ailments: Hypertension
Food for thought: "Peanut butter's a killer because of the sodium, but I can't live without the crunchy. One time I ate fish and a bone got caught in my throat. They had to use bread to get it out."
Viagra? "Don't need it. But I've heard about older men having orgies with three partners at a time."

MAXIM

SY WELLIKSON
King of Prussia, PA
D.O.B.: 8/17/26

Former job: Manufacturing, teaching
Ailments: Two multiple bypasses, gallbladder surgery
Gettin' old: "Even if you're fortunate enough to have a sound mind, your body doesn't always respond."
True confession: "I've never killed anybody or done any…well, any *major* crimes."
Viagra? "I thought about it, but it wouldn't be compatible with my bypass."

MAXIM

MAX KEEN
Los Angeles, CA
D.O.B.: 1/28/24

Former job: Sales
Ailments: Kidney stones (three)
Preferred method of death: "Have great sex, fall asleep, and die."
Tough talk: "When Eichmann was captured, I heard a man say he should be given a medal instead. If you're stupid enough to say that, I hope to Christ something strikes you and kills you. And I might be that thing."
Viagra? "It's very helpful."

MAXIM

PERCY KIRKLIN
Elwood City, PA
D.O.B.: 7/17/38

Former job: Carpenter
Ailments: Arthritis
Perks of aging: "Once you retire, you don't have to get up and go to work."
On sacrifices: "I eat cauliflower, but I don't particularly care for it."
Hangover cure: "When I was younger, I would just wake up and make sure I ate. You can't stop a hangover; you just gotta let it ride its course."
Viagra? "Nope."

Photographs, Andrew Vontz (old guys)

NEW
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The First Fortifying Anti-Dandruff Shampoo
created with fruit concentrate from Garnier
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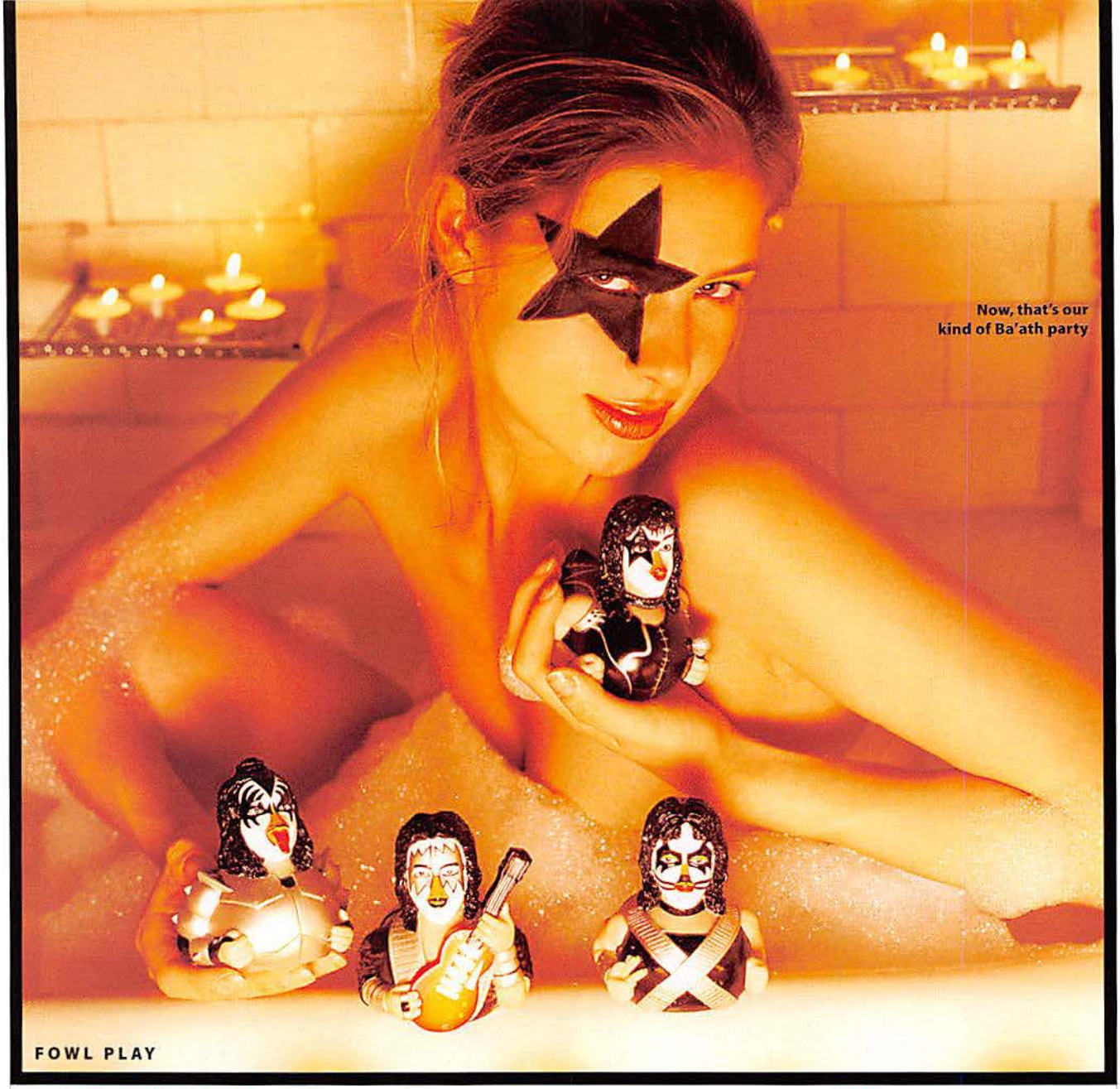

Now, that's our kind of Ba'ath party

FOWL PLAY

QUACK ADDICTS

Surprise Mom with another kind of floater in your bathwater.

Always dreamed of bathing with Kelly Osbourne but never had the guts to ask? Do the next best thing and get wet with Celebriducks, seafaring replicas of your favorite famous people…*in duck form*. "Rubber ducks are like jazz," says Craig Wolfe, president of the California-based company. "It's a wholly American art form." Celebriducks offers more than 100 different bath buddies at $12 a pop, but a cool four grand will buy the customized bird of your dreams—we suggest your half-witted coworker (see right). "We still get a lot of requests for Clinton and Lewinsky," says Wolfe, who drunkenly hatched the concept five years ago. "Turns out the rubber duck market is *huge*." So waddle over to celebriducks.com—sumptuous bubble bath sold separately.

Just a little nip and duck

▲ Hiroki! Is squeaky!

▼ Queen Elizabeth!

▼ Kelly Osbourne!

▼ Shaquille O'Neal!

▼ Jake Blues!

▼ Moses!

▼ Dr. Frank N. Furter!

▼ Jim Edmonds!

▼ Mr. T!

▼ Snoop Dogg!

Photograph (main), Andrew Kist; hair and makeup, Joe J. Simon for artistsbytimothyphano.com; prop design, Eyal Brauch. Photographs (ducks), Robert Glasgow.

ELEMENT
4WD EX model shown with accessory roof rack. © 2003 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. honda.com 1-800-33-Honda
64 seating configurations. The new Honda Element. Go with it.

SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

▶ **RUNNER-UP**
You mean you've never seen Martha Stewart's guest spot on *Oz*?
—Alex Fisch, San Francisco, CA

▲ **$150 WINNER!**
Looks like *he* just sealed the deal.
—Mike Oliver, Annapolis, MD

"When It Runs down Your Chin, You Know It's A Valomilk!"
The recipe is unchanged for 70 years, and so is the pleasure of biting into one of these deliciously sweet marshmallow-filled milk chocolate cups. The trick is not to let any of the creamy filling run down your chin. Each Valomilk cup is about 2" wide. You get 12 packs with two cups in each pack.
#20383 12 Packages of Valomilk **$14.95**

◀ **RUNNER-UP**
The official candy of the American Bukkake Association.
—Joe Thibeault, Saco, ME

◀ **RUNNER-UP**
While you're at it, pick up some Roman Orgy Candles and S&M-80s.
—Chris Salamone, Los Angeles, CA

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
You might want to think twice about ordering salty popcorn with extra butter.
—Marie Labosky, Wyckoff, NJ

HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY? THEN SEND IT IN, SPANKY!
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (duck, shower)

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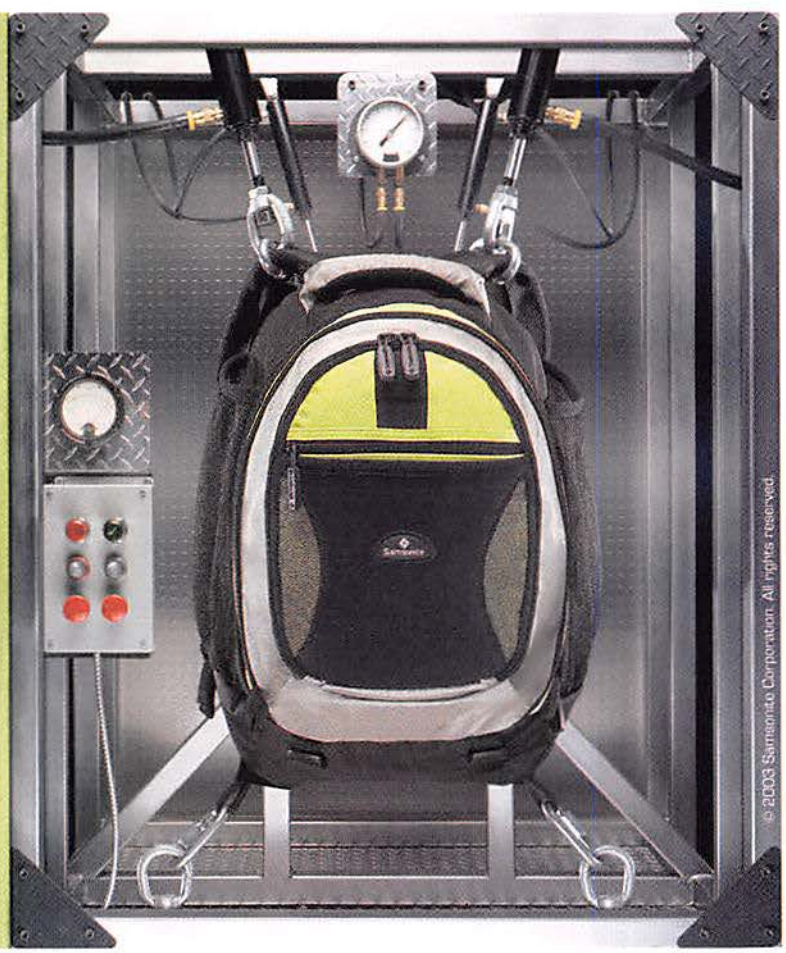

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STPAULIGIRL.COM

PLEASE ENJOY ST. PAULI GIRL RESPONSIBLY.

- A. Pick it up from the curb.
- B. Take it to the curb.

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR GERMANY'S FUN-LOVING BEER. HERE'S TO MOVING ON.

"I came to the U.S. thinking, I'm cool, I'm not bad to look at, I'll find a boyfriend... So why do I have so much trouble?"

MODEL CITIZEN

PAIGE BUTCHER

Her gigs: Coca-Cola, Virgin Mobile, Wonderbra Mexico

Her story: Australia is famous for its natural wonders—the Great Barrier Reef, Ayers Rock, AC/DC—but few measure up to the violently named yet stunningly hot Paige Butcher. The 23-year-old Perth native moved to New York four years ago and was surprised to learn how little Americans know about her homeland. "Australia's a *big* place," exclaims the blonde, 5'10", not-so-shrimpy Barbie. "But everyone thinks we all know each other!" Despite what we assume is her close personal relationship with Paul Hogan, Paige claims she can't find a fella. "I came here thinking, *I'm cool, I'm not bad to look at, I'll find a boyfriend*...So why do I have so much trouble?" Maybe if you spoke *English*...

Australian for "beer": "People say we're all alcoholics, but I'm not a big drinker." There goes *our* chance.

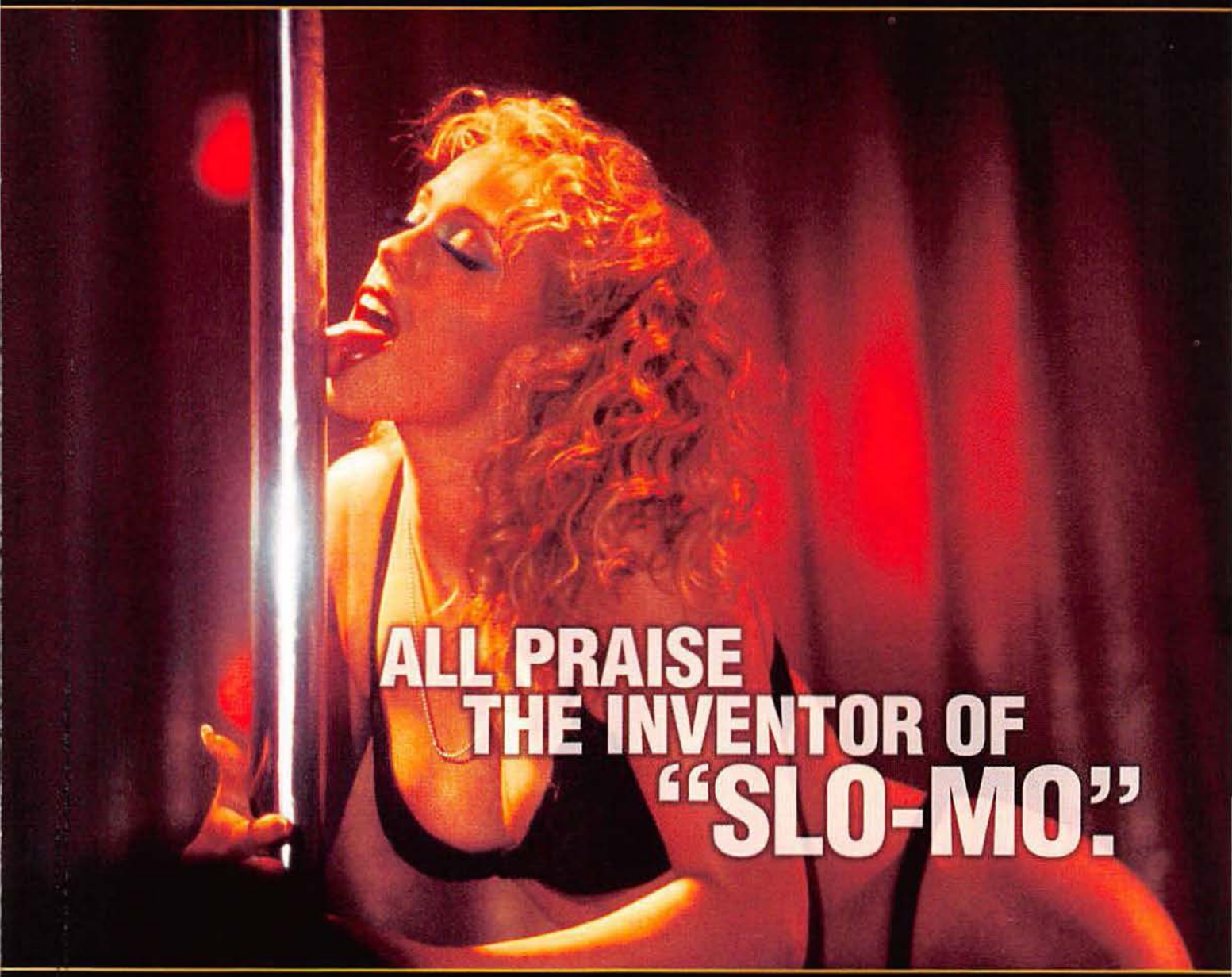
Maxim subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Styling, Tara Smith for R.J. Bennett; makeup, Dale Johnson for Bernstein and Andriulli; hair, Giovanni Giuntoli for Cutler N.Y.C. using Redken

Metro Goldwyn Mayer
TRADE MARK

MGM MEANS GREAT MOVIES.



ENJOY. YOU HAVE OUR PERMISSION.

SPECIAL FEATURES CONTAIN UNRATED MATERIAL.
SHOWGIRLS: NC-17, KILLING ME SOFTLY: Unrated, WILD ORCHID: R and Unrated, BODY OF EVIDENCE: R and Unrated, ORIGINAL SIN: Unrated

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MAXIMONLINE.COM

GET REAL!

Got 10 hours to kill? Our Web site's gone hottie haywire this month!

PRIME TIME REIGNS

Paris! Trista! Chantille! Ogle your favorite reality show stunners on page 150, then check out *Maxim* Online for video and additional pics from their sizzling photo shoots.

SEXY CAMPAIGNS

Months of excruciating, eye-straining decision-making have come down to this: the final round of Hometown Hotties voting. So check 'em out and make your picks. Remember: It's your right—nay, *duty*—as an American.

NET GAINS

You'll love our video of tennis goddess Anna Kournikova at her exclusive *Maxim* interview. Just haul your fuzzy yellow balls over to the *Maxim* Lounge, which is available only to our wonderful subscribers. Advantage: you!*

"God, I hate hairballs."

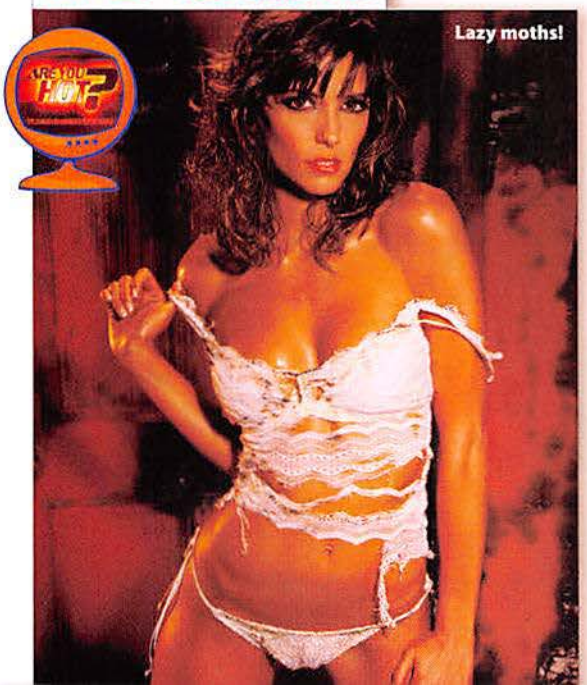
THAT'S NOT ALL!

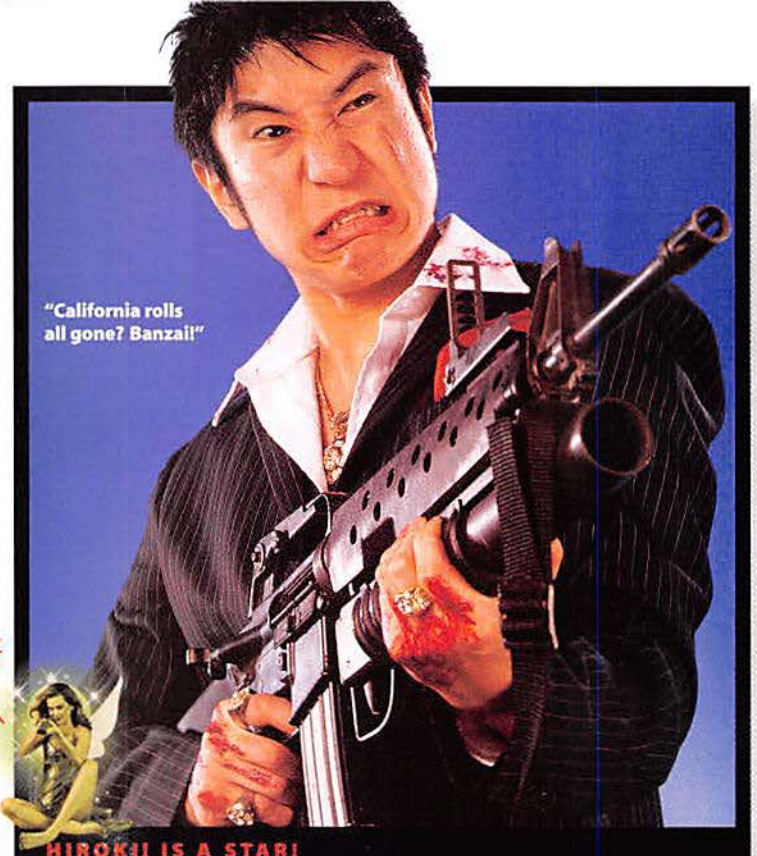
Crave more Lucy Woodward and Paige Butcher? We've got 'em both online. Plus, peep photos and video from our star-studded Hot 100 party in L.A., featuring the world's 100 most beautiful women. Your invite? Musta got lost in the mail...

MAXIM ONLINE.COM

3

Minutes a cute li'l sewer rat can hold its breath underwater.





HIROKI IS A STAR!

ACTING CRASS

We fed our Japanese art assistant movie lines. He spit 'em back up.

Scarface

Quote: "You wanna fuck with me? OK. You wanna play rough? OK. Say hello to my little friend." —Tony Montana

Hiroki: "You do want to fuck me? That's OK. You do want to laugh to me? That's OK, too. But please say hello to your friend for me."

Office Space

Quote: "Um, I'm going to need you to go ahead and come in tomorrow, so if you could be here around nine, that would be great. Mmkay?" —Bill Lumbergh

Hiroki: "I be here at 9 A.M. afternoon. Are you coming tomorrow? Because if you can you do that for me in P.M., I good."

Full Metal Jacket

Quote: "What is your major malfunction, numb-nuts? Didn't Mommy and Daddy show you enough attention when you were a child?" —Gunnery Sergeant Hartman

Hiroki: "What is your major mental right now? Puff Daddy and Mommy, show attention, please!"

Casablanca

Quote: "The problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that. Now, here's looking at you, kid." —Rick Blaine

Hiroki: "It doesn't take much beans for crazy people to go to heaven. I make dreams come true."

GoodFellas

Quote: "In this day and age, what the fuck is this world coming to? I can't believe this, prejudice against—a Jew broad—prejudice against Italians!" —Tommy DeVito

Hiroki: "What the fuck is it coming to? You crazy Jew! You crazy Italian! What is matter for us?"

*Sorry. Tennis humor is our Achilles heel.

Photographs, Satoshi; styling, Liz Englehardt; special effects makeup, Rachel Pagani; hair, Hyunsoo for artistsbytimothypriano.com

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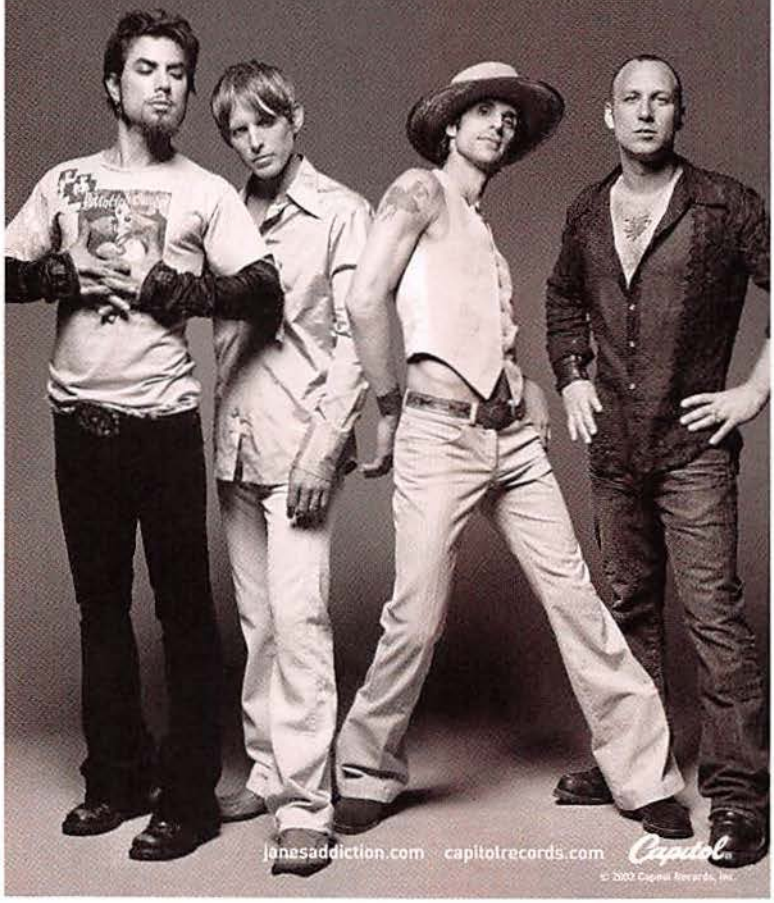
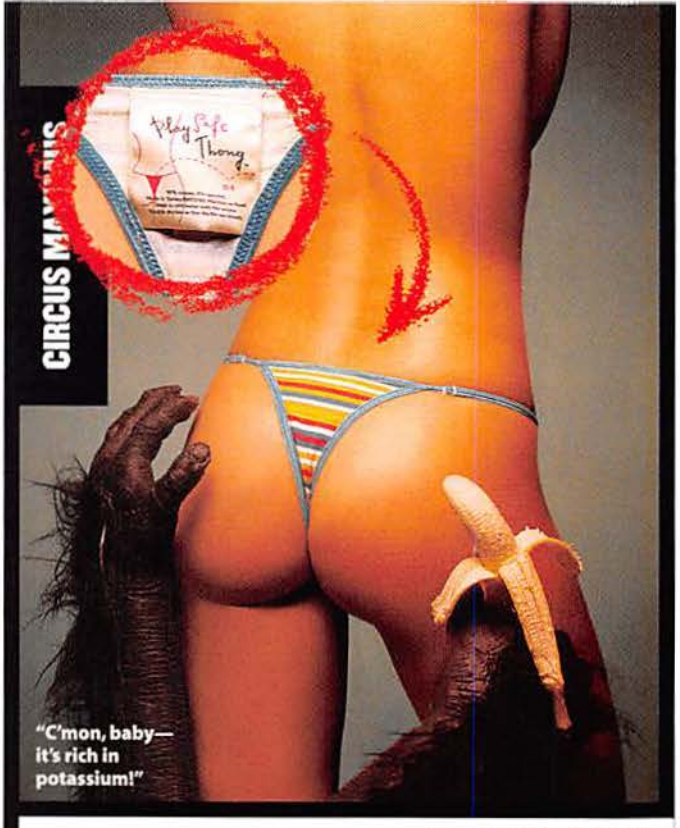




FASHION REPORT

SEX GEAR

The latest in female accessory technology, hot off the catwalks.

THONG SHOW

It used to be that a lump in a woman's panties meant one of two things—both of which were very, *very* bad. But the new $11 to $25 Play Safe Thong has added a third possibility with its discreet waistband condom pouch. Finally, women are starting to take responsibility! *(playsafethong.com)*

SHAG BAG

Women often use their gargantuan purses to hold such indulgences as money, house keys, and medication. But the $110 Shag Bag is a handy party purse that comes with only the essentials: condoms, lube, breath mints, and the ever-popular aphrodisiac Horny Goat Weed. *(houseofgroove.com)*

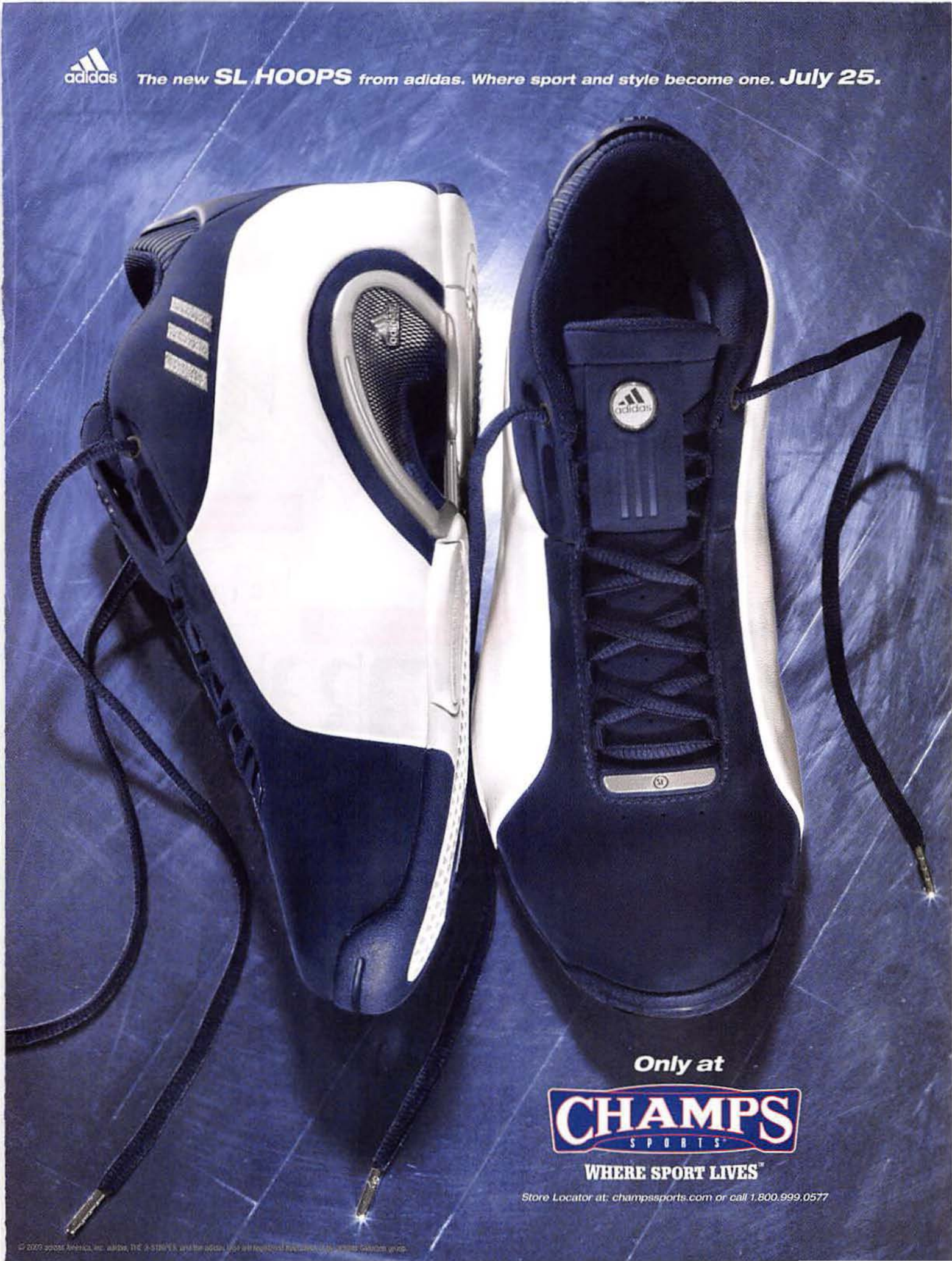
CHEST PROTECTOR

A girl at a bar without a purse means one thing: There's treasure under that thar shirt. Could be she's sporting the Secret Bra Pouch, a $12 purse big enough to hold unmentionables but small enough to hook onto the strap of any breast wrangler—even your sister's A-cups. *(cydneyblu.com)*

C-RING

If you spot a woman clutching a Condom Keyper, chances are she's up for a good time. The $3 novelty key chain is designed to prevent jimmy hats from breaking due to the heat and friction caused by warm pockets. But wait—isn't that what condoms are made for? *(condom.com)*

Photograph, Andrew Kist; prop styling, Eyal Baruch. Product photographs, Robert Glasgow.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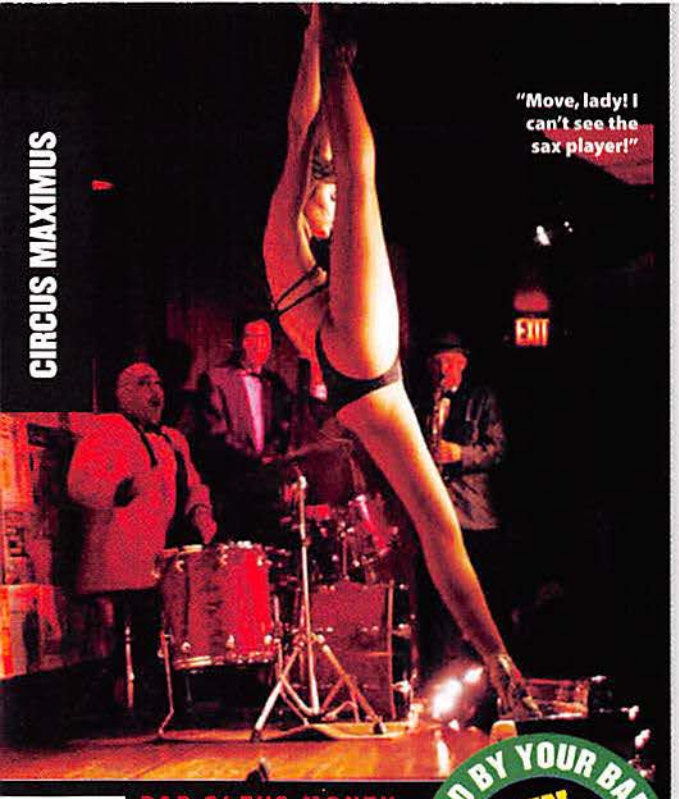
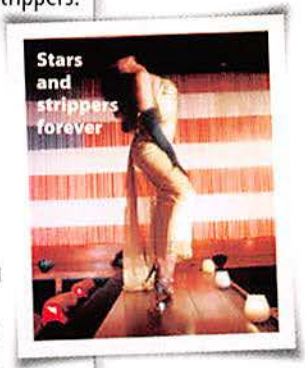


BAR O' THE MONTH

FORTY DEUCE

Bored with strip bars? Then go to a regular bar...that has strippers!



Your mother notwithstanding, it's rare to see a woman removing her clothes in a bar. But at Ivan Kane's Forty Deuce in Los Angeles, the 40-foot-long horseshoe-shaped bar top doubles as a stage on which scantily clad hotties shimmy and try not to blind patrons by accidentally shattering beer bottles with their stilettos. "There's a real sense of anticipation and showmanship," says Kane, who opened the Forty Deuce as an homage—pardon our French—to the swank nightclubs of 1940s New York. "It's more about the tease." During the show shelves of quality hooch behind the bar descend on hydraulics whilst a jazz trio creates unnecessary racket. Adding to the joint's old-school feel are the plush red leather seats and the American flag stage backdrop. So if you're in the mood for some classic burlesque—that's grandpa-speak for "titty bar"—stroll your gams over to 5574 Melrose Avenue, or call 323-465-4242.

Is your—*hic*—watering hole a Bar o' the Month? Tell us why at mybar@maximmag.com and win a $250 bar tab. For rules, visit maximonline.com.

17

People electrocuted by hair dryers each year.

TATTOO YOU

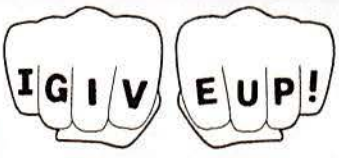
SKIN GAFFE

Looking to ink up? Consider these updates to some well-worn classics.

▲ **Books transport us to magical places more quietly than Harleys!**

▼ **Dad's trophy wife: the woman you *wish* breast-fed you for nine years.**

▼ **Show ruffians that you'll gladly provide them with lunch money.**



▲ **Just cuz you play D&D doesn't mean you're a wuss—just a freak.**

CRYPtography

▲ **Ain't nobody gonna step to your binary security cipher, *biznatch*!**

CONTINUING EDUCATION

SUMMER KNIGHTS

Finally, a chance to learn the ancient art of unleashing hell.

Institution: Society for Creative Anachronism (sca.org)
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Syllabus: Founded in 1966 by Tolkien fans in Berkeley, CA, the SCA boasts 24,000 members worldwide for whom geekdom *is* a contact sport. Gatherings offer a variety of seminars in which tunic-clad campers are schooled in the use of "heavy weapons," with the ensuing mock battles lasting until *Xena* comes on. Too cowardly to fight? Learn how to make puddings and homemade mead instead, you knave. The SCA's premier event is held August 1–17, when 10,000 virgins leave their mothers' basements for the 32nd annual Pennsic War in ye olde Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania. Saddle up your noble steed and have at thee!

"Thou sayest Picard doth best Kirk? Taste my blade!"

Tattoo illustrations by dreamerdesign.com

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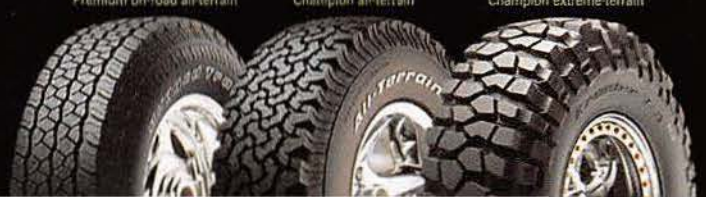

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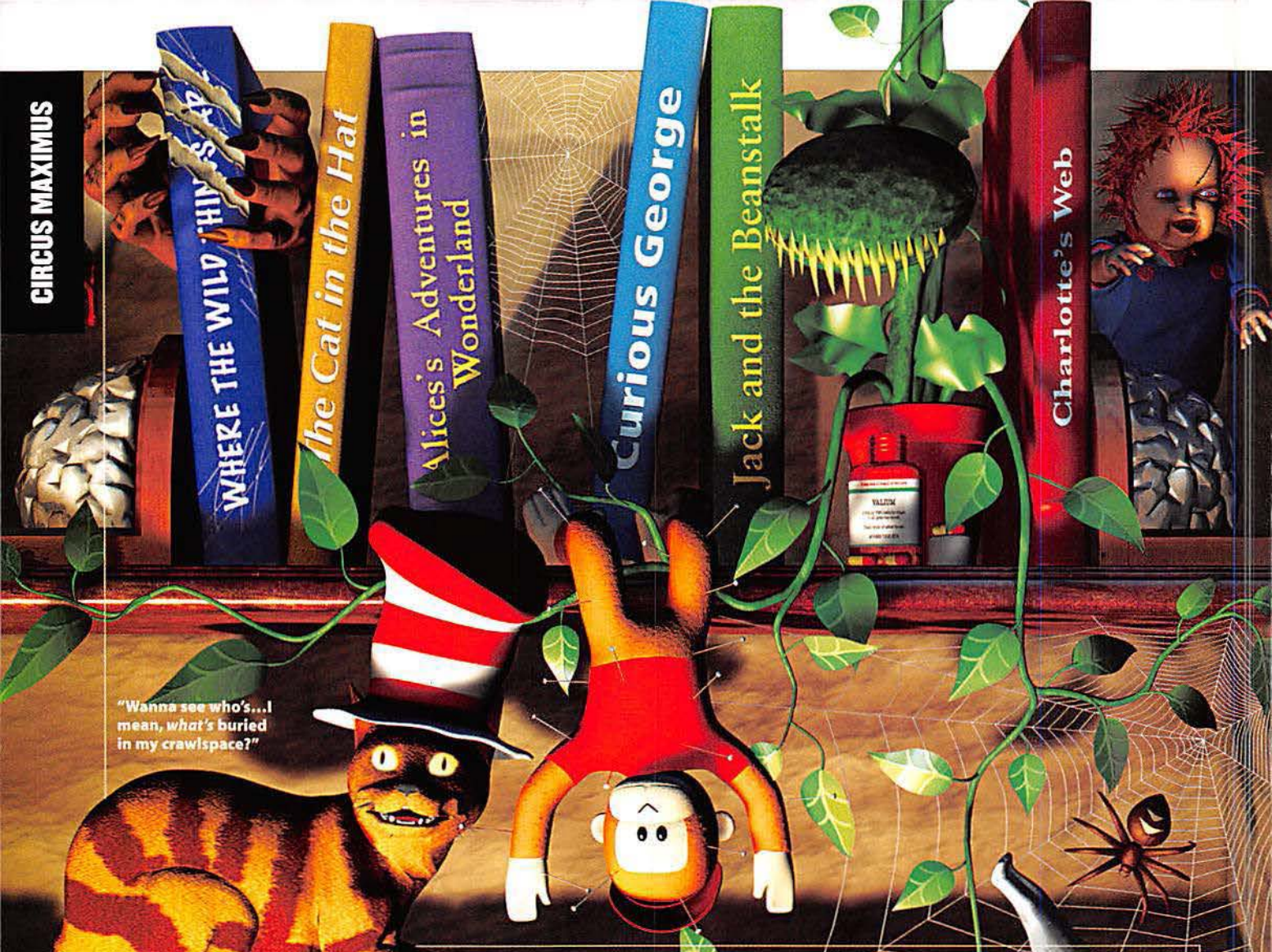


"Wanna see who's...I mean, *what's* buried in my crawlspace?"

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

READING IS FUNDAMENTAL

According to our esteemed panel of shrinks, many of the protagonists in popular children's stories are lunatics who influence impressionable youngsters. Yet we *still* teach 'em how to read...

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Analysis: Much to the dismay of his widowed mom, Jack swaps the family cow for some magic beans, slays a cannibalistic giant, and steals a goose that shits gold. **Diagnosis:** "In addition to problems with authority, Jack has an Oedipal complex, suggesting kids should kill to win their mother's love." Which you really shouldn't do...unless Mom's a stone *fox*.

CURIOUS GEORGE

Analysis: An overly inquisitive monkey is adopted by a loving, foppish guardian. Despite their strong man-monkey bond, George steals fabulous balloons and plays pranks on strapping firemen. **Diagnosis:** "George's antics encourage rebelliousness and adjustment disorder in children. They'll act without considering consequences." Plus, you can't *really* fly away with balloons—we've tried.

THE CAT IN THE HAT

Analysis: Two abandoned children are visited by a feline baby-sitter who tortures goldfish, ruins perfectly clean walls, and juggles. What do you expect for a measly $10 an hour? **Diagnosis:** "The cat demonstrates antisocial personality disorder—he does whatever *he* wants, and to hell with everyone else." In most households, the person who exhibits this disorder is named Daddy.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Analysis: Charlotte the spider saves her porcine pal Wilbur from certain barbecue, only to die later while giving birth to dozens of eight-legged babies. Yikes! The kiddies won't sleep for *weeks* after reading this one. **Diagnosis:** "Wilbur is dependent, which could traumatize kids into having commitment-phobia down the road." Tell this to your girlfriend and you're off the hook for months.

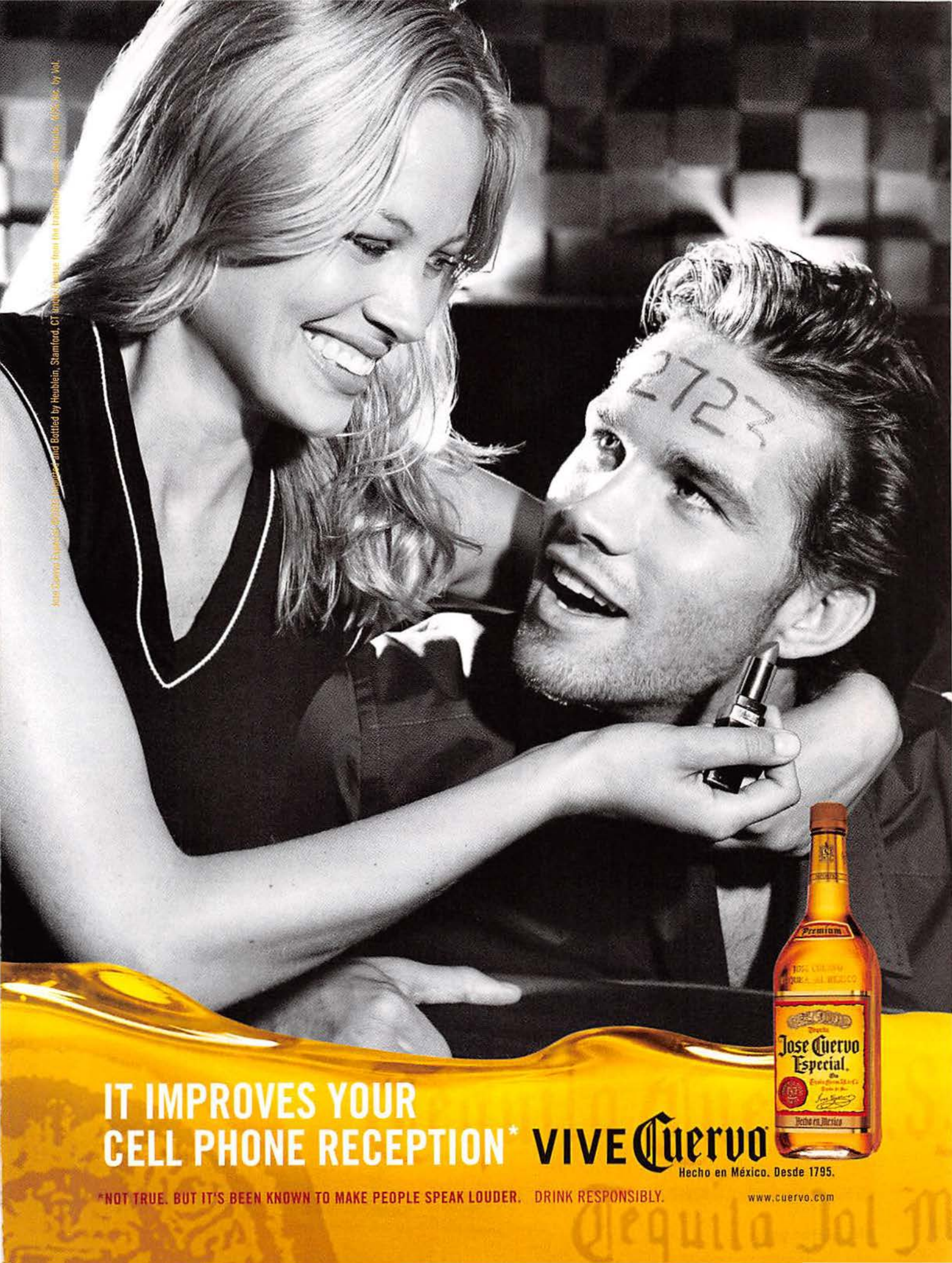
WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

Analysis: After he's sent to his room for wearing a wolf suit and threatening to, ahem, *eat* his mom, Max lords over a kingdom of huge, furry monsters. **Diagnosis:** "Max is in a fugue state—he has walking amnesia. Inhibited kids who read this might be further discouraged from expressing themselves." Hell, do *you* wanna talk about the hairy beasts *you* sleep with?

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

Analysis: A nymphet tumbles down a rabbit hole, ingests various hallucinogens, and pisses off the bitchiest queen this side of Elton John. **Diagnosis:** "Alice exhibits addictive personality disorder—escaping with pills, drinking, unbridled emotion—and reinforces a kid's sense that growing up is dangerous." Yeah, that's *why* we pop pills, drink, and complain.

Illustration by Steve Cross. Esteemed panel of shrinks: Patricia A. Farrell, Ph.D.; Patricia Saunders, Ph.D.; Helen Boehm, Ph.D.; Judy Kuriansky, Ph.D.



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POP QUIZ

IDOL RUMORS

Can you guess which is actual tabloid gossip and which is just crap we made up?

1. Super-funny man **Eddie Murphy** ran shrieking from his trailer after spotting a real ghost on the set of his hilarious new movie *The Haunted Mansion*. What a crackup!

2. Poison heartthrob **Bret Michaels** always wears a bandanna atop his flowing locks. Why? It covers the seam of his wig—a trick he learned from fellow rocker **Axl Rose.**

3. Welsh baby factory **Catherine Zeta-Jones** dines with her Oscar statuette at the table. "At least she hasn't put a bib around its neck," grumbled grand dad **Michael Douglas.**

4. T-800 **Arnold Schwarzenegger** rescued diners in a swank Beverly Hills eatery when a power outage put them in a terrorist tizzy. "It vill be OK!" Arnie shouted as he lit candles.

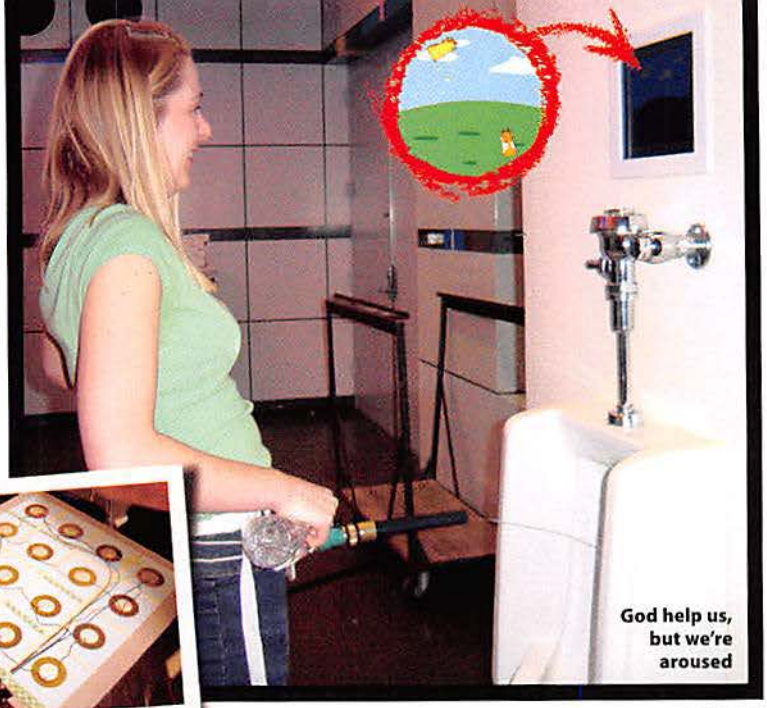
5. Degenerate **Darryl Strawberry** told his parole officer he'd change his name to **Cokey Cokeberry** if he were arrested again for drugs. May as well fill out the paperwork now.

6. NBC execs nixed *Friends'* **David Schwimmer's** plan to surgically repair his freakishly large sinuses, arguing that the change in his voice would affect Ross' whiny charm.

ANSWERS: 1-T, 2-F, 3-T, 4-T, 5-F, 6-F

25

Percentage of mental health workers who admit to sexual relations with their clients.



WASTE MANAGEMENT

STREAMING VIDEO

Two grad-student gamer geeks finally find a use for their genitals.

Peeing can be fun when you're doing it to write in the snow or wake up a drunk hobo, but those opportunities are rare. So to liven up everyday bladder voiding, two MIT grad students designed a urinal that translates the force and direction of your lemonade into a video game. "Urinating is a way of asserting your masculinity and marking your territory, so we've combined the two," explains Dan Maynes-Aminzade, who built the device with research partner Hayes Solos Raffle. So far they've made a prototype called You're In Control, in which users shoot leaping hamsters, evoking a scream from the rodent as he turns yellow and dies. Cursed with a vagina? Strap on the custom nozzle bikini so you too can whack a mole. "It'd be cool to do networked multiplayer games," gushes Maynes-Aminzade. "Girls always go to the bathroom together; now guys could go together to play games, too." OK, let's pretend he didn't just say that.

5 QUESTIONS FOR...

...Carroll Spinney, *Sesame Street's* Big Bird for the past 34 years.

1. Can you see out of that thing?
I'm inside the body wearing a wireless mike and watching a TV that gives me the same image viewers see at home. There's not much depth perception, so I've had some spectacular falls. But no injuries—it's well-cushioned in there.

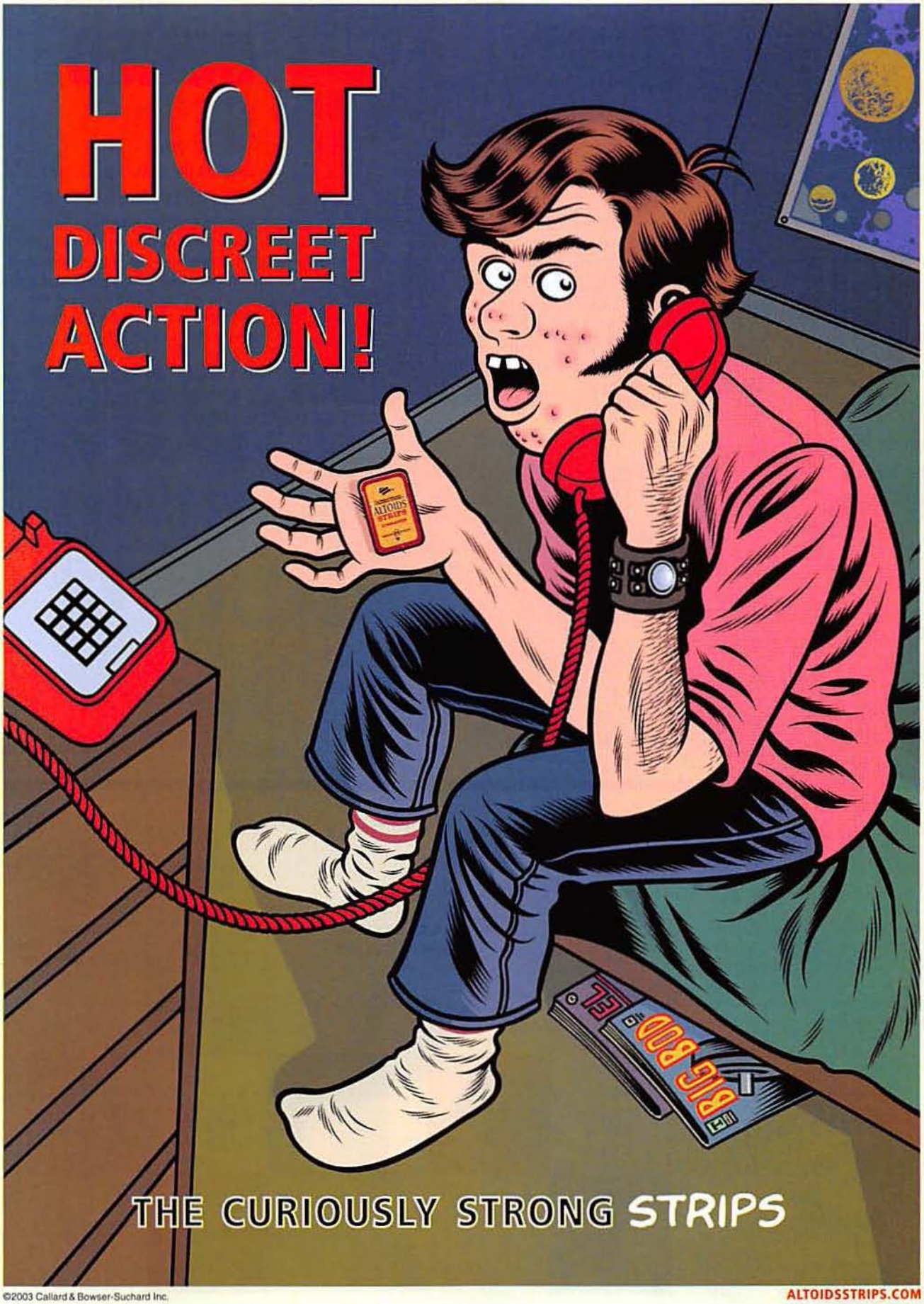
2. Ever wear the costume out on the town?
I did once in Shanghai—100 Chinese sailors ran down the street like I was Godzilla. Maybe they thought I was going to eat them.

3. Does Big Bird pull mad chicks?
No, he's never been groovy that way. But once at Lincoln Center some girls started ripping off all my feathers. I begged them to stop because the feathers don't grow back. I told them, "You don't destroy the one you love!"

4. We sure do. Does your wife like being married to Big Bird?
She gets a big kick out of it. We're Mr. and Mrs. Bird.

5. But are you Mr. Big?
Hopefully.

Photographs (Urine Control), http://web.media.mit.edu/~hayes/mas863/urinecontrol.html



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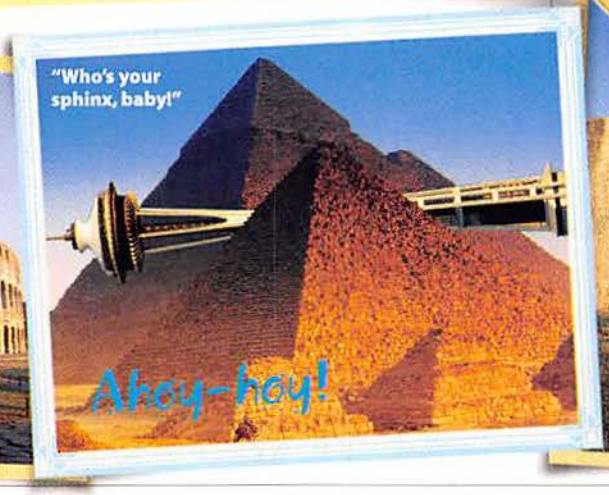
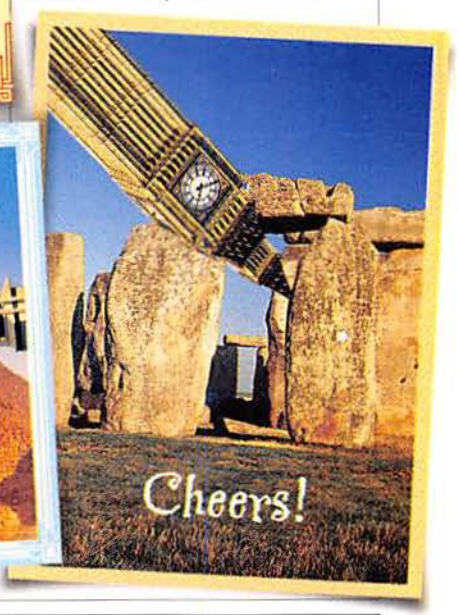
OBJECTIFICATION

BONED STONE

What do the world's most famous monuments do *after* tourists leave?

Experts now theorize that England's Stonehenge, whose intended purpose has always been a mystery, represents a woman's vagina. Yeah, yeah, scientists are always thinking with their heads. Still, the idea of structural fornication does make us squirt our 'wears...





FUNNY GAMES

ADVICE DICE

Let Lady Luck decide how to go about ending your latest doomed relationship.

Desperate to break up with your girlfriend but can't decide how to do it? Deal with that problem the way you deal with all your others—by gambling! Just cut out, assemble, and roll the bones.

◀ HOW TO TELL HER

* Ink it on her sister's undies
* E-mail her
* Leave a teary voice mail
* Tell her in private to avoid a scene
* Tell her in public to avoid a beating
* Hire a skywriting airplane

WHAT TO TELL HER ▶

* The Dahmer Fan Club is calling
* You're looking for *three* inputs
* There's too much emotional baggage
* It's just the fizzle of the izzle
* Ashton Kutcher is the only one for you
* Paper dice told you to

"Another 13? You *sure* these are regulation?"

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WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all of your damnable, accidental, parental questions.

Q: How do they stop a river to build a dam?
A: Actually, they make like Viet Cong and dig tunnels to redirect the water. Engineers begin drilling on the river's edge—above the natural waterline—about a mile upstream from the dam, then emerge downstream. Some of the rubble is dumped into the river past the tunnel opening, raising the water level until it flows into the hole. Before construction began on the Hoover Dam in 1933, two tunnels were dug on each side of Black Canyon. The three-mile-long drainpipes were 56 feet in diameter, lined with three feet of concrete, and, much like your mom, able to swallow more than a million and a half gallons of liquid per second. "Massive pumps set up near the dam can also dewater," explains Max Spindler, Ph.D., a professor of civil engineering at the University of Texas at Arlington and maker-upper of words. Top that, ya goddamn beavers!

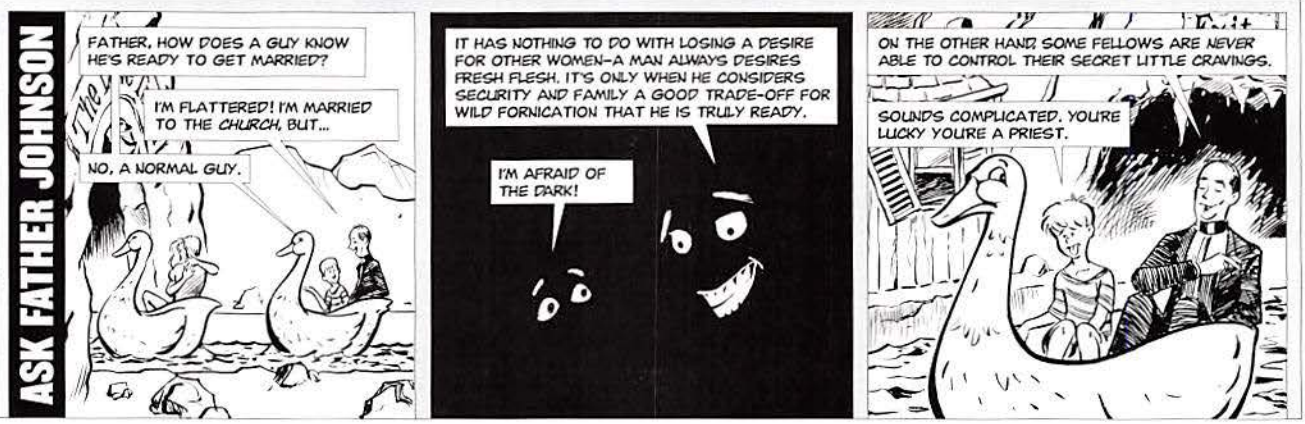
Q: Do I really need rental car insurance?
A: You're fine if you already have decent car insurance, since it'll cover any car you drive. But if you're a Schwinn-riding hippie without credit cards, get the coverage. There are three types of car insurance: Collision pays for damage to your car caused by an accident; liability pays for damage to whomever you slam into while digging for a Winger CD; and comprehensive covers damage from fire, theft, vandalism, hail, locusts, etc. "The insurance automatically provided when you pay with certain credit cards will pay for comprehensive and collision claims, but it may not cover liability to a third party," says the tragically named Daniel W. Kummer of the National Association of Independent Insurers. More bad news: If you don't buy rental insurance, you'll get hit with "loss of use" fees—the cost per day to rent the car. So take it easy on the road rage, OK, big fella?

Q: What are a sperm donor's rights?
A: He can choke his chicken to the Sears catalog, *Juggs*, and trannie granny donkey porn—but once that vial of love cheese is handed over, his rights disappear as fast as his boner. Texas and Wyoming are the most restrictive on lab dads, having adopted the 2000 Uniform Parentage Act, which states that a donor has no rights to the offspring his tadpoles create. Most other states adhere to a looser 1973 version of the law, stipulating that a jack-off forgoes his rights only if the child is for a "married couple." In the case of other baby buyers—single moms, Ellen DeGeneres & Co.—a sucker who wants to prove he's the genetic father may be granted visitation rights. "But even if a donor isn't allowed to see the child, he may end up paying child support," says attorney John McCabe of the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws. Unless you *need* the $75 you earn per scrote-milking, avoid hassle by donating your man essence to a loving tissue.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, limp dick!

MORAL AUTHORITY

ASK FATHER JOHNSON


FATHER, HOW DOES A GUY KNOW HE'S READY TO GET MARRIED?
I'M FLATTERED! I'M MARRIED TO THE CHURCH, BUT...
NO, A NORMAL GUY.
IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH LOSING A DESIRE FOR OTHER WOMEN—A MAN ALWAYS DESIRES FRESH FLESH. IT'S ONLY WHEN HE CONSIDERS SECURITY AND FAMILY A GOOD TRADE-OFF FOR WILD FORNICATION THAT HE IS TRULY READY.
I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK!
ON THE OTHER HAND SOME FELLOWS ARE NEVER ABLE TO CONTROL THEIR SECRET LITTLE CRAVINGS.
SOUNDS COMPLICATED. YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE A PRIEST.

Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Dave Alexander, Mike Austin, Craig Better, Paul Bibeau, Anthony Chiarella, Chris Connolly, Jon Guzik, Ky Henderson, Steve Kandell, Amy Keyishian, Dan Kraus, Alex Porter, Jenny Sucov, Andrew Vontz, John Walsh, Jon Wilde, Mark Yarm. Father Johnson illustrations by Lyman Daily.

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DO EVERYTHING BETTER

How To

"Whoa, I'm seeing double—twice!"

FUN WITH SCISSORS! CLIP 'N' SAVE FUN WITH SCISSORS!

HOW TO

GET HER TO STRIP

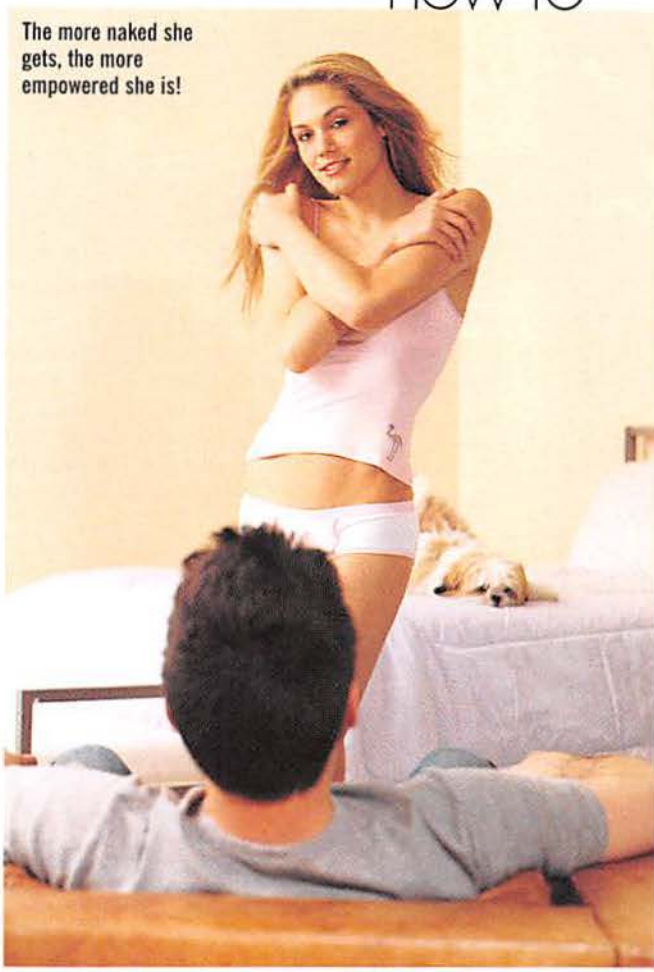
Why blow your hard-earned unemployment check on so-called professionals when your girlfriend can take it off for free?

Subtle hints, lavish compliments, and pathetic begging haven't convinced your girlfriend to strip for you? She just needs trustworthy encouragement. Slip her this phony *Cosmo* page and she'll be disrobing faster than you can stuff Monopoly money in her G-string.

Photographs, Charlie Langella; set design, Eyal Brauch; styling, Paula Kowalczyk; hair, William Williams for Bernstein & Andriulli; makeup, Elisa Flowers for Bernstein & Andriulli

Strip for Your Boyfriend

University studies prove that a little bump 'n' grind creates a stronger emotional bond between partners. Plus, it makes your butt smaller!



The more naked she gets, the more empowered she is!

set the mood!

How do you make your man's everlasting love last forever? Give him exactly what he wants. But if you're not ready to do Greek, surprise him with a simply scintillating supersexy striptease! First, choose a costume. If it's your first time, be low-key: Catholic schoolgirl's skirt, halter top, push-up bra and matching thong, thigh-high black leather stiletto boots, and dog collar. You'll need romantic music, so spin AC/DC, Rammstein, or Motörhead. Now sit your hunk down in his easy chair, mute the game—*don't* turn it off—and begin!

get naked!

It's time to lose those bothersome clothes. "Remove layers in order: top, bottom, top, bottom," explains former exotic dancer Mary Taylor, author of *Bedroom Games: Stripteases, Seductions, and Other Surprises to Keep Your Partner Coming Back for More.* In other words, take off your blouse, then skirt; bra, then panties. Caress yourself—especially your naughty parts—as you *slowly* undress while dancing to the music. Always look longingly into your guy's eyes in case he, for some reason, stops ogling your probing hands. Get embarrassed talking dirty? Try the subtle approach: "Baby, you make me so hot, it's like an Amazonian monsoon between my legs!"

work it, girl!

"You don't need to be able to do the splits to strip," Taylor promises. Still, it couldn't hurt—so hit the gym! In the meantime, give your guy frequent closeups of your heaving bosom by pulling his face into your chest for a hearty brumski. After his eyes stop spinning, turn around, look over your shoulder, and do a modest straight-legged toe-touch. (For extra points, spank your behind. With a riding crop.) Next, get on your knees, spread his legs, and put your hands on his rock-hard…thighs. "Let him know that you want to be between his legs," Taylor tells us. Well, duh!

have a happy ending!

A lap dance has little to do with dancing and *everything* to do with his lap. Stand up and push his legs back together to create a perch, then, facing away from him, lower yourself down onto his crotch—careful, he might be pokey!—and make figure eights with your hips as you rub against his manhood. Whip your hair around, arch your back, and moan like a baboon in estrus. There's usually no touching in strip clubs, so don't let him…oh, what the heck! Give your man what a real stripper *never* would—unless properly compensated—by finishing him off. Next month: the Fatal Risks of Postcoital Cuddling.

HOW TO

HOW TO

BUILD A DOGHOUSE

BUILD IT · BUILD IT · BUILD IT · BUILD IT

You're always in one anyway—so why not make it a pleasant stay?

(fig. fi)

1 SUPER SIZIN'

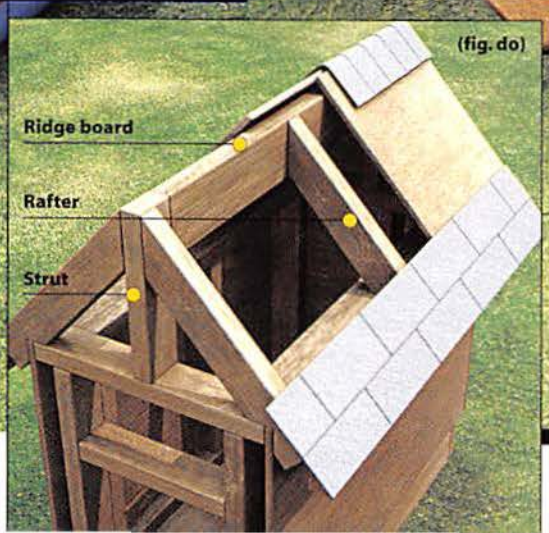
"A doghouse should be big enough for your dog to stand up and turn around but small enough to contain his body heat," says Stephanie Shain of the Humane Society. A medium-size mutt requires a house about 48"x24"x30". First, make a 48"x24" base by nailing four 2"x6" boards into a rectangle, with two 20-inch boards, or studs, running across it, 16 inches apart. Cover the base with a sheet of 3/4-inch exterior-grade plywood, finished side up, then build the side and rear walls similarly with 2"x4" boards and half-inch plywood. Build the front wall and cut a door shoulder height but a few inches wider than your dog. Attach the walls to the base and each other using six-inch wood screws spaced every six inches (fig. fi). Warning: Don't use highly toxic pressure-treated wood unless you prefer your animals stuffed.

"Don't worry. He won't bite... but I will."

2 ROOF RAISIN'

Now you need a place to mount Fido's satellite dish. Cut two 16-inch struts from 2"x4" boards, center them on the top edges of the front and back walls, and secure the struts from below with four-inch screws. Nail a 48-inch-long 2"x4", or ridge board, on top of the roof struts. Cut six 2"x4" rafters—three for each side—24 inches long, so they extend from the ridge board and overhang the walls by about four inches. Angle the rafters so they sit flush against the ridge board and cut a triangular notch near the bottom end of each so they sit snugly atop the walls (fig. do). After securing the rafters with four-inch screws, cover them with half-inch plywood sheets, and cut triangular pieces of plywood to cover the remaining front and back roof openings. Your romantic hideaway is almost finished!

TOTAL COST: $170
TOOLS: Circular saw, handsaw, hammer, screwdriver, utility knife, tape measure, Scooby Snacks
DIFFICULTY: 58 out of 101 Dalmatians

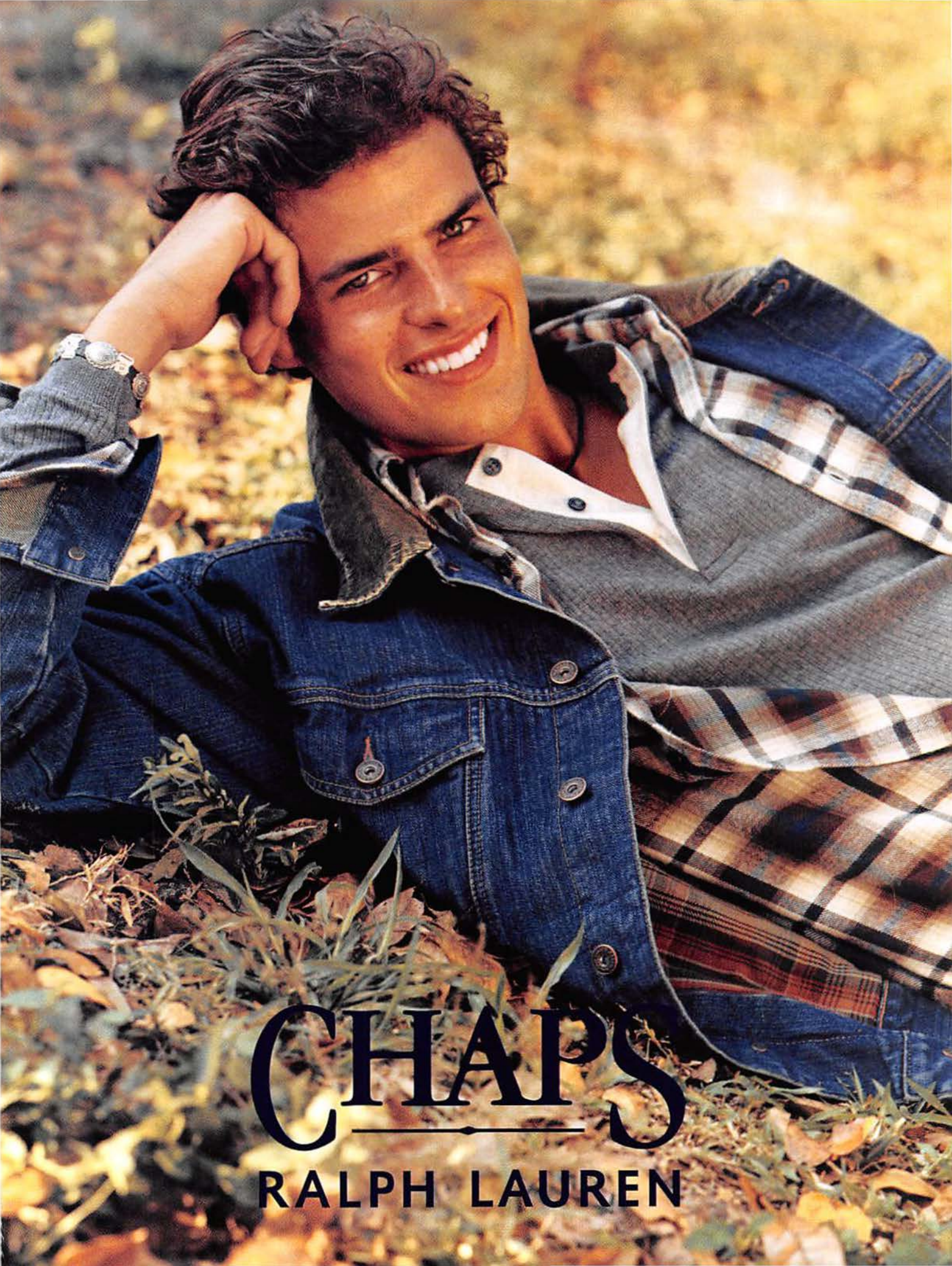


(fig. do)

3 HOME DECORATIN'

For that I-care-*way*-too-much-about-my-pet look, shingle the roof starting at the bottom, leaving the sheets staggered so seams don't line up. Then throw a piece of carpet inside and add straw or cedar chips for insulation. "Whatever kind of bedding you have, it should be changed monthly to avoid getting moldy," says Shain. Sheesh, that's more often than you change your own bedding! Attach a plastic door flap to break the wind, and stain or paint the wood for weatherproofing. With any luck your dog will love his new home so much that he'll lick *your* balls, too!

Illustration, Graham Murdoch


CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN

HOW TO

"Rub me."

HOW TO

COOK WITH LAVA

Plunge your hunk o' meat into something hot, wet, and *deadly*!

WRAP IT UP

Hawaiians have used lava rocks to grill poi burgers for centuries, but few actually cook food *in* lava. "Soak a game hen or pork loin overnight in a mesquite marinade," suggests John Alexander, a lava-roasting guru at the Dolphin Bay Hotel in Hilo. "Then wrap it in leaves from a ti plant or a banana tree." If you don't live in a tropical paradise—sucker!—try a specialty grocer or a sentient monkey.

GO WITH THE FLOW

Alexander scores his rocks six miles from the crater of Mount Kilauea, where the flow is not yet crusted over. Don 2,000-degree-rated safety gloves *(labsafety.com)* and shovel a pancake-shape scoop onto nearby flat ground. Place your meat in the center—careful, it's hot!—and cover it with more lava, leaving a small hole so steam and meaty fragrances can escape.

GET YOUR ROCKS OFF

Nurse a piña colada as the molten lump cools to a balmy 450 degrees; after about 45 minutes, it'll be as hard and black as your soul. "Knock it with the shovel and it should crack right open," Alexander promises. While still wearing your gloves, peel the charred leaves from the food. Then toss a hunk into the lava flow for the volcano goddess Pele—and your dead homiez—and commence eating, Dan-o.

Look out—it's a robot!

"Ooh, great backrub, Ms. Streisand!"

HOW TO

TRAIN A HAWK

Teach cats—er, rabbits—a lesson they'll never forget.

1. A BIRD ON A WIRE

A hawk is just like a pet—a scary, taloned, bloodthirsty pet. That's why caring for one requires a lot more than a litter box and a chew toy. For starters, you'll need two cages with flat perching surfaces: an 8'x8' cage outdoors and a 6'x6' indoor jail for bad weather. You'll also need access to an open hunting field, plenty of the right food—you can buy delicious frozen quail at bdfarm.com—and a certified falconer to sponsor you for two years. (Spread your wings and fly to n-a-f-a.org for info on sponsors and equipment.) Oh, and you'll also have to take a written test on raptor biology and behavior, so try not to get your fingers bitten off in the meantime.

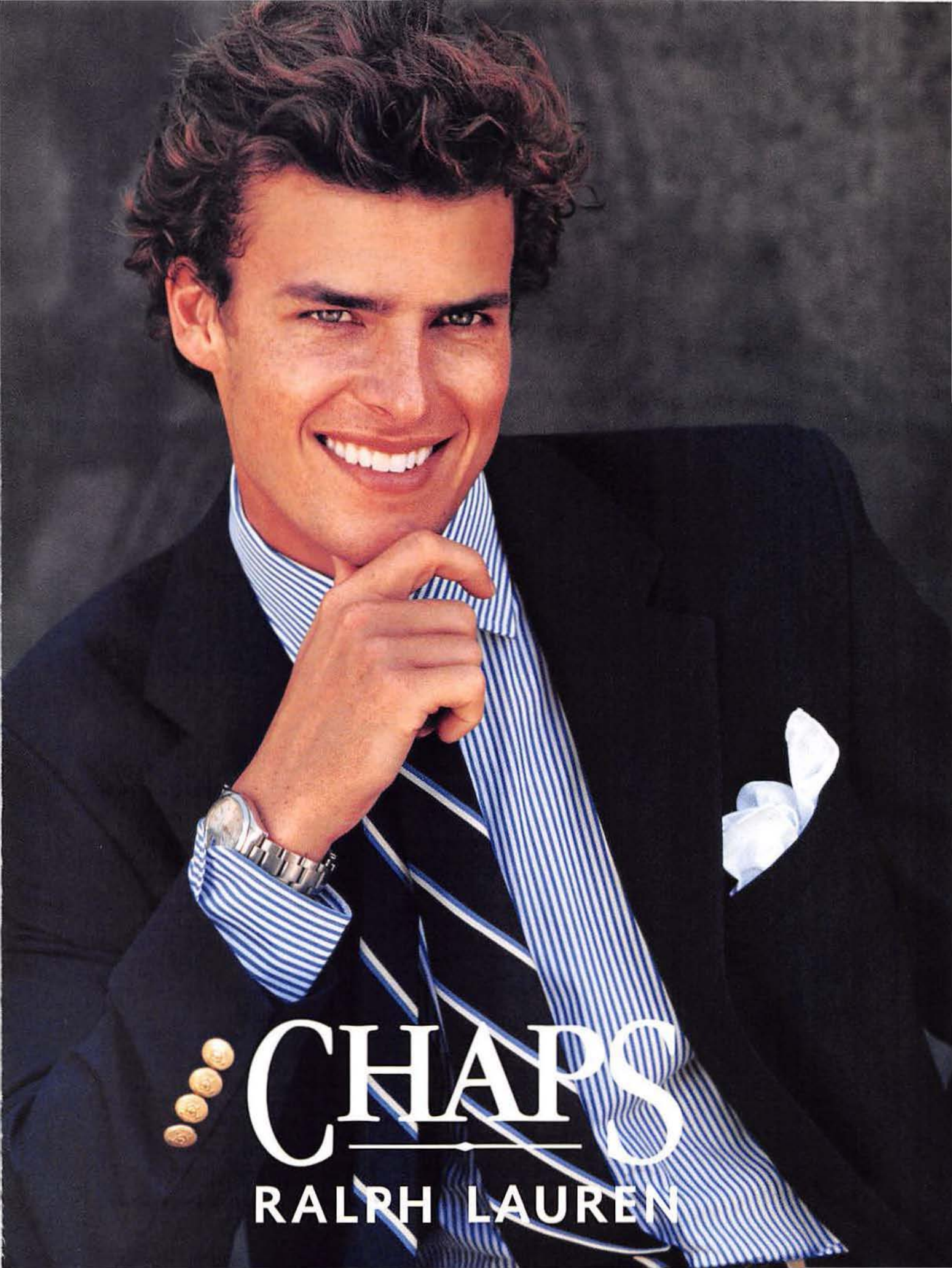
2. A BIRD IN HAND

Screw captive-bred hawks; wild ones are better hunters. Place a trap, or "bal-chatri," near a hawk habitat in the fall. Even a juvenile hawk has fearsome claws, so restrict its wings with both hands, then place a hood on it. "Once the bird is trapped, it won't fight," promises Ralph Rogers, director of the North American Falconers Association. Take it to a dark room, put on a welding glove, and tether the hawk to your arm with a "jess," an eight-inch strap attached to a leg cuff. Walk around as you talk to the hawk and feed it scraps of game. After 48 hours, remove the hood. If it pecks out your eyes, replace the hood. If not, slowly increase the amount of light in the room till you can take the bird outside.

3. A BIRD FUCKING SHIT *UP*

Tether the hawk to a perch with a 25- to 50-foot rope called a creance. Place a scrap of dead animal on your gloved fist, hold your arm an inch from the perch, and whistle; he'll jump onto your arm and devour the victuals. Continue this process using the same arm motion and whistle as you move farther and farther away. "The idea is to teach him that you're a good source of game," Rogers explains. "He's not working for you; you're working for him—that's why he stays." When the hawk flies readily to your arm, it's time to go huntin'. Walk through the brush flushing out game; when you do, the hawk will hunt and kill it. Gleefully go to the bird, feed him a scrap of meat, and enjoy your mangled squirrel innards!

Don't fly with your mouth full!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BUILT FOR GUYS

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JCPenney

HOW TO

BE HER HERO

A gentleman always assists a woman in peril—if there's something in it for him.

1. LECHEROUS DORKS

The girl of your dreams is being harassed by a creep—and for once it's not you! "Pretend you're her boyfriend and apologize for being late," recommends Reed Anthony, owner of L.A. hot spot the Hornet. Too bold? Have a buddy challenge the guy to a game of pool, then move in. The wuss declined? Box him out as you order a drink, then leave it up to her by whispering, "If you want to get rid of this creep, act like we went to high school together." She'll happily let you study her anatomy all night.

2. STREET TOUGHS

Leaving the bar via a dark, deserted alley *seemed* like a good idea, but the two of you got jumped. Your first priority: Get her out of harm's way. "Move in front of the girl and tell her to run," advises ninth-degree black belt Bob Wall, costar of *Enter the Dragon*. Confuse your attackers by threatening them, then shove one guy into his partner, a trash can, or a cop. Now *run*. You may be beaten up while your wallet and its worthless contents are stolen—but the grateful lass will be eager to succor you.

3. EVIL BOSSES

Rescuing her from douchebags and muggers is easy compared to dealing with her personal problems. When her boss pulls a Lumbergh, take her out to lunch—strip clubs have *lovely* buffets—so she can vent her frustration. Just don't offer advice that could bite you in the ass later. "Pepper her with questions about her boss' actions," suggests Catherine Cardinal, Ph.D., author of *The Ten Commandments of Relationships*. "Make her think about how to fix it." Or have her read *Dilbert*—that geek can't catch a break!

4. INSANE RELATIVES

Instead of making Manson Family comparisons, provide her with outlets to blow off steam: morning workouts, karaoke, marathon oral sex sessions. "She'll feel abandoned," Cardinal says. "Family is her emotional center, and you need to fill that void." So suck it up and watch *Bridget Jones's Diary*, lavish her with compliments, or buy her a gift—hasn't she always wanted an Xbox?—to remind her that you're her savior. On the other hand, unless you want these nuts for in-laws, maybe you should save *yourself*...

Illustrations, Dave Hine

ARE YOU A MAN? TEST #59: CONVERSATION TOPICS
Flowers
Shopping
Meat
Cars
Nothing
Chicks
Sports
Chicks
MAN-METER
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Home Schooled

Fixing your place doesn't need to break the bank. Not after the last honest contractor draws the blueprints on how to outsmart his crooked colleagues. . . AS TOLD TO MYATT MURPHY

Man, times have sure changed since J.C.'s dad humbly wielded a spirit level. Carpenters, plumbers, electricians, masons—every lowlife hired to work on your house is a potential crook. And nobody knows that better than me, your friendly, neighborhood con artist. . . er. . . contractor. Think of me as the ringleader of a blue-collar gang of hammer-wielding pirates. I'll do anything—lie, cheat, steal, make love to your wife while you're at work—then charge you overtime just to get my greasy hands on your greenbacks. And the best part is, I'm usually halfway to Hawaii before you even know I screwed you (or your wife). Lucky for you, now that I'm on the *Maxim* payroll, I'll show you how to improve your home without turning some overblown construction worker into the next Joe Millionaire. Here's the plan.

I can forge an insurance certificate faster than your kid sister's ID.

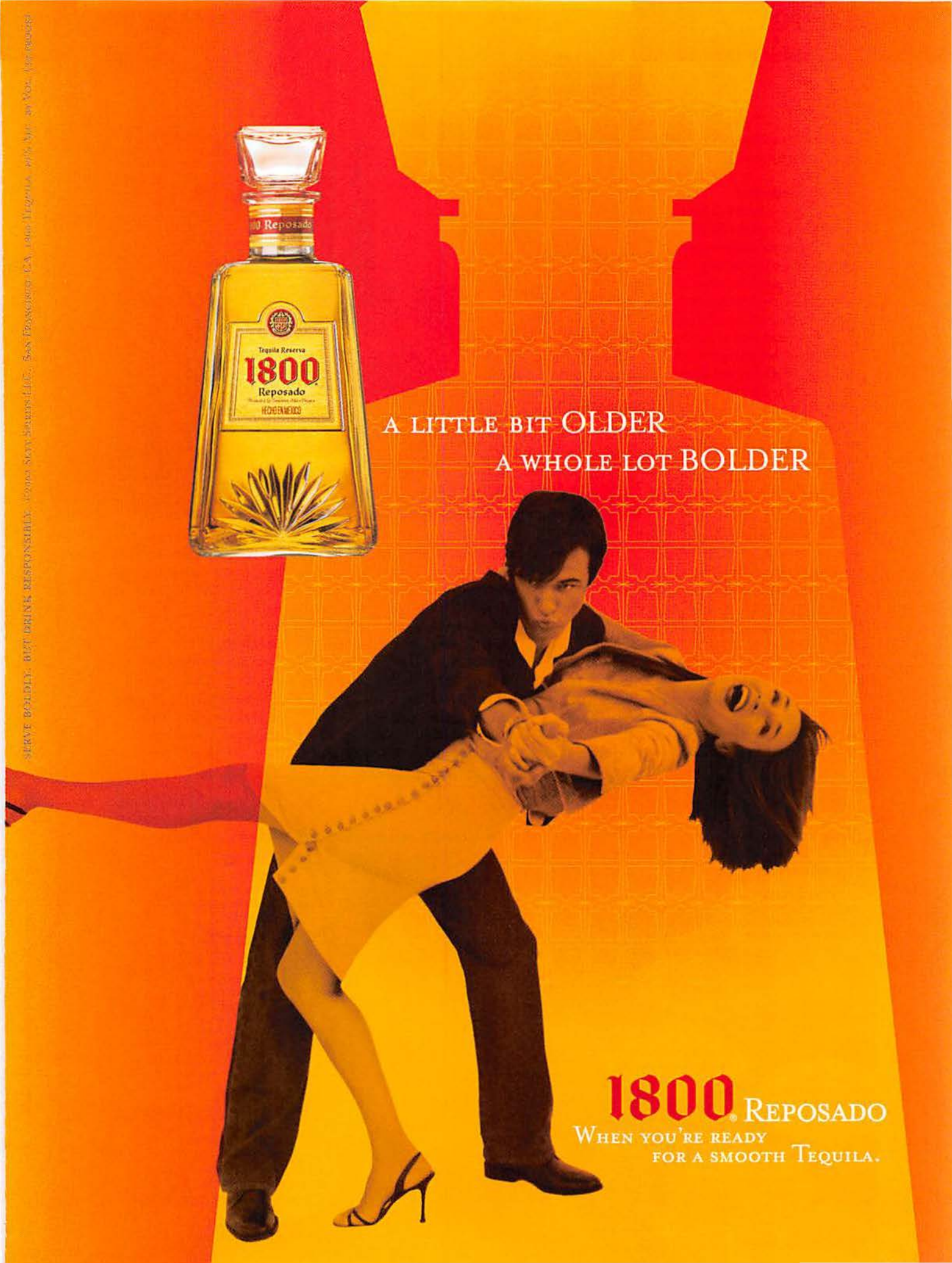
Drill your guy

Rule number one: Let your fingers do the walking and I'm gonna walk off with all your loot. Skip the Yellow Pages and the like. If I'm good, I don't have time for advertising; I'm too busy working off referrals. So ask people you know whom they've used. New to the area? Log on to Nationalcontractors.com to get in touch with local contractors.

Assuming I'm on the up and up (which is like assuming J.Lo is really just Jenny from the block), you gotta hit me with three questions: First, do I have a license? Call your state's licensing board to see if it's valid and if there are any legal actions against me. Second, do I have a bond? If my work doesn't meet certain building codes, a bond allows you to continue the work and/or acquire all materials at no extra cost to you. Lastly, do I have insurance? I need three kinds: workmen's compensation (in case a worker loses a limb), general liability (for property damage), and automobile (if my truck accidentally rear-ends yours in your driveway). Be sure to call my insurance company and have the certificate of insurance faxed to you. Don't settle for a photocopy—I can forge those faster than your kid sister's fake ID. Wanna buy one?

Before you hire me, make sure I give you at least three references that pan out: a current job and two older jobs to see how my work holds up over time. If I tell you to get the building permits, it's a red flag, meaning I have a bad rep with the building department and can't do it myself without being chased off the premises at gunpoint. But even if I get the permit, remember that if my work isn't up to code, *you* could be fined or forced to ▶

Main illustrations, Tom Cocotos


Tequila Reserva
1800
Reposado
HECHO EN MEXICO
A LITTLE BIT OLDER
A WHOLE LOT BOLDER
1800 REPOSADO
WHEN YOU'RE READY
FOR A SMOOTH TEQUILA.

tear everything down. Meaning you're, um, screwed. Sorry, industry joke.

Don't get hammered

Think about it: You wouldn't walk into a strip joint for a few beers and let some floozy just tell you how good she is before leading you into the champagne room, would you? OK, bad example. The point is, before you call me, you'd better know exactly what you want (right down to the specific brands, sizes, and colors) and how much you're willing to spend.

Now that I've given you my (free) estimate, ask how I figured my price. Always go for a fixed fee for time and materials; you're less likely to get scammed. If you have to pay by the square foot (building a deck, laying carpet, etc.), remember, guys like me are known to add a few feet—all that's acceptable is an extra 10 to 15 percent for waste, but never higher. After I make my bid (in writing), get two more bids from other contractors so you can compare. Then lie to me. Even if I'm the first contractor to give you a bid, always tell me I'm the third and final guy. No matter what price I quote you, tell me one guy quoted you that same price and the other gave you an estimate 20 percent lower. Even if I know you're full of shit, I'll probably give you a price in the middle—saving you 10 percent—just to be sure I get the job.

Don't put down your John Hancock until you're sure everything's in the contract. That includes my name, address, and license number; the start and end dates (even though we always take 50 percent more time than you want); my insurance info; a mention that I'll buy all permits; and a dispute clause specifying how we'll resolve problems. Don't forget a payment schedule, and specify everything you want, from the grout color to the type of hinges. And *never* show me all the money until the job is done to your satisfaction, unless you want to send me to the craps table while you live in a house on cinder blocks.

Our all-time favorite scam: intimidation.

Contractors are notorious for leaving unfinished painting and details because it's just not worth it for them to waste a half day tying up loose ends. Remember: You don't have to fork over a dime until the work meets the terms of the contract. If I ask for a deposit, it shouldn't exceed $1,000 or 10 percent of the final price.

Get handy

Think you're in the clear? Once I start the work, I can still bend you over my sawhorse faster than Bob Vila goes through a case of Ring Dings. My favorite on-the-job trick: intimidation. I can't tell you how many times I've scared some soccer dad into an eat-in ▶

FAT MAN SPEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE

Watch out! If these words come out of your contractor's mouth, he's building *his* dream house—with *your* money.

I ALWAYS FORGET... IS IT MEASURE ONCE, CUT TWICE OR MEASURE TWICE, CUT ONCE?
CHA-CHING!
SCHEDULE, SCHMEDULE.
MAS DESPACIO, CHICOS! NOS PAGAN POR LA HORA.
OOPS! THIS DRAWING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TO SCALE, HUH?
YOU DON'T MIND IF MY BUDDY ANGELO POURS THE CEMENT, DO YOU?
RELAX. WITH THE NAKED EYE YOU'LL NEVER EVEN NOTICE THE SLOPE.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE SMALL PRINT.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP A BUCKET UNDER THAT SPOT.
OBVIOUSLY, YOU DIDN'T READ THE SMALL PRINT.
LOOK. I'M GONNA NEED THAT IN CASH... UP FRONT.
WE'RE GOING TO NEED MORE MONEY IF YOU WANT ALL THAT STUFF PUT BACK.

Photograph, Joel Sartore/joelsartore.com (house)

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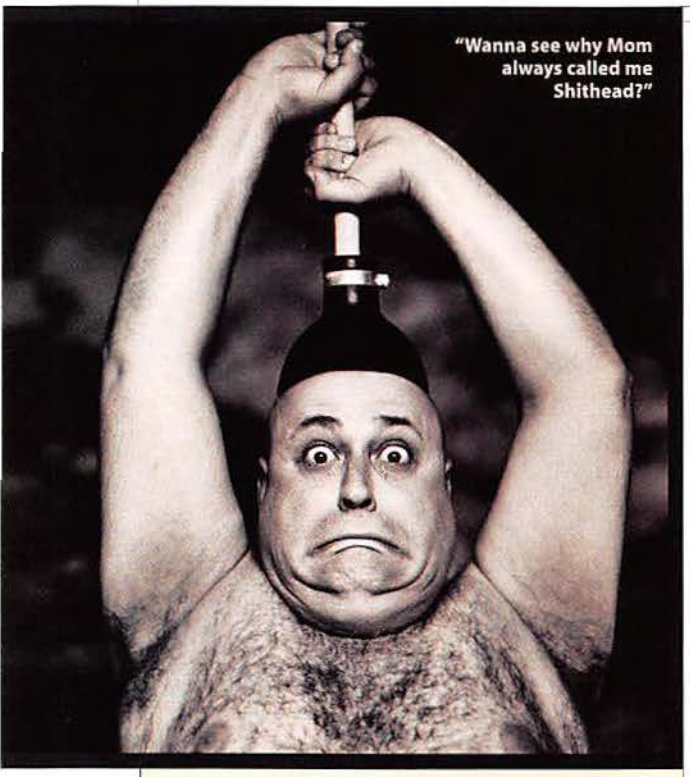

"Wanna see why Mom always called me Shithead?"

kitchen or wraparound deck he never knew he wanted. I usually lean in close halfway through a job and say something like, "Hey, sport, since me and my guys are here already, you should build a wraparound deck and save some cash." Or I make up some crap about upcoming zoning code changes and convince the sucker that he has to get more work done now, before it's too late. Pretty sleazy, huh? Well, all you have to do is come back at me prepared and confident: "Absolutely. Bring me the new zoning codes and keep that deck under our original budget and I'll be happy to sign an amended contract." There's no better way to send me back to work with my stud finder between my legs.

Another A-plus sham: Finding "structural damage" that my guys actually created. We can pour water through the attic walls and pretend you have leaks. We can put a crack in your cellar wall and convince you your foundation's faulty. Face it, we're versatile. To keep me from intentionally finding unforeseen problems, get the "as built" plans for your house from the original builder. Most cities have them on file at the building department for $10 to $15.

Want to keep me on the straight and narrow? Ask to see receipts for materials so you're sure I'm not scamming you with lower-quality stuff or crap I never bought at all. Skimming even 100 bucks off each deal adds up to thousands in a year. I love this job! But what I really hate is when you surprise me on the site. If I'm never sure when you'll show up, I won't slack off as much.

If I stiff you, try to work it out as agreed in the contract, address all problems with me in writing, then call a lawyer immediately. (There are certain deadlines to pursue legal claims, and I may stall you until they expire.) You can also file a complaint with the Better Business Bureau or your local building department, which can assign an investigator to try to resolve the problem by figuring out a settlement or by taking legal action against me. If you've kept a file on my every move from day one, along with a few before-and-after pictures, the final nail in my coffin is gonna come from you... M

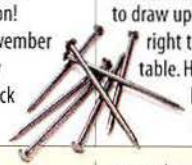
TOOL TIME

Medic! These handy half-wits need help, stat!

LAYING PIPE

The plan: Desperate to prove his withered plumber's ass still worthy, 88-year-old George Diggs took matters into his own hands in 1998, climbing through a garden access hatch to fix a pipe under the floor of his Bristol, England home.

The damage: Twenty feet in and stuck like a gerbil in a starfish, Diggs suffered a stroke before local firemen could rip him out. His last words to his wife before embarking on his near-fatal mission: "I'll fix that pipe even if it kills me!" Incredibly, he even failed at that.



JUST SHOOT ME!

The plan: Simon Montez was not going to pay a professional to redo the ceiling of his Denver home when he could do it himself for free. Mo-ron!

The damage: In November 2000, Montez actually shot himself in the back of the head with a pneumatic nail gun. *Oops!* Amazingly, while X-rays showed the nail lodged at a 45-degree angle in the middle of his brain, young Einstein was alert enough to draw up a will in case he died right there on the operating table. He didn't. But rumor has it his brain had died years before.

HEADS UP!

The plan: In 1984, 74-year-old Forthman Murff walked out of his Mississippi house to cut down a few rotting trees. Yawn!

The damage: Then a falling tree slammed into Murff's leg, knocking him neck-first onto his running chain saw. "I looked over and saw a stream of blood, but it wasn't coming in spurts, so I thought I had a chance," he said. Despite a broken leg, a crushed foot, and his nearly severed head dangling by a few arteries, Murff survived with minimal permanent damage. Sadly, the saw had to be euthanized.

"OK, mister. You're grounded!"

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Catching the Green Fairy

Forget poisonous hippie home brews and shrewdly marketed wannabes: A bottle of absinthe is now only a click away. BY LARRY MONDELLO

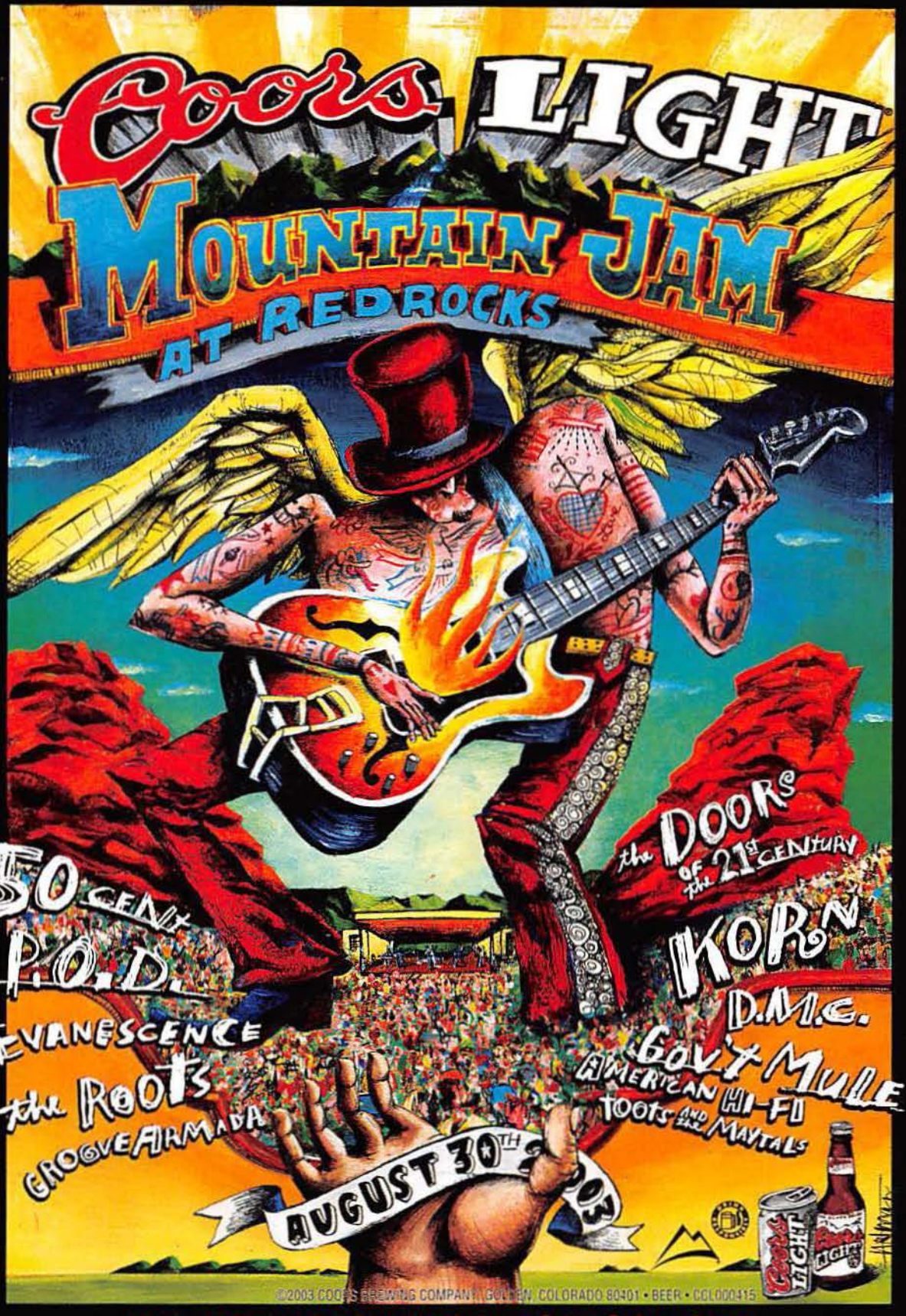
Rumor has it that Vincent van Gogh had drunk one too many glasses of hallucinogenic absinthe when he hacked off his ear and gave it to a prostitute. The guy was probably just sick of his French neighbors, but ever since then the magical green liqueur, known for its unique psychoactive properties and bitter licorice flavor, has had a bad name. Absinthe's been banned in most of Europe and the U.S. for nearly a century because of the sauce's rep for inducing madness. The result: Curious legions risk blindness and death by tracking down local hippies who cook it up in their basements. But we've got news for those moondoggies: They're about to go out of business, because absinthe is now legal and safe . . . sort of.

'Got tight last night on absinthe. Did knife tricks.'
—Ernest Hemingway, writer, boozehound

The European connection

No, Congress didn't get off its collective ass and repeal any outmoded laws; amazingly enough, the Europeans did. With the formation of the European Union and lobbying by European distillers, absinthe has reachieved legal status across the pond. And, like you, Europe is connected to the Internet. Order a bottle online at sites like absinth.com, laboheme.uk.com, and eabsinthe.com, and most dealers will ship their products right to your front door, no questions asked. As long as you're willing to pony up 60 to 200 smacks for a bottle, you can get all the green stuff you want, but be sure to check what the shipping arrangement is. The idea of overnight delivery hasn't exactly caught on in the former eastern bloc countries, despite—or perhaps because—some of the strongest absinthe is produced there. (We waited a month for one bottle to reach us from the Czech Republic and were on the verge of supporting a reinvasion of Prague when it finally arrived. The bottom line: Uh, watch out for bad Czechs.) And don't worry; we don't think the Feds will shoot a stun grenade through your window for ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE



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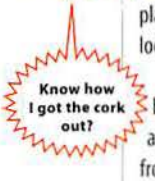
Sweepstakes begins on or about **July 5, 2003,** at 8:00:00 a.m., Mountain time (MT). Entries must be received by 7:59:59 a.m., MT, on **August 5, 2003. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.** A PURCHASE WILL NOT INCREASE YOUR CHANCES OF WINNING. INTERNET ACCESS IS REQUIRED TO ENTER. OPEN ONLY TO LEGAL RESIDENTS OF THE **U.S.** AGED 21 OR OLDER AT TIME OF ENTRY. VOID IN **PUERTO RICO** AND WHERE PROHIBITED. **CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ARE NOT ELIGIBLE TO WIN A GRAND PRIZE.**

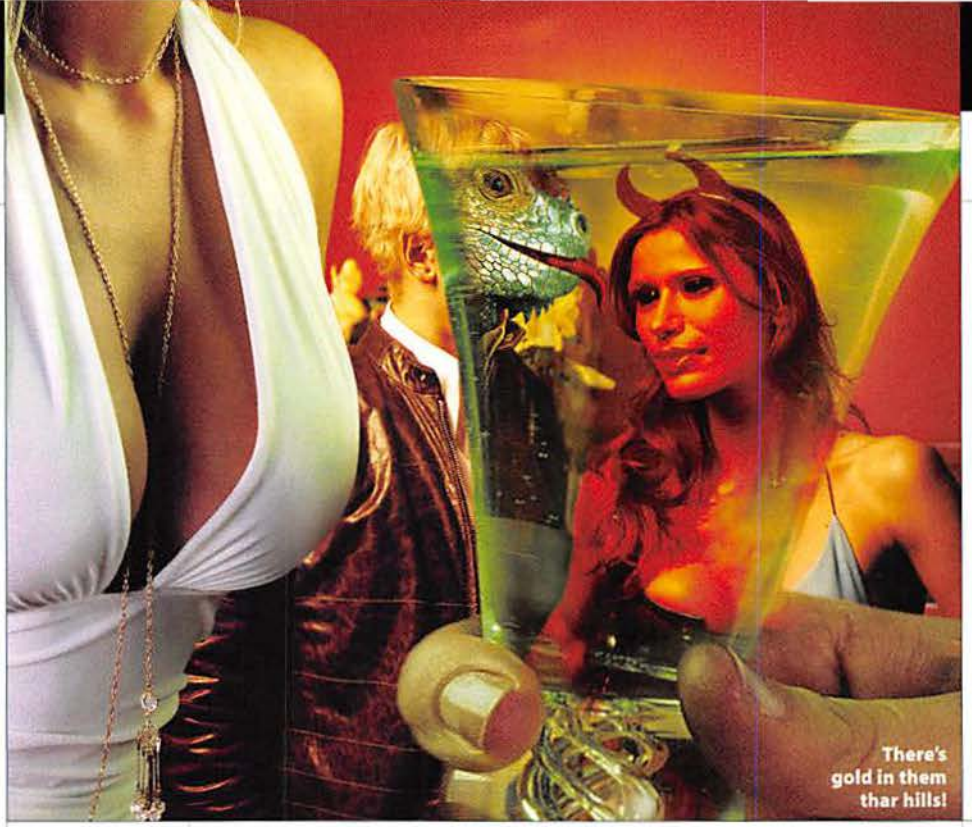
Bar None



placing a little online order. They're too busy looking for Osama and Saddam.

So why all the hype about absinthe to begin with? Simply put, it's not your average 140-proof drink. Absinthe is derived from the wormwood plant, which contains a psychoactive oil called thujone that produces what's known as the "absinthe effect." Often described as a kind of lofty clarity that accompanies the standard drunken reverie, over the ages the effect has inspired authors, poets, and artists, including, of course, van Gogh. The French were so fond of absinthe they affectionately called it *la fée verte,* or the green fairy, and millions were swiggin' it at the turn of the last century, right about the time Germany was building a military juggernaut. Many believed habitual consumption led to a subtype of alcoholism known as absinthism, or absinthe-induced madness (apparently, 140-proof alcohol alone wasn't good enough at causing people to go ballistic).

The drink's dangerous rep grew to hysterical proportions in 1905, when French-Swiss Jean Lanfray murdered his pregnant wife and two children after a daylong binge. Soon absinthe was illegal in every European country, with the exception of England, Spain, and France, and the United States banned it in 1912. A few years later, Germany invaded an absinthe-soaked France, and in a futile attempt to galvanize the nation's fighting spirit, French authorities also made absinthe illegal.



'The first month of marriage is the honeymoon, the second is the absinthe-moon.'
—Voltaire, writer, philosopher

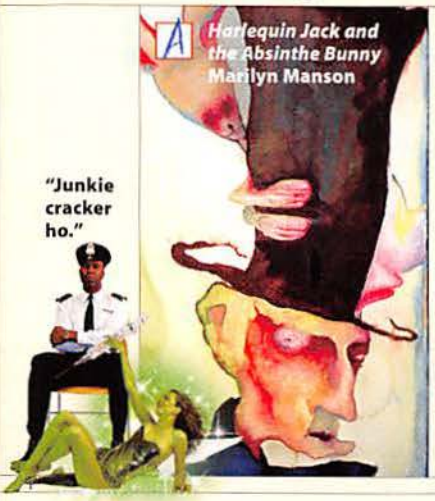
The fairy returns

Despite the fact that the FDA still classifies wormwood as a poisonous food additive, some historians believe absinthism was caused not by thujone but by nasty chemicals used in improperly produced absinthe. Others reject the concept of absinthism altogether, arguing that the French inability to hold their liqueur ruined a good thing for everybody. (Yep, just one more thing we can blame on the French.) Part of the reason European distillers were able to relegalize absinthe is that they've safeguarded production, limiting thujone content to10 parts per million (mg/kg), which is "probably both safe and appropriate" says Wilfred N. Arnold, Ph.D., a biochemist at the University of Kansas who has studied absinthe extensively. While that ain't enough thujone to make you slice off your ear, it's more than enough to give you a taste of the absinthe effect. The key is moderation: Mix absinthe with plenty of water and sugar, and be aware that after about three shots the ▶

ROGUES GALLERY

HIGH ART

Failed your drug test? Pass this one by matching the masterpiece to the narcotic that "informed" it.



Answers: *Lavender Mist*, E; *The Artist's Dream*, D; *No Name Maddox*, C (It's even made of pot seeds!); *Withdrawal*, B

Wardrobe styling, Andrea Cooker; fairy costume by Lara Greene (laracorsets.com); prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; hair, Corrine Vegter for

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GREEN GOBLET

GLASS ACTION

The proper ways to drink absinthe—we asked Martha!

1. Pour a shot of absinthe into a glass. Contemplate its green perfection and try not to look like a giddy American.

2a. French method: Place a sugar cube on a slotted spoon, then drip six to eight parts chilled water over cube and into glass.

2b. Czech method: Fill a spoon with sugar, then absinthe. Burn until the sugar caramelizes, then mix, adding water.

3. Add more water or sugar to taste, then stir until a cloud—known as the "louche"—forms in the glass. Drink up!

Czech Strong ($65)

Effect: This is definitely the shit—and it tastes like it. We became heavily animated after a glass and discussed the torturous contradiction: The most powerful absinthe has the worst flavor, by far.
Taste: More foul than piss from a leprous cat. Dose it with plenty of sugar.
Overall rating: four hacked-off ears

Mari Mayans ($16)

Effect: None. The green fairy stood us up! The distiller boasts this stuff is all-natural and additive-free. Perhaps that's the problem.
Taste: Subtle hints of fennel and dried coriander, sorta like . . . ah, who really gives a rat's ass if you can't get hopped up on the stuff?
Overall rating: one hacked-off ear

Pernod ($45)

Effect: Released a torrent of free-flowing lyrical thoughts and deepened colors to the point where everything almost looked CGI.
Taste: Spicy to start, but finishes smooth, like sweetened iced tea. Careful or it'll taste like candied digestive fluid on the way back up.
Overall rating: five hacked-off ears

Deva ($21)

Effect: No great poetic insights, but this Spanish absinthe was perfect for two hourlong conversations about our favorite floor wax. Sadly, no Penelope Cruz–inspired fairies.
Taste: A wonderful, earthy licorice flavor, almost good enough to drink without the alcohol high.
Overall rating: three hacked-off ears

La Fée ($53)

Effect: A light and airy high, full of promise, but it faded too quickly, like the hot girl who leaves the party early. Our pathetic existences crashed back on us.
Taste: Sweet aromas balanced by a slight bitterness. The bottle was dry in three hours, so it must have been good.
Overall rating: two hacked-off ears

Will that be all, Mr. Nolte?

'[In] Paris, where the beer is awful, it was upon absinthe that I threw myself, absinthe day and night.'
—*Paul Verlaine, poet*

alcohol begins to override the thujone. While frolicking with the fairy, it's too easy to pour another glass only to find yourself free-falling out of the green mists and into a puddle of your own electric green vomit.

Will absinthe ever be legal again in the U.S.? "We have no present plans to address the issue," says an FDA spokeswoman, although plenty of folks are eager for legalization. "Seems kinda screwy, absinthe being legal over in Europe and not in the U.S.," says Trish Wilson, a bartender at the Old Absinthe House, a New Orleans fixture that has not actually served absinthe in nearly a century. "But I'm used to things being screwy. We have a giant absinthe fountain that drips water. It would be nice to have absinthe to go with it."

Until that day comes, it's up to the EU to keep us in the green, which probably won't be a problem, given that, since legalization, absinthe has quickly evolved into a multimillion-dollar industry. Based on the dollar signs present on many European absinthe Web sites, it seems the Europeans have discovered absinthe's greatest secret: The only thing greener than the fairy herself is an American buck. M

Illustration, David Hine

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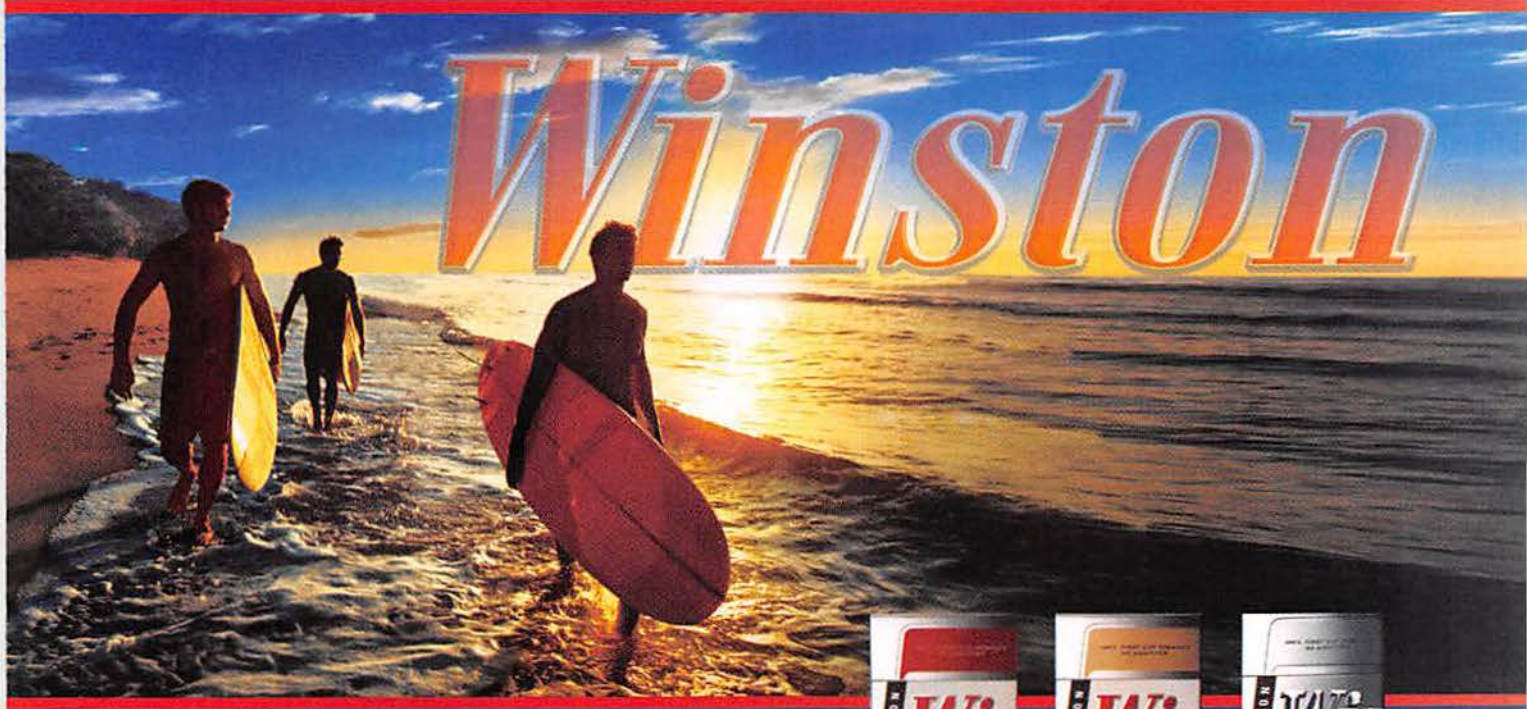

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PILLARS OF JUSTICE

MEET HUMANITY'S LAST LINE OF DEFENSE IN THE EPIC BATTLE OF TITS VS. ASS. STRIPPERELLA, FEATURING THE VOICE AND, UM, OTHER ASSETS OF PAM ANDERSON, HITS TNN THURSDAYS AT 11 P.M.

STRIPPERELLA

THANKS, **AMISH PIRATE**, YOU'RE THE ONLY SUPERHERO WHO MADE IT DOWN HERE TONIGHT.

ARRH!

THY BOOTY SHAKIN'–'TIS MIGHTY WORLDLY!

ITEM! AT A LOCAL EXOTIC STRIP CLUB, SULTRY, SEXY EROTICA JONES HELPS CITIZENS UNWIND AFTER ANOTHER LONG AND STRESSFUL DAY.

SOMETHING WRONG, ZUMO?

HE TRIED TO SNEAK IN.

I'M YOUNG AND OVERSEXED. THAT'S A CRIME?

HOW MUCH FOR A LAP DANCE, SUGAR?

UP YOURS, MAC. I'M OFF THE CLOCK.

MEANWHILE...

HA-HA! LUCKILY, TWO OVERTIMES AND 48 TV TIME-OUTS HAVE GIVEN ME PLENTY OF TIME TO ORGANIZE MY ROBOT FEARLEADERS! WITH THEM I SHALL ENSLAVE THIS THRONG...

AND ANAL-HILATE STRIPPERELLA!

THE NEFARIOUS ASSFACE PLOTS TO ENSLAVE THE CROWD AT THE 3-COM TIDI-BOWL ALPHA-BITS SPORTS COMPLEX.

SIMULTANEOUSLY...

THE BOOBIE SIGNAL! THERE'S EVIL AFOOT!

Photograph, Stephen Wayda/Celebrity Pictures, L.A.

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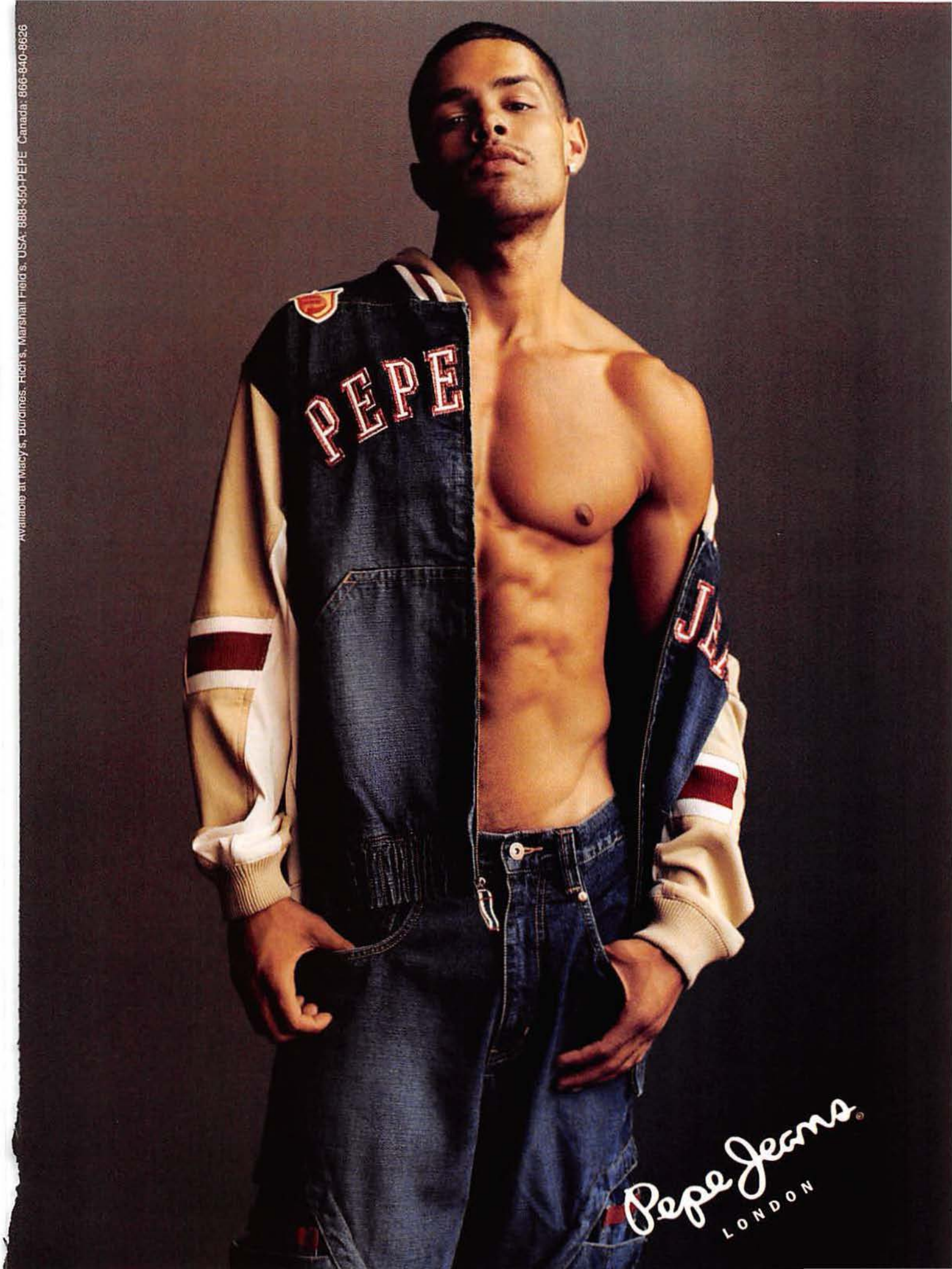
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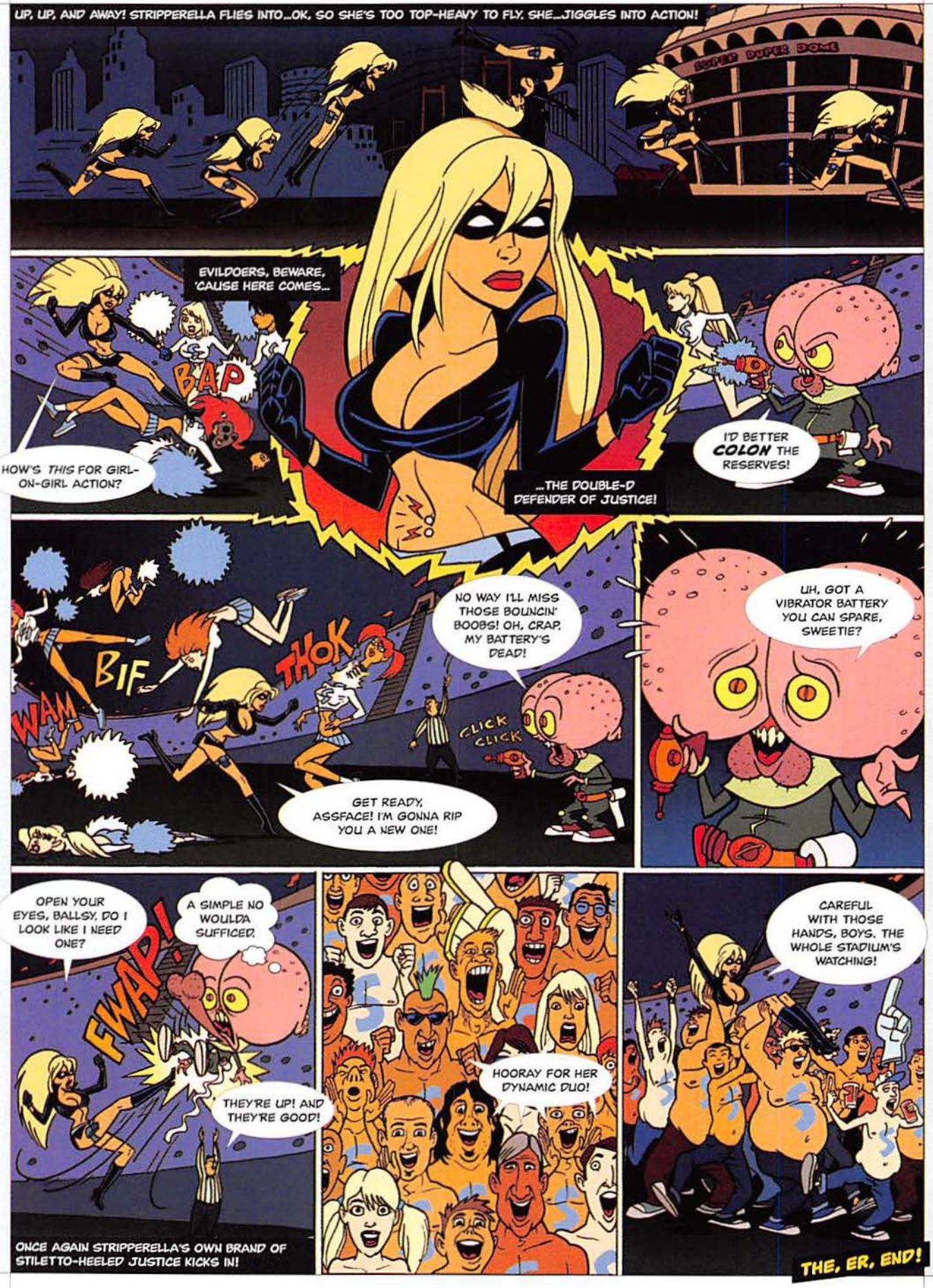
UP, UP, AND AWAY! STRIPPERELLA FLIES INTO...OK, SO SHE'S TOO TOP-HEAVY TO FLY. SHE...JIGGLES INTO ACTION!
SUPER DUPER DOME
EVILDOERS, BEWARE, 'CAUSE HERE COMES...
BAP
HOW'S THIS FOR GIRL-ON-GIRL ACTION?
...THE DOUBLE-D DEFENDER OF JUSTICE!
I'D BETTER COLON THE RESERVES!
BIF
WAM
THOK
NO WAY I'LL MISS THOSE BOUNCIN' BOOBS! OH, CRAP. MY BATTERY'S DEAD!
CLICK CLICK
GET READY, ASSFACE! I'M GONNA RIP YOU A NEW ONE!
UH, GOT A VIBRATOR BATTERY YOU CAN SPARE, SWEETIE?
OPEN YOUR EYES, BALLSY. DO I LOOK LIKE I NEED ONE?
A SIMPLE NO WOULDA SUFFICED.
FWAP!
THEY'RE UP! AND THEY'RE GOOD!
ONCE AGAIN STRIPPERELLA'S OWN BRAND OF STILETTO-HEELED JUSTICE KICKS IN!
HOORAY FOR HER DYNAMIC DUO!
CAREFUL WITH THOSE HANDS, BOYS. THE WHOLE STADIUM'S WATCHING!
THE, ER, END!

Sack up, gentlemen. The first downhill mountain bike racing game for PlayStation 2 is here. Introducing Downhill Domination,™ where to get to the top you have to get to the bottom first. That means bombing down wickedly steep mountains. Busting tricks off 100-foot cliffs. And brawling your way past opponents with a combat system that lets you punch, kick and even hurl water bottles. The prize? The latest high-tech bike parts and sponsorships from real-world manufacturers. And the most admired *cojones* on the mountain. **www.us.playstation.com**

PlayStation.2

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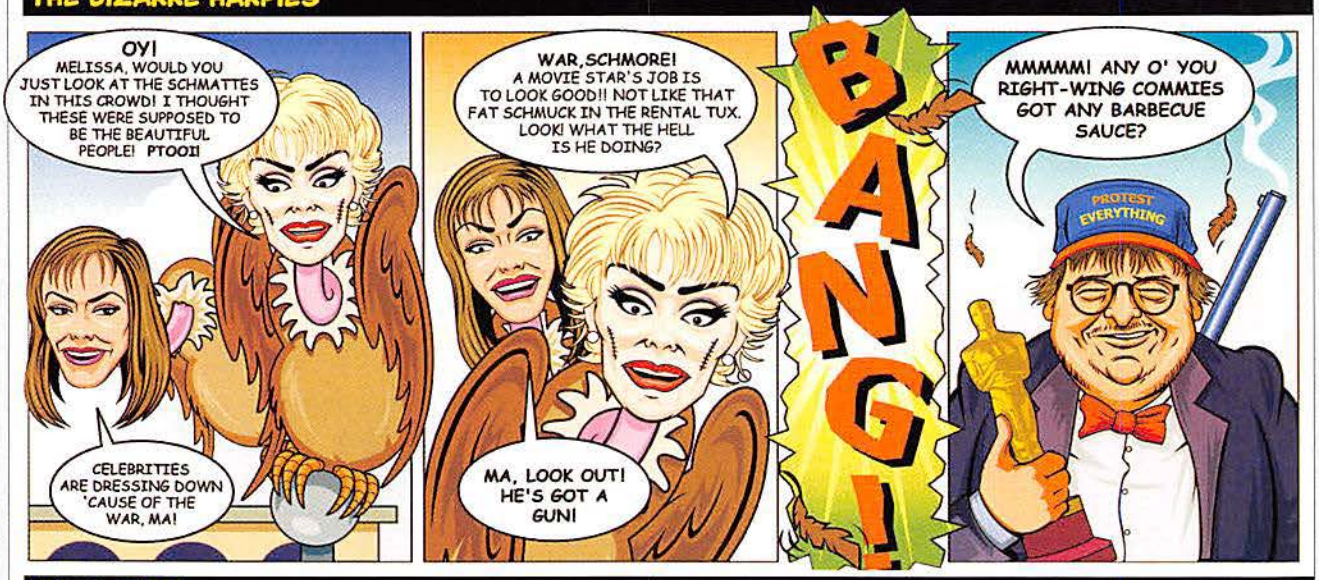
COMIC SLIPS

What other "celebrities" should get their own animated series? Well, funny you should ask...

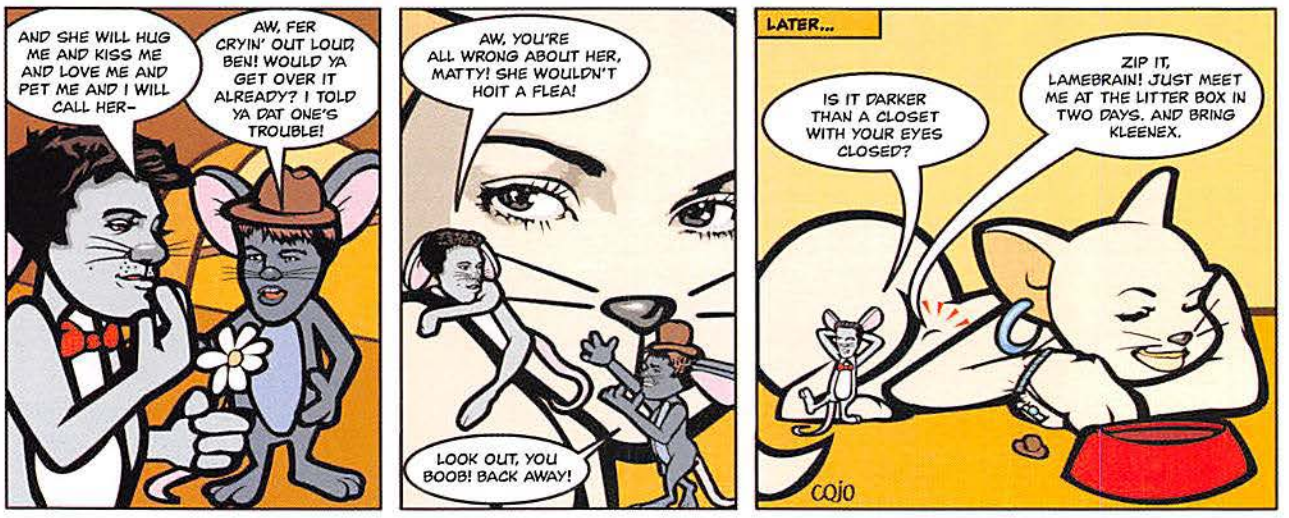
JOE CONSTRUCTIONWORKAIRE

MAN, DO I WISH I HADN'T BLOWN ALL DAT MONEY ON HAIR GEL AND STUFF.
SIR, MIND THE-
OF ALL DA BUM LUCK IN DA WOILD...
SIR, YOU'D BETTER WATCH WHERE YOU...
WE STILL GOT EACH UDDER, MORRIS...DAT'S WHAT COUNTS.
DYNAM
SCREW THIS...

THE BIZARRE HARPIES


OY! MELISSA, WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AT THE SCHMATTES IN THIS CROWD! I THOUGHT THESE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE! PTOOI!
CELEBRITIES ARE DRESSING DOWN 'CAUSE OF THE WAR, MA!
WAR, SCHMORE! A MOVIE STAR'S JOB IS TO LOOK GOOD!! NOT LIKE THAT FAT SCHMUCK IN THE RENTAL TUX. LOOK! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?
MA, LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!
BANG!
MMMMM! ANY O' YOU RIGHT-WING COMMIES GOT ANY BARBECUE SAUCE?
PROTEST EVERYTHING

BEN & MATT


AND SHE WILL HUG ME AND KISS ME AND LOVE ME AND PET ME AND I WILL CALL HER-
AW, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD, BEN! WOULD YA GET OVER IT ALREADY? I TOLD YA DAT ONE'S TROUBLE!
AW, YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT HER, MATTY! SHE WOULDN'T HOIT A FLEA!
LOOK OUT, YOU BOOB! BACK AWAY!
LATER...
IS IT DARKER THAN A CLOSET WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED?
ZIP IT, LAMEBRAIN! JUST MEET ME AT THE LITTER BOX IN TWO DAYS. AND BRING KLEENEX.
cojo

Illustrations, andyparkart.com (Joe Constructionworkaire); Brad Hamann (Bizarre Harpies); cojoart.com (Ben & Matt)

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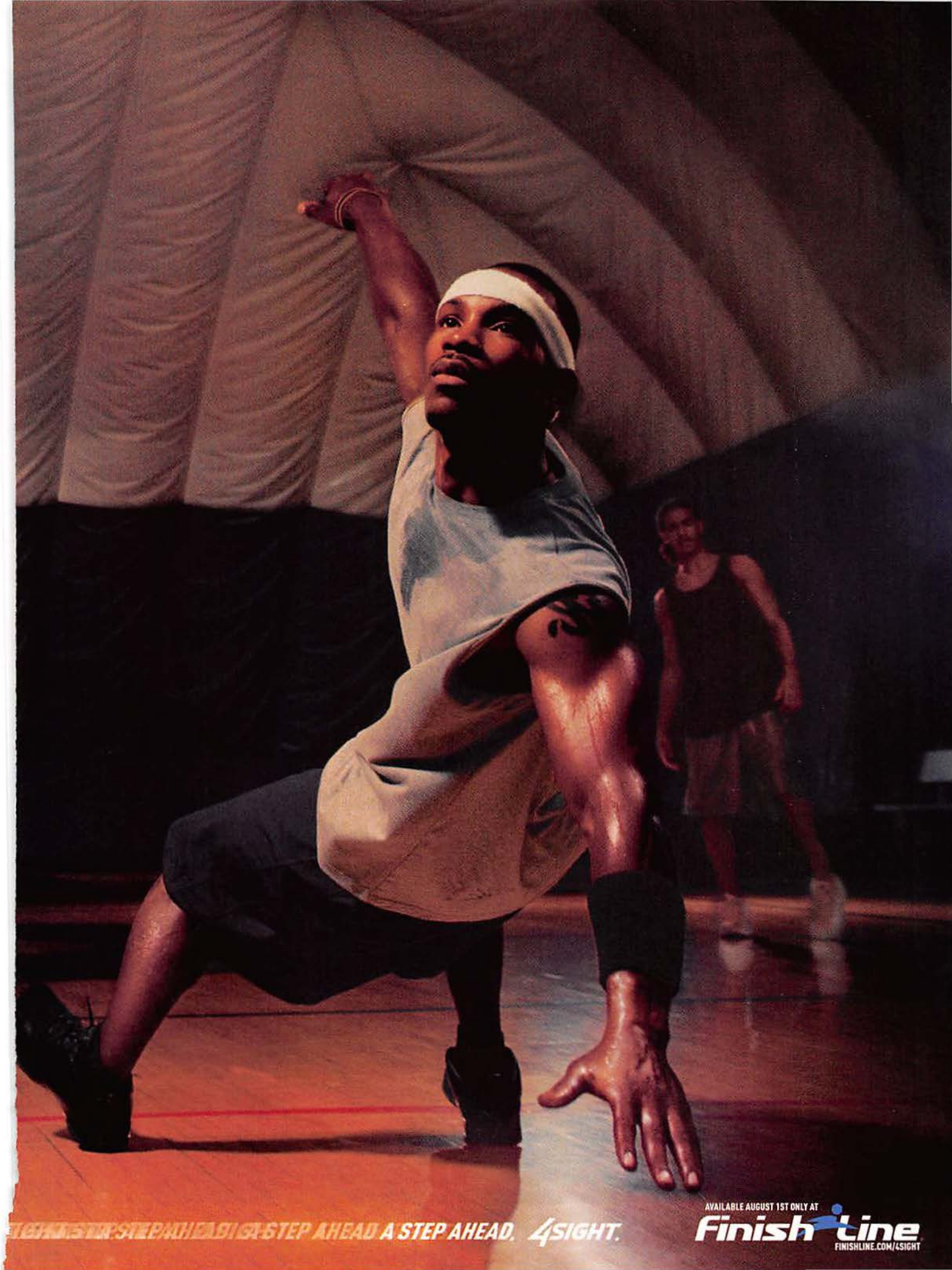
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Games SoulCalibur 2! p.96

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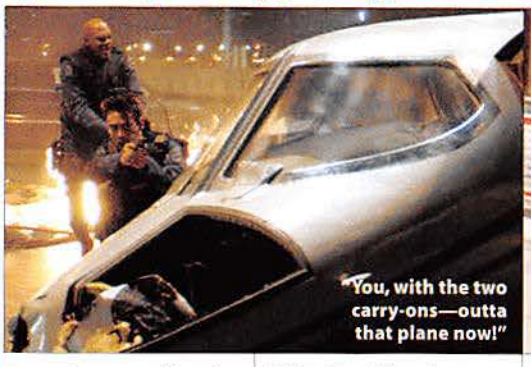
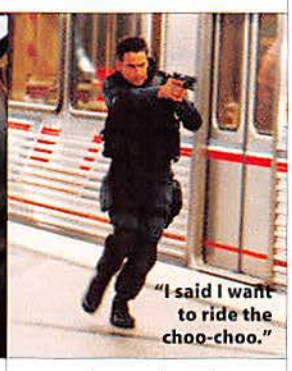
THE NEXT BIG THING

SWAT'S HAPPENIN'

Explosions! Carjackers! Yappy little doggies! Behind the scenes of S.W.A.T.


"You, with the two carry-ons—outta that plane now!"


"I said I want to ride the choo-choo."

As much as we enjoyed *The Fugitive* and *Charlie's Angels,* we still cringe when we hear that another old TV show is taking a million-dollar leap to the big screen. But tooling around the set of this month's *S.W.A.T.,* we realized that few people—including the cast—are likely to remember the original show well enough to complain. "I'm probably the only one old enough to have actually watched the show," confesses Samuel L. Jackson, "though everyone remembers the theme song."

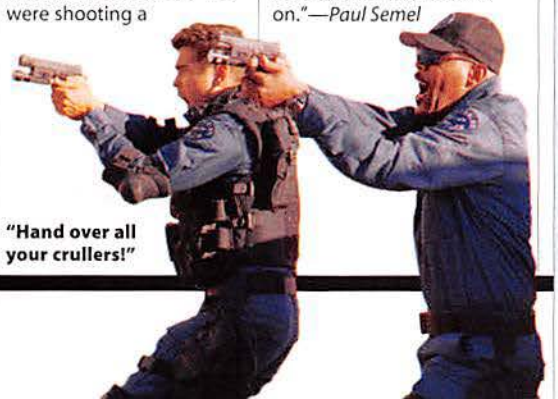
THE REAL WORLD: L.A.

In the film Jackson schools Colin Farrell, Michelle Rodriguez, and LL Cool J in the ways of extreme force, complete with explosions and jaw-dropping stunts. But the most dangerous event on the set wasn't part of the movie. "We were rehearsing this scene in which there's a Learjet on the Sixth Street Bridge," explains director Clark Johnson, pointing to the busted-up (and soon to be very fiery) plane blocking three of the bridge's four lanes behind us, "when we heard over the radio, 'There's a pursuit!' Then these kids in what I guess was a stolen car came flying up the bridge and just squeezed between the plane and the curb, followed by 15 police cars. It was just like *The Blues Brothers.*"

CROOKS AND GRANNIES

Real-life car chases aside, things got tough even for the elderly on this shoot. Witness what happened to one plucky old woman… and her little dog too. "We were shooting a scene where we're going to storm this guy's house," Jackson recalls, digging into a late-night chicken dinner, "and there was this old lady walking her dog. Well, Clark thought it would be funny if she was walking down the street when the S.W.A.T. team showed up. And the old lady was into it! But when the scene started and an extra dressed like a S.W.A.T. guy ran over to her, the dog leaped at him, then wrapped its leash around her legs, and she went down. We ran over to see if she was OK, and she was game to do it again!"

Chuckles Jackson, "It never occurred to anyone that the dog might not understand what's going on."—*Paul Semel*


"Hand over all your crullers!"

A LITTLE IN 'N' OUT

THE MAXIM REPORT

Why? Because we said so.

PRESEASON PROGNOSTICATION

Michael Vick could be MVP	Bengals already eliminated from playoffs

POLITICAL HEAD-SCRATCHER

Will Cheney be on the GOP ticket?	Can you name one Democratic candidate?

STRANGE OBSERVANCE

Bad Poetry Day (August 18)	Kiss-and-Make-Up Day (August 25)

CRIPPLING FEAR

SARS	Another *American Idol* season

O'CONNELL

Jerry	Charlie

HOT FEMALE ATHLETES

Beach volleyball players	Surf girls

"AMERICAN" ACTORS...

Actually Canadian	Actually Australian

SHEENS

Charlie, Martin	*Terminator 3: Rise of the Ma-*

POOL ACCESSORY

Inflatable raft	Carnivorous fish

CONQUERORS OF IRAQ

Coalition forces	Texaco, Starbucks, McDonald's...

UNDEAD HORROR

Jason Vorhees	Perry Farrell

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	Freddy vs. Jason (New Line) Release date: August 15	Robert Englund, Monica Keena, Kelly Rowland	Freddy needs help scaring jaded Elm Streeters, so he hires hockey-masked Jason Voorhees. Surprisingly, it's not a harmonious working relationship.	*Friday the 13th* meets *A Nightmare on Elm Street.* If we have to say more, you're not interested in this movie anyway.	Bring it on! This is the horror heavyweight bout we've been clamoring for. Can Michael Myers vs. Leatherface please be next?
	Seabiscuit (Universal) Release date: July 25	Tobey Maguire, Jeff Bridges, Chris Cooper	A dark horse, well, *horse* defies the odds and wins Horse of the Year honors in 1938. Maguire's his half-blind jockey. No, we're not kidding—it's all based on a true story.	Just tons of horseplay.	Name *one* good horse-racing movie. We thought so…
	Bad Boys II (Columbia) Release date: July 18	Will Smith, Martin Lawrence, Gabrielle Union	Licking their respective wounds, Smith, Lawrence, and director Michael Bay return to the movie that jump-started all their careers. This time the boys bust up an Ecstasy ring.	Miami's toughest and coolest cops didn't earn their rep by shying away from bullets *or* babes, and the rumored $120 million-plus budget can't all be in Will's pocket.	Do three bombs make a right? Everyone involved needs a hit, and this actually looks flashy and fun enough to be the one.
	Matchstick Men (Warner Bros.) Release date: August 8	Nicolas Cage, Sam Rockwell, Alison Lohman	Cage and Rockwell play con artists whose plans hit a snag when obsessive-compulsive Cage discovers he has a teenage daughter. It's *Two Con Men and a Little Lady!*	Director Ridley Scott takes a break from big explosions to give us a small, quirky character piece. (Read: Not too much happens.)	Even though this cast and director are smarter than average, we've been ripped off by too many con movies lately.
	Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life (Paramount) Release date: July 25	Angelina Jolie, Gerard Butler	Geek lust object Croft returns for another globe-trotting outing, this time for *Speed* helmer Jan de Bont.	Despite the PG-13 rating, Lara possesses more sex appeal and ass-kickingness per cup size than anyone else in the business. We checked.	This *Cradle* will rock… well, maybe. Memories of the plodding original keep our enthusiasm firmly in check.
	American Wedding (Universal) Release date: August 1	Jason Biggs, Seann William Scott, Eugene Levy, Alyson Hannigan	Pie molester Jim (Biggs) makes an honest woman of band camp flautist Michelle (Hannigan). Ten bucks says a dick ends up in the wedding cake.	Semen-quaffing Stifler (Scott) is in charge of bachelor party duties—prepare yourself for the absolute worst.	The honeymoon's over. Half the original cast failed to RSVP for this one—not a good sign.

EJECTION SEAT

THE RENTS

Entertaining yourself at home just got a whole lot less complicated.

DAREDEVIL
B.Lo's comic book outing is more stupor than super, but Jennifer Garner is eye candy even for the sightless.
Extra! Lots of attention lavished on the "radar" effect, the coolest thing in the movie. (July 29)

FINAL DESTINATION 2
Horror flicks should avoid using the word "Final," since sequels are as inevitable as the slut getting killed first.
Extra! "The Terror Gauge" measures fan scaredy-ness. (July 22)

CHICAGO
He pulls a dip; you pull a pirouette. He sends one of yours to the stylized courtroom; you send one of his to the faux jail cell! That's the *Chicago* way.
Extra! Behind-the-scenes features reveal that they may have had to CGI some of that jazz. (August 15)

Illustration, www.sosnovsky.com

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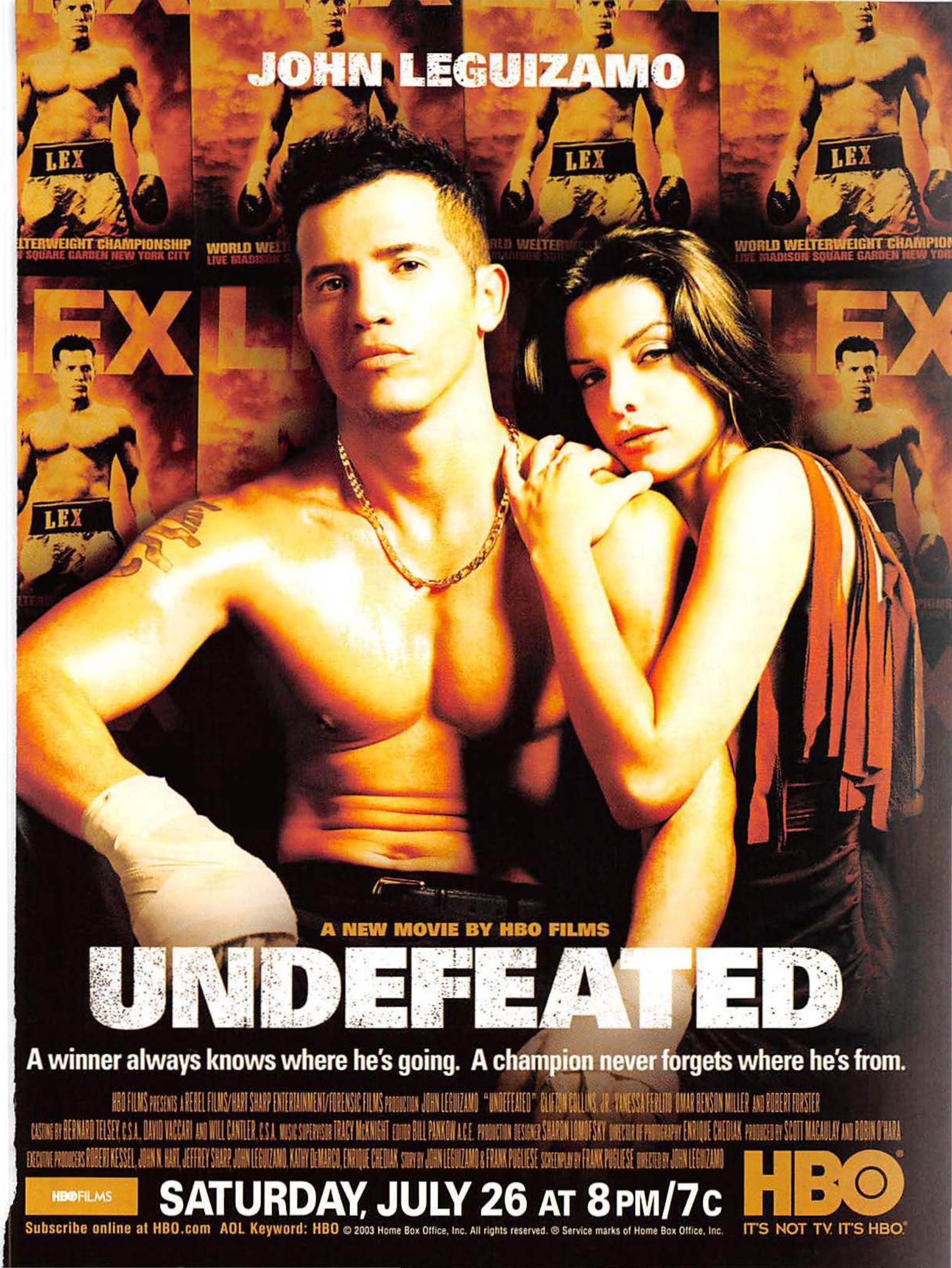
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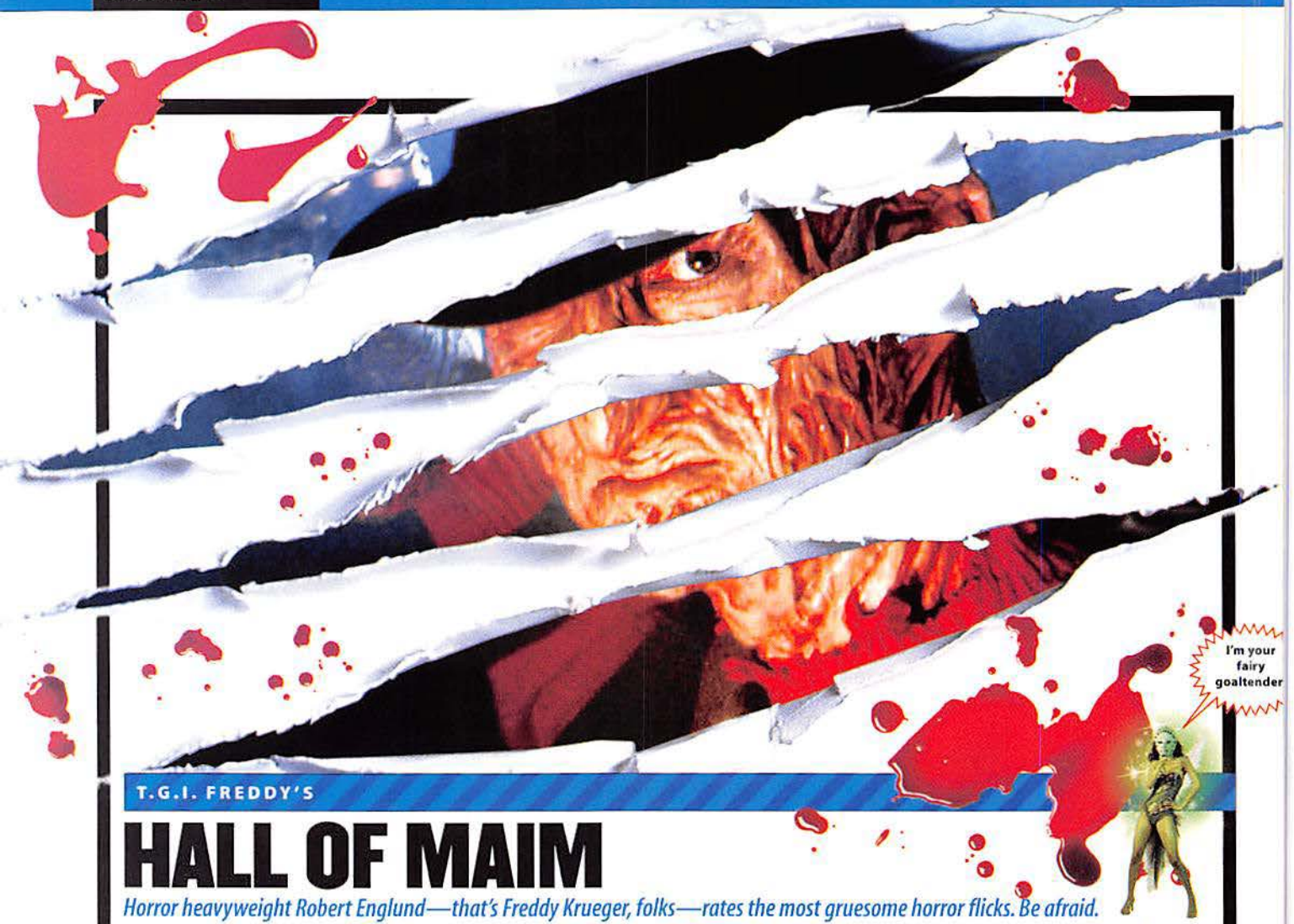

T.G.I. FREDDY'S

HALL OF MAIM

Horror heavyweight Robert Englund—that's Freddy Krueger, folks—rates the most gruesome horror flicks. Be afraid.

Frazier vs. Ali. Lakers vs. Celtics. Tom vs. Jerry. There's nothing like a good clashing of titans. To properly warm up for *Freddy vs. Jason,* we called the gloved one himself—Robert Englund—to explain what makes certain slasher flicks worth their weight in body parts.

Robert the lady-killer

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET

Premise: Kiddie killer Freddy Krueger stalks victims in their nightmares. "It's universal: Everyone has bad dreams," explains Englund. "And no one wants a pissed-off, burned-to-shit guy preying on their worst fears. It's just wrong."
Style points: In *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors,* Freddy turns a poor sap into a marionette by tearing out his tendons and dangling him from a tower. "But nothing," adds Englund, "beats the glove."

FRIDAY THE 13TH

Premise: Twenty-two years after drowning in a lake thanks to some negligent camp counselors, Jason Voorhees (and his mom) return for some bloody payback. "That man is a walking endorsement for a variety of farm tools," enthuses Englund.
Style points: In *Jason X,* Big J dips a blonde's face in liquid nitrogen and then shatters it on a nearby countertop. Explains Englund: "Jason is the inevitable coming to get us, and there's nothing we can do. He's death, and that's truly terrifying."

HALLOWEEN

Premise: "I believe it was Thomas Wolfe who said, 'You can't go home again,'" muses Englund. "I believe it was Michael Myers who said, 'The fuck you can't.'" On Halloween night in 1963, six-year-old Mike sliced 'n' diced his sister. Fifteen years of iffy funny farming later, he gets that itch again.
Style points: In *Halloween: The Curse of Michael Myers,* Michael juices some bastard's face by impaling his head on a fuse box. "Michael's the most unshakable horror character," says Englund.

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

Premise: Texas teens happen upon a farmhouse occupied by a family of cannibals, including chainsaw-wielding, human-flesh-wearing Leatherface. It's all downhill from there.
Style points: "This is the film that started it all," says Englund. "So many have borrowed from it, it's not even funny." In one scene Leatherface dispatches a girl by skewering her on a meat hook. Continues Englund, "There was no precedent set for this kind of brutal, animal-kingdom horror."—*Steven Chean*

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TOP SPIN

BEYONCÉ

Dangerously In Love (Columbia)

Remember those "I don't need no man" songs Beyoncé used to sing when she was with Destiny's Child? Well, apparently she just hadn't met the right Jigga. Her aptly titled solo debut, *Dangerously In Love*, celebrates sweet, bootylicious lovemaking ("I know you want my body / Tonight I'll be your naughty girl"), with rumored boyfriend and official luckiest-man-on-Earth Jay-Z rapping along. The couple's obvious heat fuels the thumpin' dance track "Crazy In Love" and the smooth ballad "That's How You Like It." Elsewhere, the wah-wah guitars, funky bass, and scratchy record noises—not to mention two Shuggie Otis reinterpretations!—prove that her role as Foxxy Cleopatra in the last Austin Powers flick rubbed off nicely. Things take a turn for the strange, though, when she tries to cram all 12 zodiac characters into the chorus of "Signs" and when she professes on a hidden bonus track that she wants her husband (?) and her "unborn son" (??) to be like her daddy (???). Say it ain't so! But the writing's definitely on the wall: Beyoncé is now firmly in control of her own destiny, child.—*Bill Crandall*

★★★☆☆

Like this? Try these...

Janet Jackson
The Velvet Rope
Virgin, 1997

Faith Evans
Faithfully
Bad Boy, 2001

Mary J. Blige
What's the 411?
MCA, 1992

Super Furry Animals
Phantom Power
(XL/Beggars)

Super Furry Animals' last album, *Rings Around the World*, proved that wildly ambitious, politically conscious art-rock concept albums recorded with state-of-the-art technology can still be...duller than a spoon. *Phantom Power* comes with many of the same trappings, but one notable difference: better songs. Basically, SFA's bag is groovy psychedelic pop, but they've finally learned the difference between musical alchemy and quality songwriting, fortunately choosing to focus on the right one this time around.—*David Peisner*

★★★★☆

Super Furry Animals' latest album is a lot like their last, with one notable difference: better songs.

Bubba Sparxxx
Deliverance
(Beat Club/Interscope)

Apparently, no one told Bubba that fat white dudes from Bumfuck, Georgia aren't supposed to know shit about hip-hop. His second album is admittedly a marked step forward from his first: Down-home acoustic guitars, fiddles, and harmonicas give props to Bubba's redneck surroundings, while beats courtesy of Timbaland and Organized Noize shuffle and shimmy behind his thick Southern drawl. When all's said and done, *Deliverance* invites critics who screamed "gimmick" at his hillbilly hip-hop to squeal like pigs.—*D.P.*

★★★★☆

Sense Field
Living Outside
(Nettwerk)

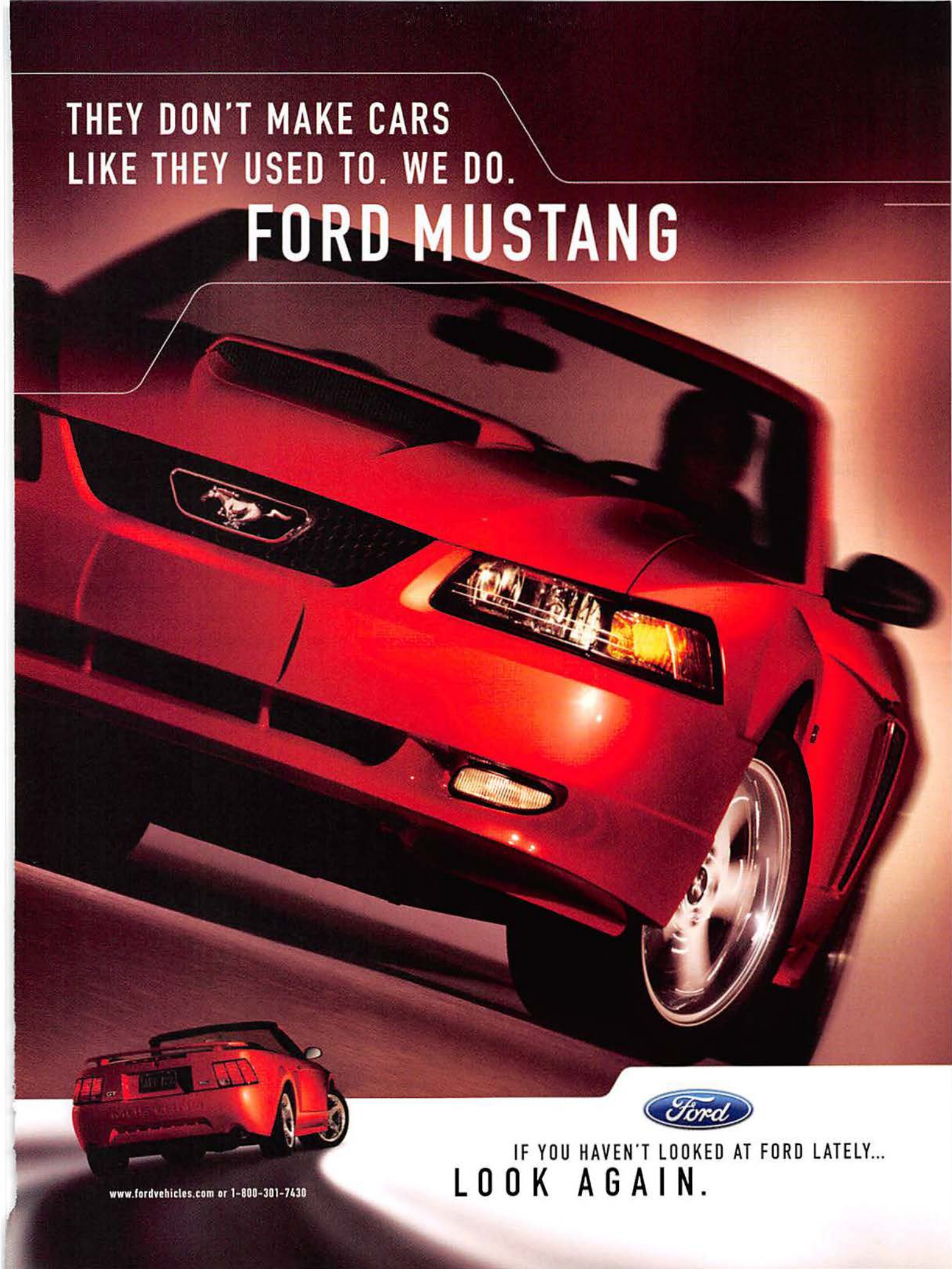
With their soppy 2001 pro-virginity anthem, "Save Yourself," Sense Field became an Air Supply for a new generation of wusses. Their latest effort does nothing to toughen their rep. Sugary melodies and slick arrangements turn tunes like "I Refuse" and "Feel What You Feel" into saccharine mush. There are a few dynamic guitar parts and the rhythm section can be brutally effective at times, but, sorry, boys—your soft-rock whininess is a lot more annoying than compelling. Oh, we're sorry...Are you gonna cry now?—*D.P.*

★★☆☆☆

Kings of Leon
Youth and Young Manhood (RCA)

Everyone says these guys are the South's answer to the Strokes, but that's bullshit—they're much better than that. The brothers Followill (Caleb, Jared, and Nathan) spent their formative years cooped up with their traveling preacher father; *Youth and Young Manhood* is the sound of the boys unleashed (along with their guitarist-cousin Matthew). It crackles with pent-up energy, swiping guitar lines from the Allmans, hooks from Tom Petty, and a brash swagger from Lou Reed. Maybe the South *will* rise again. Nah, probably not.—*D.P.*

★★★★★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Farrell to arms

There's no doubt this is really Dave Navarro's record.

Jane's Addiction
Strays (Capitol)

Jane's Addiction haven't made an album in 13 years and, listening to *Strays,* it definitely shows. There's no rust per se on these alt-rock pioneers; it's just that nobody makes albums this *huge* anymore. Defiantly slick and retro, *Strays* roars like classic arena rock, with Perry Farrell's intergalactic howls taking a backseat to Dave Navarro's guitar. There's no doubt it's Navarro's record: His monster riffs power "Superhero" and his bluesy licks put the strut in "Wrong Girl." It's all about as subtle as a kick in the nuts, but equally effective for knocking you on your ass.—*D.P.*

✪✪✪○○

Mya
Moodring
(A&M/Interscope)

Compared with her sex-kitten peers, Mya generally comes out looking like the most demure of the R&B bunch. On *Moodring,* though, she sheds this old reputation—and it appears the clothes are coming off next. Unabashedly erotic tunes like "No Sleep Tonight" and the orgasmic bedroom anthem "My Love Is Like…Wo" prove that Mya's new look suits her like a pair of fishnet stockings.—*Jon Caramanica*

✪✪✪○○

Cheap Trick
Special One
(Big3)

"A man don't add up to much next to a woman," sings Robin Zander (with a sentiment we surely endorse), introducing us to the first Cheap Trick album we've cared about in ages. This simple philosophy also defines their music: These guys write songs about girls and do it really fucking well. And *Special One*'s chunky guitar rawk at least proves these '70s icons haven't been asleep for the past 25 years.—*D.P.*

✪✪✪○○

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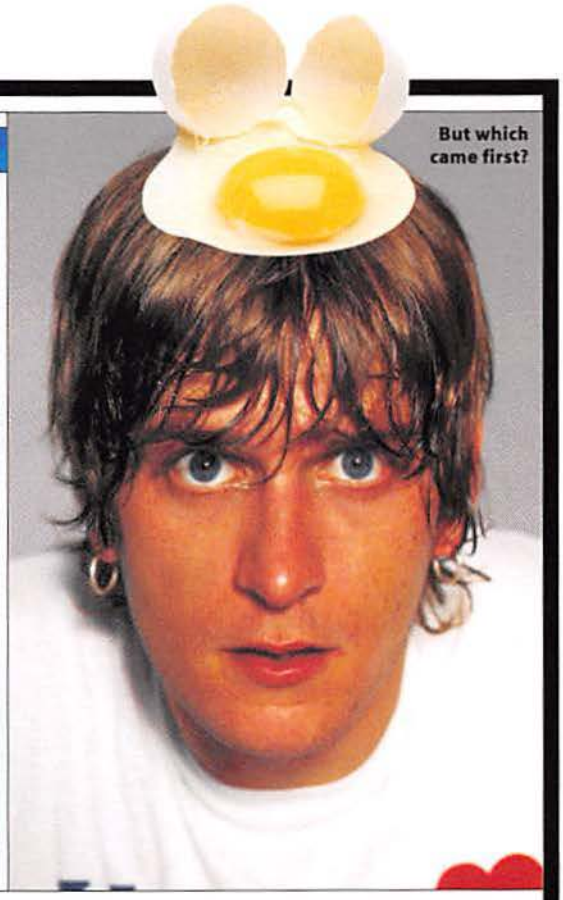
TALES FROM THE ROAD

ROB THOMAS

Don't get on Matchbox Twenty's bad side. Er, make that their good side.

"When we were in Australia, we had a band from New Zealand called the Feelers opening up for us. The cops in Australia were big fans of our band, so one night after a show we asked them, 'Would you mind throwing these guys in the back of your car and scaring the shit out of them?' So the cops pulled over the guys from the Feelers as they were leaving the venue and told them they found drugs in their dressing room. The best part was they didn't even question it. They were just like, 'Oh, shit, we're busted.' So the cops actually arrested them, put handcuffs on them, drove for three miles, and then dropped them off in the middle of this deserted road with a note from us that said, 'You're fucked.' They had to walk to the bar to meet up with us. The next night we locked them in their dressing room during our show, and the night after that we Saran Wrapped their van. They tried to get us back by egging our van, but they fucked up and egged their own van instead. As we were leaving, we watched them clean their van. Then they thought it would be great to trash our dressing room, but the people at the venue already cleaned it up before we got there, so we didn't even know about it. Plus, the venue fined the Feelers and they had to pay for whatever they broke in our dressing room! But it's always been our tradition that if we like the opening band, we try to give them as much shit as we possibly can. You don't do something like that unless it's someone you like."—*as told to David Peisner*


But which came first?

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'Someone thought I was insulting women with "Dumb Girls." I mean, have they even *listened* to the lyrics?'

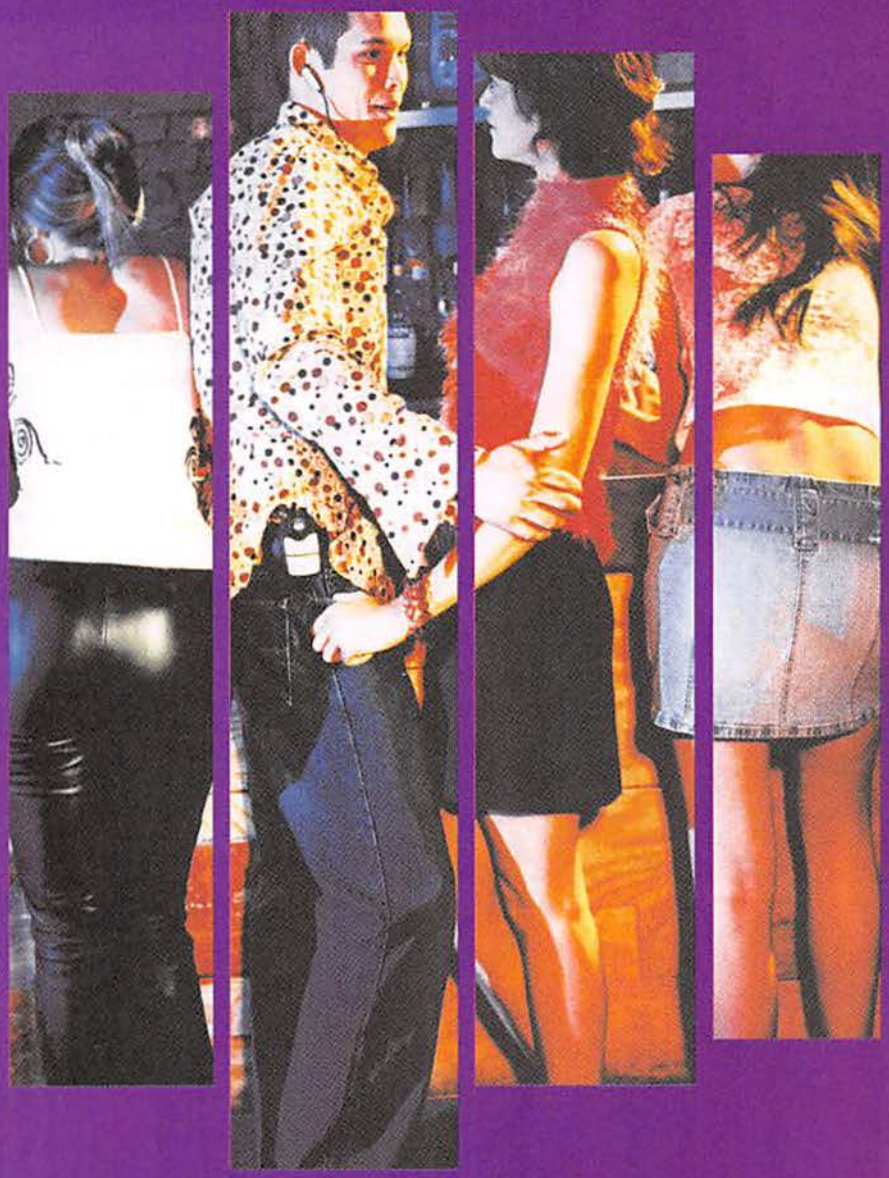
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

JINGLE BELLE

Real name: Lucy Woodward
Better known as: The whip-smart voice behind the hit song "Dumb Girls"
Her story: "It all started with karaoke," shrugs Lucy, who was born in England but raised in Amsterdam and New York. "I thought, If I can do this, I can do anything." Luckily, she had the talent to back it up. A classically trained musician whose mom was an opera singer, a music teacher, and, naturally, a belly dancer, Lucy cut her teeth playing bars and singing wherever she could before her debut album, *While You Can*, caught fire. "I did the theme song to the *Judge Mills Lane* show," she admits, much to the surprise of those who didn't realize the show *had* theme music. "I also did a jingle for L'Oréal." But why not just take the *American Idol* route instead? "They love to sing, but are they paying their dues? I dunno. I wish them luck, but I couldn't do that."

Get more photos at maximonline.com.

Photograph, Charlie Langella; styling, Paula Kowalczyk; hair,



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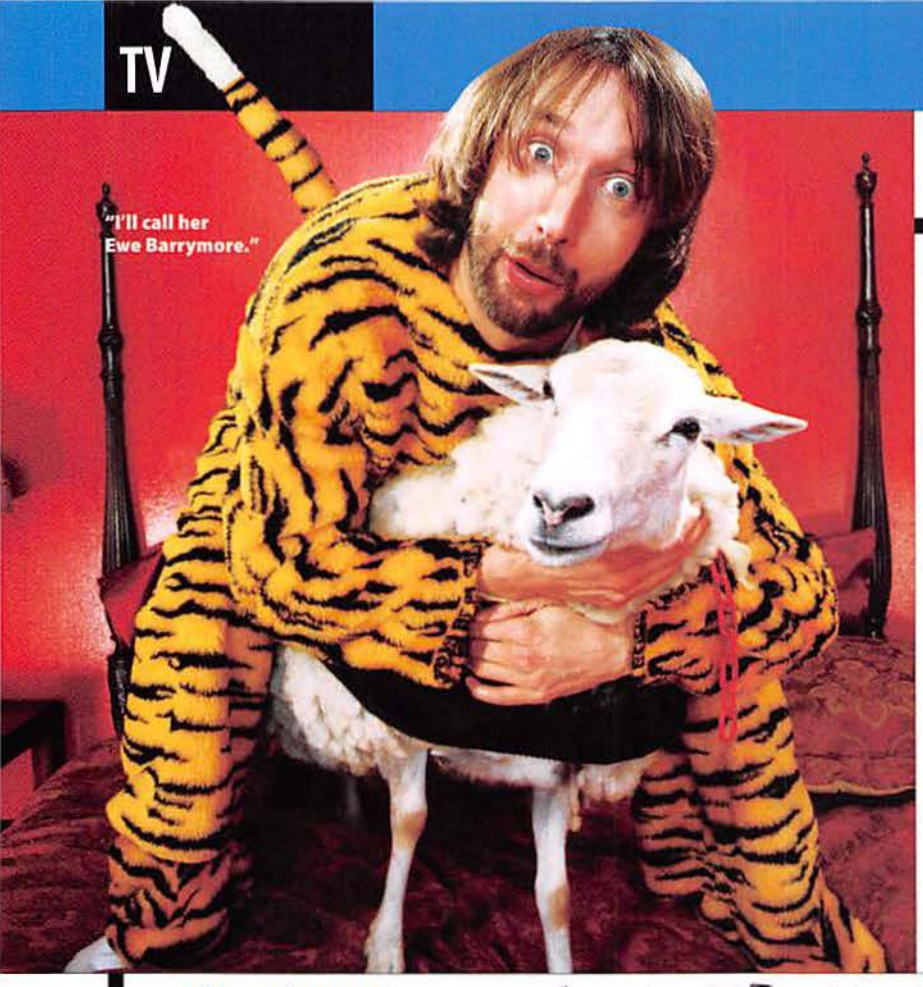

CRAZY TALK

GAB STOPPERS

The New Tom Green Show *might perform mouth-to-mouth on Green's career. But then again...*

MTV has bravely gone ahead and resurrected everyone's favorite feces-slinging talk show host, Tom Green, despite the fact that the last time 'round, Green's sudden success promptly sent him into a downward spiral that saw him drop a box office shitbomb (*Freddy Got Fingered*), a rich and beautiful young wife (Drew Barrymore), and a nut (yes, one of *those*). Yet only time will tell if the latest incarnation of his chat show will rank among the worst of the worst. For every Johnny Carson, David Letterman, or Conan O'Brien, there have been more flop-sweating, joke-mangling, guest-repelling, IQ-reducing, hate-mail-inspiring, and just downright strange desk jockeys than now-jobless network execs would care to admit. So do not attempt to adjust your set as we take a fond look back on some of the more memorable talent black holes in talk show history—right after these important commercial messages.—*Jacob Kalish*

No, we're not exaggerating: Chevy Chase's first episode was the worst hour in TV history.

THE CHEVY CHASE SHOW (1993)

Turn on: *SNL, Caddyshack, Vacation, Fletch*

Turn off: We're not exaggerating: The show's first episode was the worst hour in TV history. Chevy sweated, stammered, and did his trademark fall... twice. When he ran out of things to say to guest Goldie Hawn, he grabbed her and started dancing as America cringed. It didn't improve.

Classic moment: Goldie: "Is this boring, talking about old times?" Chevy: "Not at all." Guess again.

THICKE OF THE NIGHT (1983–84)

Turn on: Eager execs got themselves a comedian-writer-actor-producer!

Turn off: Unfortunately, that guy was *Growing Pains* antitalent Alan Thicke. Plus, the show was *90 minutes* long. ("Hey, an hour with Alan isn't enough—let's make it a movie!") We've got a better idea: Put our balls in a vise and sodomize us with a rusty pitchfork.

Classic moment: Jason Seaver and his son Mike have a talk about...oh, wrong show.

THE LATE SHOW STARRING JOAN RIVERS (1986–87)

Turn on: Frequent *Tonight Show* fill-in Joan was approached to be the newly created Fox network's new face...lift.

Turn off: Joan doesn't like people, and she promoted her show by insulting Don Johnson, Sly Stallone, and Cybill Shepherd. Oddly, this didn't help her book guests.

Classic moment: After trying unsuccessfully to phone Victoria Principal, an angry Joan gives out her unlisted number on the air. Hello, lawsuit!

THE MAGIC HOUR (1998)

Turn on: Magic Johnson's the greatest passer in NBA history! And hosting a talk show is...just...like...passing...a...basketball.

Turn off: Once producers realized Magic couldn't tell jokes, ask questions, listen, or form sentences, they got sidekicks to do the monologues, audience members to ask the questions, and Magic to be as invisible as a 6'9", 220-pound man can be.

Classic moment: A floundering Magic pimps dates with bandleader Sheila E. to audience members.

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GAME ON!

SOULCALIBUR II

(Namco—PS2, Xbox, GameCube)

A good 3-D fighting game is a lot like a good kung fu flick; sloppy plot and brain-numbing dialogue don't matter if the characters are cool and the combat suitably bone-snapping. This impressive sequel delivers steroid-fueled badasses aplenty, each one on some sort of mythic quest to possess something called the Soul Edge sword. Fortunately, all that cheeseball hokum takes a backseat to brutal weapon-based, mano a mano throw-downs. Each of the 15 characters sports his or her own unique pain-delivery systems: Ivy, the bethonged dominatrix, wields a razor-lined chain; the Frenchman, Raphael, brandishes a slim rapier; the sexually ambiguous Voldo shreds his foes with wolverine-style claws. Graphically stunning and delightfully violent, *SoulCalibur II* is definitely—wait for it—a cut above.—*Alex Porter*

★★★★★

Like this? Try these...

Dynasty Warriors 4 (KOEI—PS2)
Dead or Alive 3 (Tecmo—Xbox)
Onimusha 2: Samurai's Destiny (Capcom—PS2)

Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic

(LucasArts—PC, Xbox)

Just how "old" are we talking here? Try 4,000 years before the events in the movies (meaning Christopher Lee was just a toddler!), when a war raged between the virtuous Jedi and the evil Sith. This real-time, 3-D role-player neatly fuses the usual stat-crunching with plenty of chaotic firefights, ensuring there's at least something in here for the nongeeks (or at least not *too* geeky) among us. You can travel the galaxy solo (no pun intended) or in a group of up to three, wielding blasters and lightsabers against feisty locals. Just be careful whom you're Force-choking—too many wrong moves can plunge you down the path that leads to the dark side...as if you weren't already on your way.—*Scott Steinberg*

★★★★☆

Resident Evil Dead Aim

(Capcom—PS2)

SARS, schmars. The zombie-creating T-Virus that made *Resident Evil* the world's premier survival horror franchise takes to the high seas in *Dead Aim*. As Southern-fried shooter Bruce McGivern, you explore a sprawling ocean liner serviced by a scurvy crew of the undead while jumping between gore-soaked third and first person views. Unlike previous *RE* games, *Dead Aim* focuses more on spraying brain matter than using it to solve puzzles, so don't be cheap with that ammo. Compatible with standard controllers (so you don't need to run out and get yourself a light gun) and loaded with plenty of thrills (be prepared to face ambushes from multiple directions), this bloodbath sure beats the hell out of shuffleboard.—*S.S.*

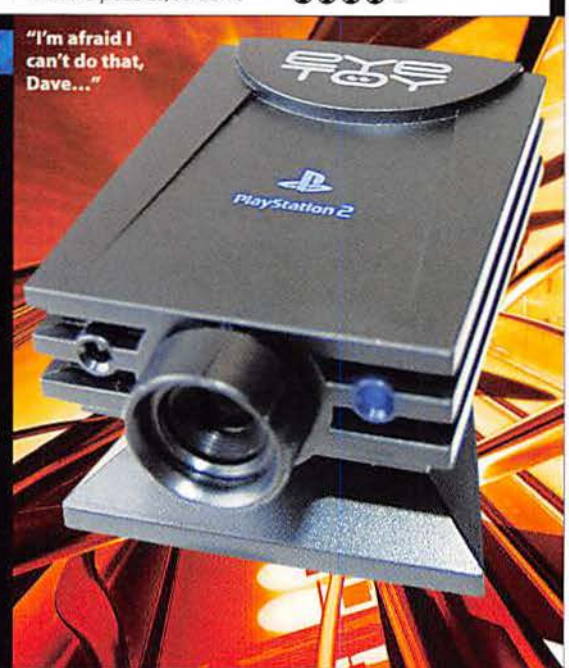
★★★★☆

GAME GEAR

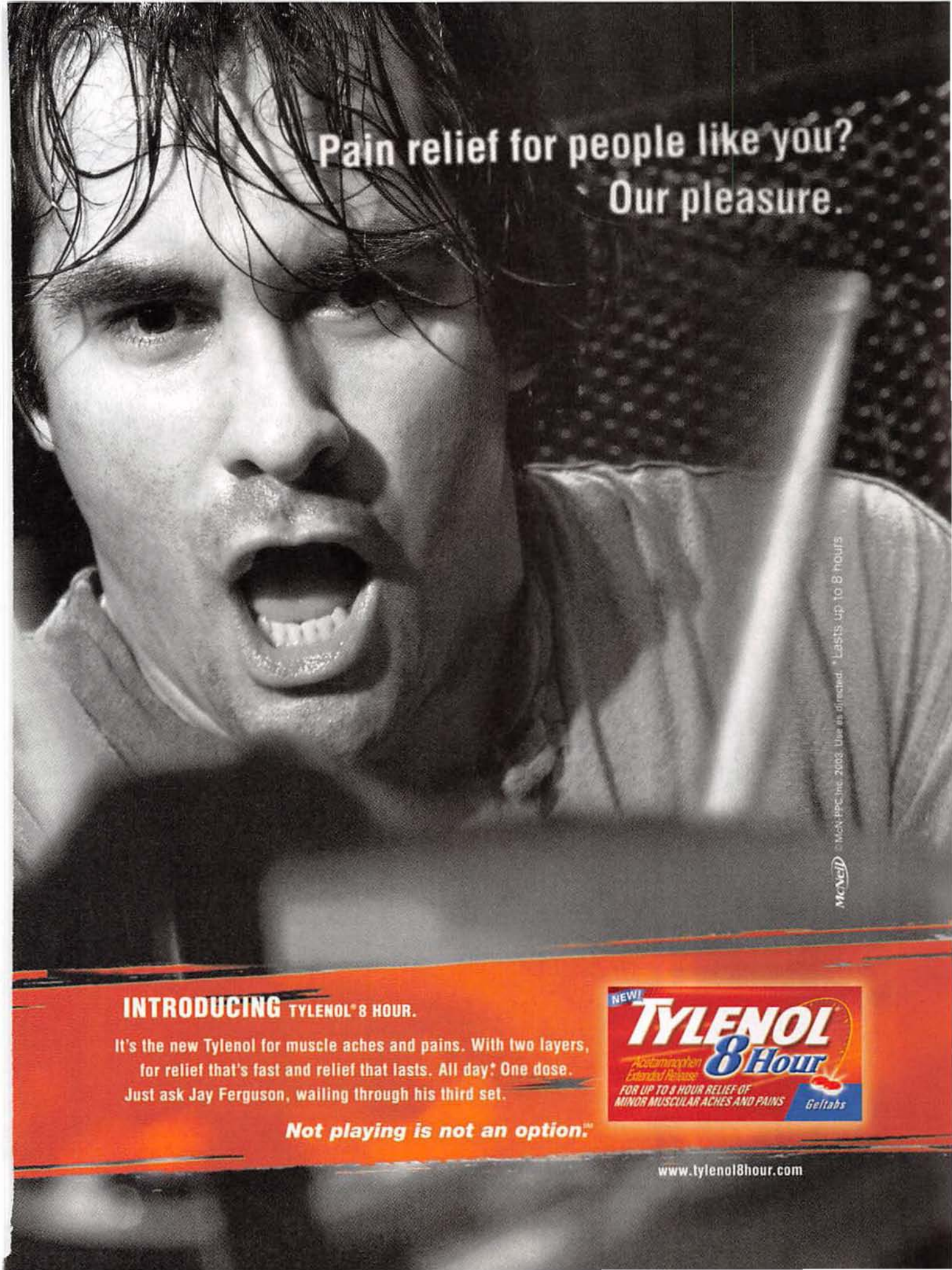
EYE GAME

Sony's EyeToy finally lets you play with yourself.

Sure, half the fun of video games is that you can assume the slightly more buff physique of a *Tekken* character or the ballsier personality of a *Medal of Honor* grunt. But imagine playing as your pale, flabby, pants-wetting self! At this year's Electronic Entertainment Expo (or E3, if you're nasty), Sony unveiled the EyeToy ($40), a handy little device that puts you, literally, in the action. Plug it into the USB port on the front of your PS2, aim it at yourself, and bam!—you'll appear on the TV screen surrounded by aliens, insects, or what have you. Using motion-tracking sensors, the EyeToy translates body movement to on-screen action, so you can swat at opponents with your hands, knees, and feet. The gizmo comes with 12 minigames including fighter *Kung Foo*, dancing game *Beat Freak*, and the window-washing epic *Wishi-Washi*. You can even save 60 seconds of your spastic arm-flapping dances to a PS2 memory card to prove to your friends that you haven't just been sitting on your ass all this time.—*A.P.*



"I'm afraid I can't do that, Dave..."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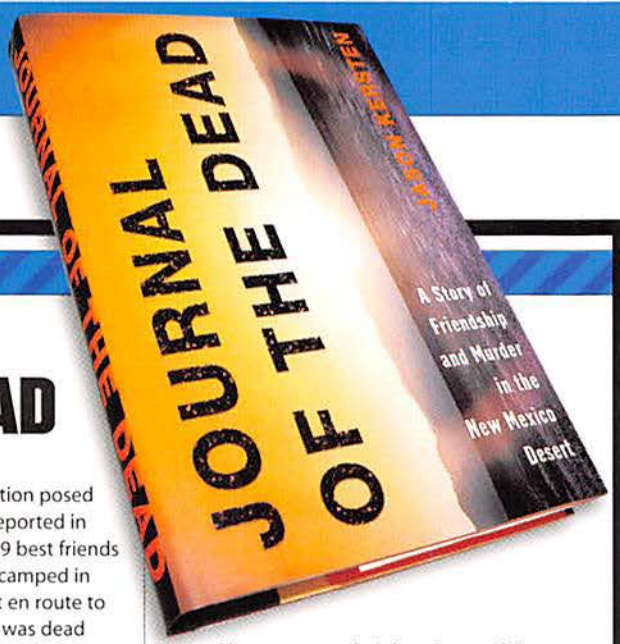


TEXT APPEAL

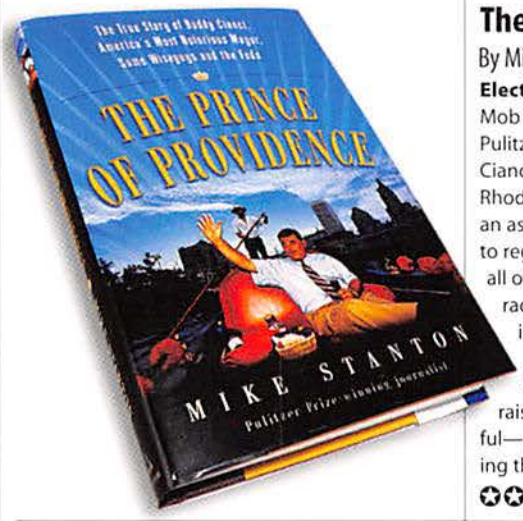
JOURNAL OF THE DEAD

By Jason Kersten (HarperCollins, $24.95)

Mercy or murder? That's the question posed in this tragic true story (originally reported in *Maxim*'s January 2000 issue). In 1999 best friends David Coughlin and Raffi Kodikian camped in the unforgiving New Mexico desert en route to California. Four days later Coughlin was dead from stab wounds. Kodikian's claim: Ravaged by dehydration, Coughlin begged to be put out of his misery. But evidence found at the site produced more questions than answers. Kersten doesn't take sides or focus only on the killing; instead he re-creates their last days and the ensuing courtroom drama. As tough to put down as Jon Krakauer's *Into the Wild*, *Journal* will have you rethinking that camping trip.—*Laurina Gibbs*

★★★★★

'As his Gerber folding knife gleamed in the light of the fire, both he and David stretched out their arms and tried to slice their veins.'

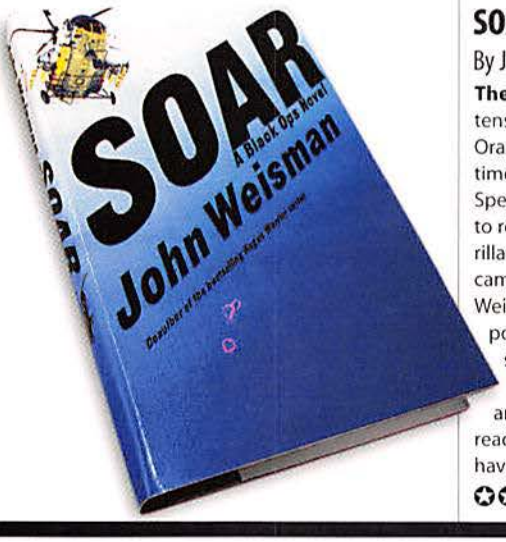


The Prince of Providence

By Mike Stanton (Random House, $24.95)

Elected officials wallowing in corruption and Mob activity—naturally, it's nonfiction. This is Pulitzer Prize winner Stanton's tale of Buddy Cianci, the larger-than-life mayor of Providence, Rhode Island who rose to power, resigned after an assault charge, staged an incredible comeback to regain office, then watched his empire crumble all over again after he was convicted of racketeering. The best part? Cianci once ran, ironically, as an "anti-corruption candidate." Stanton deftly interweaves the tale of a fall from grace with the historical details of a city raised on shady deals. Check it out, but be careful—people have had their legs broken for sticking their noses into shit like this.—*Ben Goldstein*

★★★★☆



SOAR: A Black Ops Novel

By John Weisman (William Morrow, $24.95)

There's nothing like a tale of geopolitical tension and terror to resonate in these Code Orange—sorry, Yellow…oops, Orange again—times. In *SOAR*, Army badass Mike Ritzik and his Special Operations Air Regiment drop into China to rescue captured spooks from an Uzbeki guerrilla cell. With loads of gee-whiz gadgetry (like a camera tripod with nuclear sensors in its legs), Weisman displays a command of the weapon-porn genre pioneered by Tom Clancy. But the story lacks that crucial human element, with paper-thin characters nicknamed X-Man and Goose. Still, this is an entertaining summer read for us La-Z-Boy warriors who'd rather not have to earn our stripes.—*Andrew Vontz*

★★★☆☆

Find more reviews at maximonline.com.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow

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GARY BUSEY

There's funny ha-ha, funny strange, and now funny Gary Busey. We take our own long, strange trip with TV's newest—and unlikeliest—reality star. Buckle up.

QUICK PICKS

FAVORITE JAKE BUSEY MOVIE:
"All of them. Everything Jake does inspires me. He's my son, but sometimes *he's* supported *me*."

BIGGEST DISTRACTION:
"Me. I've suffered in the past from attention deficit disorder, so I would distract myself."

FAVORITE TOOTHPASTE:
"The kind that doesn't get on my clothes. But then, that has a lot to do with how I brush my teeth."

Why would you let some guy follow you around with a camera if a judge didn't order it?
This young man, Adam De La Pena, came to me with this idea he had about being a part of my life—showing people the social adventures I have every day: playing music, paintball fighting, dressing up like a woman, being with women to find out what makes them so special, taking children into a classroom and telling them stories using animal sounds. But I didn't know what was going to happen. There's no script; we just go do things. The cameras capture what we do, we see it back, and, my gosh—this is funny! And the reason why? It's not trying to be funny.

Did you ever do a background check on this guy?
I know he can't drive, and he's real innocent and curious and very sharp with his questions, which invokes my nature to come out. And my nature is, bottom line, very funny.

True, because when we think Busey, we think comedy.
Acting is the absence of acting. It's believing the truth of the moment you're in, and this show on Comedy Central has those elements. It's like eating food you adore in the dark. Like getting dressed in the dark and coming out perfectly. Doing things in the dark can be fun. Another thing I like to do when I'm bored is smell clothes. If you've ever smelled clothes on a whim, it's funny what your imagination conjures up from what the smells give you in terms of verbs, nouns, and prepositions.

That goes without saying. Ever catch yourself intentionally hamming it up when the cameras are on?
The way the cameras are on this show, I never see them. Just like when I'm doing a movie, those cameras and the people on the crew, they're invisible to me—they're not in my consciousness. I can tune them out because my focus is on the issue at hand.

Has anything caused you to lose your focus during your colorful career?
I don't have regrets about anything I've done, because I've learned from everything, and that's why I call mistakes "gifts." The word *failing* stands for Finding An Important Lesson, Inviting Needed Growth.

You need another question about your motorcycle accident like you need a hole in the head, but we've got to ask.
I had to have emergency brain surgery following my motorcycle accident. I went down doing 40 mph, hit my head on the curb with no helmet, and had a hole in my skull the size of a 50¢ piece. I went to Washington with the National Head Injury Foundation and gave an idea to old man Bush's administration about helmets and helping people with traumatic brain injuries. Clinton signed that into law six years later. I learned a lot about health and caring for yourself from that experience and from my incredible addiction to cocaine. That was the mark of the beast. But I came out of that clean, not addicted anymore.

What was the freakiest thing you ever snorted blow off of when you were a prominent coke fiend?
I came home one day, took off my windbreaker, and three bindles of cocaine fell to the floor. Well, my dog, Chili, who has short hair, came in and laid on her back with her legs in the air, and she rubbed all my cocaine on her back and side. I yelled, "No, Chili! No!" So I got a straw, and I started brushing her hair and snorting where I saw cocaine. Back, butt, side—not a spot was left. It took me 25 minutes to snort all the cocaine the dog had on her coat. The fringe benefits of this were that the fleas, the dog hair, the mud, and the sweat went in my nose, too. It's not a good flavor coming off the dog.

Ever snort coke off the rack of an aspiring actress?
Not on your life, you village idiot. I can tell by the way you asked that question that you were really behind it.

Ever get so wasted that you woke up next to an ugly chick or two?
No. Not on your life, pal.

What's the craziest shit a woman's ever pulled to get into your pants?
The honest answer is that nothing seems wild anymore, considering where I've been and what I've done. Actually, it's all fun; it's playing. It's the feminine mystery. Nothing makes women special—they come already special. I've said before, men are failed women at birth.

It sucks being a failed woman. In the first *Lethal Weapon*, your character and Mel Gibson's have a big ol' brawl. Ever been in one like that for real?
I have never been in a fight in my life. I played football, and I've made action movies, but I've never been in a fight.

But you know all kinds of pressure-point stuff, right? Like Vulcan nerve pinches?
I can touch you in places that would bring tears to the eyes of Adolf Hitler.

OK...leggo...*can't*...*breathe*...Whew! So, are there any movies you regret turning down?
Every time I see [producer] Irving Azoff, he looks at me and says, "I wanted you. Why didn't you do it?" And the name of that movie was *Urban Cowboy*. Though Johnny [Travolta] did a great job. There was one called *Repo Man*. But I didn't come out here to be a star; I came out to see what was here for the doing.

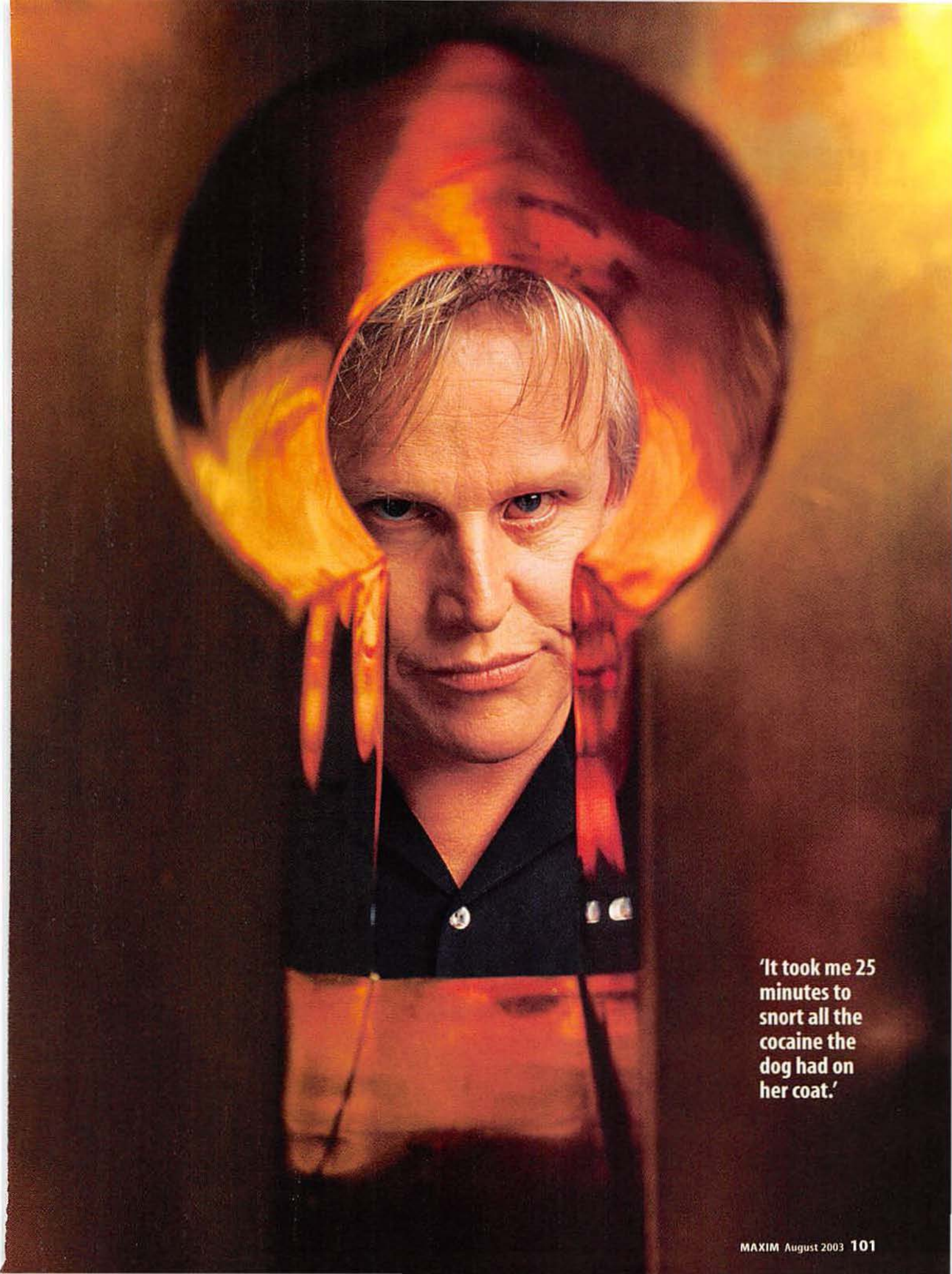
What advice would you give a young actor coming up?
Get an education in classical theater. Understand where theater began and how it evolved and what the great creators along the way have given to the theater. Also, take your ego out of it. Your ego has nothing to do with it—it's your honesty.

Is this what you told your son, Jake?
Jake played my son when he was five in a movie called *Straight Time*, with Dusty Hoffman and Kathy Bates. And Jake came on the set one day and said, "I'm only going to do this scene once because I'm drawing a truck." So we did the scene, perfect. On the way home I asked him, "What do you think about acting now?" And he said, "I think it's the dumbest thing I've ever done."

Interview by Paul Semel. *I'm With Busey* is with Comedy Central on Tuesdays at 10 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY

Styling, Rita Rago; grooming, Peggy Seglen; props, Mark Helf for Rex.



'It took me 25 minutes to snort all the cocaine the dog had on her coat.'

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LIFE BEHIND BARS

Bud Light brings you a look into the Manhattan club scene through the eyes of one of New York's finest bartenders.

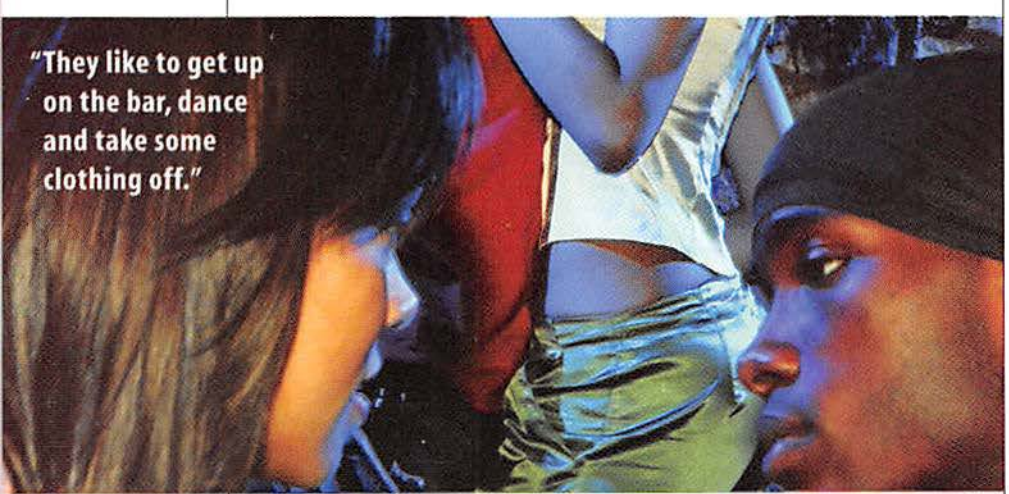
How do you work in a bar that has a split personality? "You better remember what night it is before you come in," says New York bartender Faith Mac. The week starts on Wednesday with a hip-hop crowd and ends the same way on Sunday. Everything in between is something else entirely.

"Saturday night is a complete circus with body painting, sword swallowing and fire eating," says Faith. Thanks to promoters that cater to different crowds, Wednesday and Sunday are all about keeping it real while Friday and Saturday are about making it as surreal as possible. Faith admits the hip-hop crowds can be tough to please, but they are true to their style.

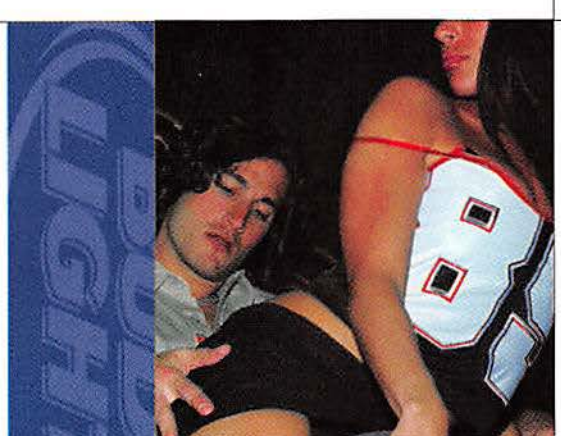
"The guys are in their baggy pants, the jerseys. Definitely the hats. The women wear as little clothing as possible. Even in the dead of winter they'll walk in with mini-skirts and bikini tops." And when the bachelorette parties roll in, wardrobe is little more than a formality anyway.

"They like to get up on the bar, dance and take some clothing off. We'll let them for a short time since it's their big night." On Friday or Saturday guys will try anything to hook up. "One guy pulled out two tickets to Hawaii and asked me to take off with him for three days."

NEW YORK, NY



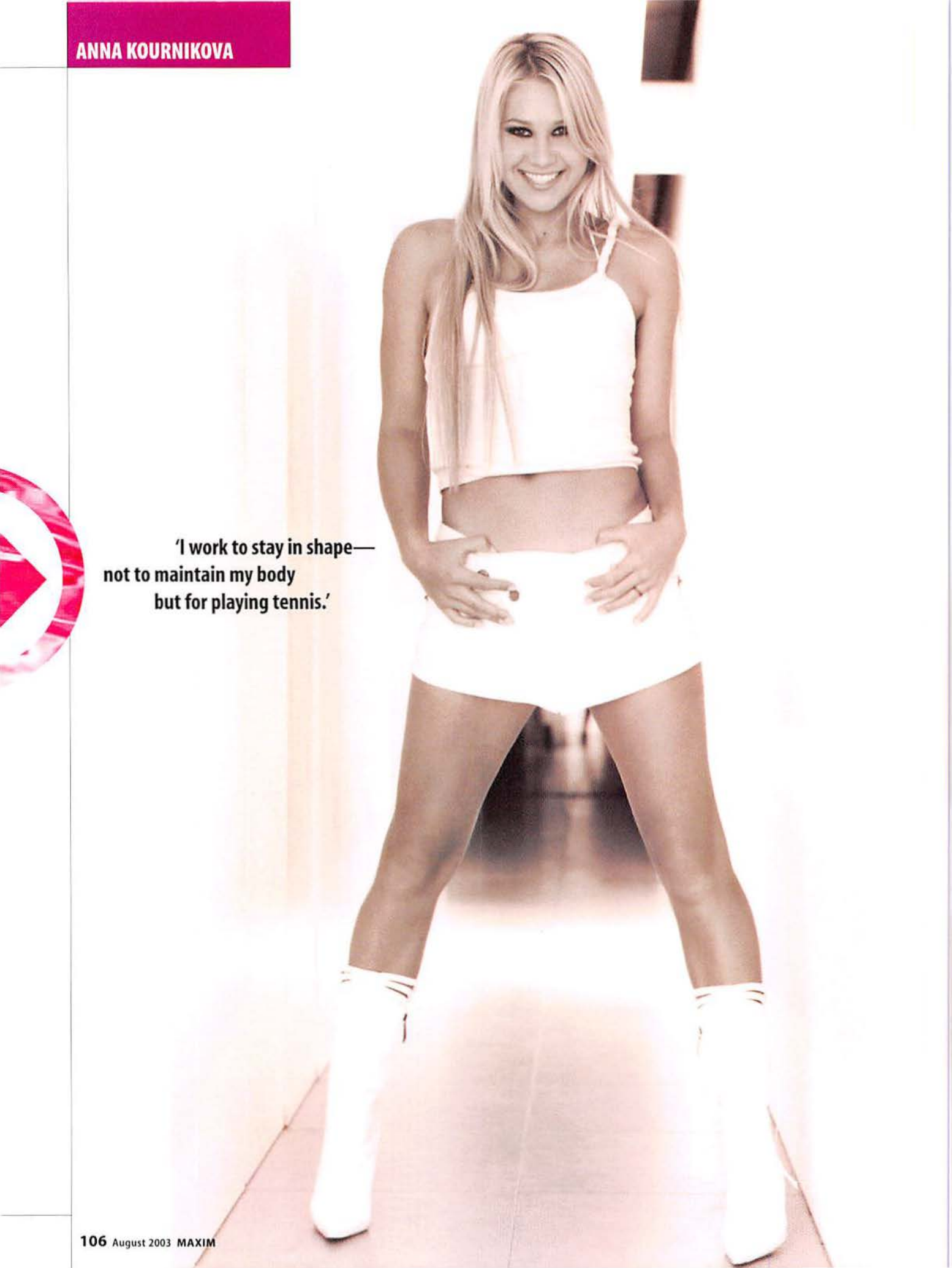
Protocol changes on hip hop nights, however. "With that crowd you absolutely, positively don't buy one girl a drink without buying her friend one," says Faith. But once you're in good, it's anything goes. "On a Saturday night there will be three or four couples making out at the bar. Couples in the VIP balcony forget they're visible behind the two-way glass and really get freaky." The next time you're out in SoHo, stop by and see Faith. Whatever else you happen to see will depend on what night it happens to be.



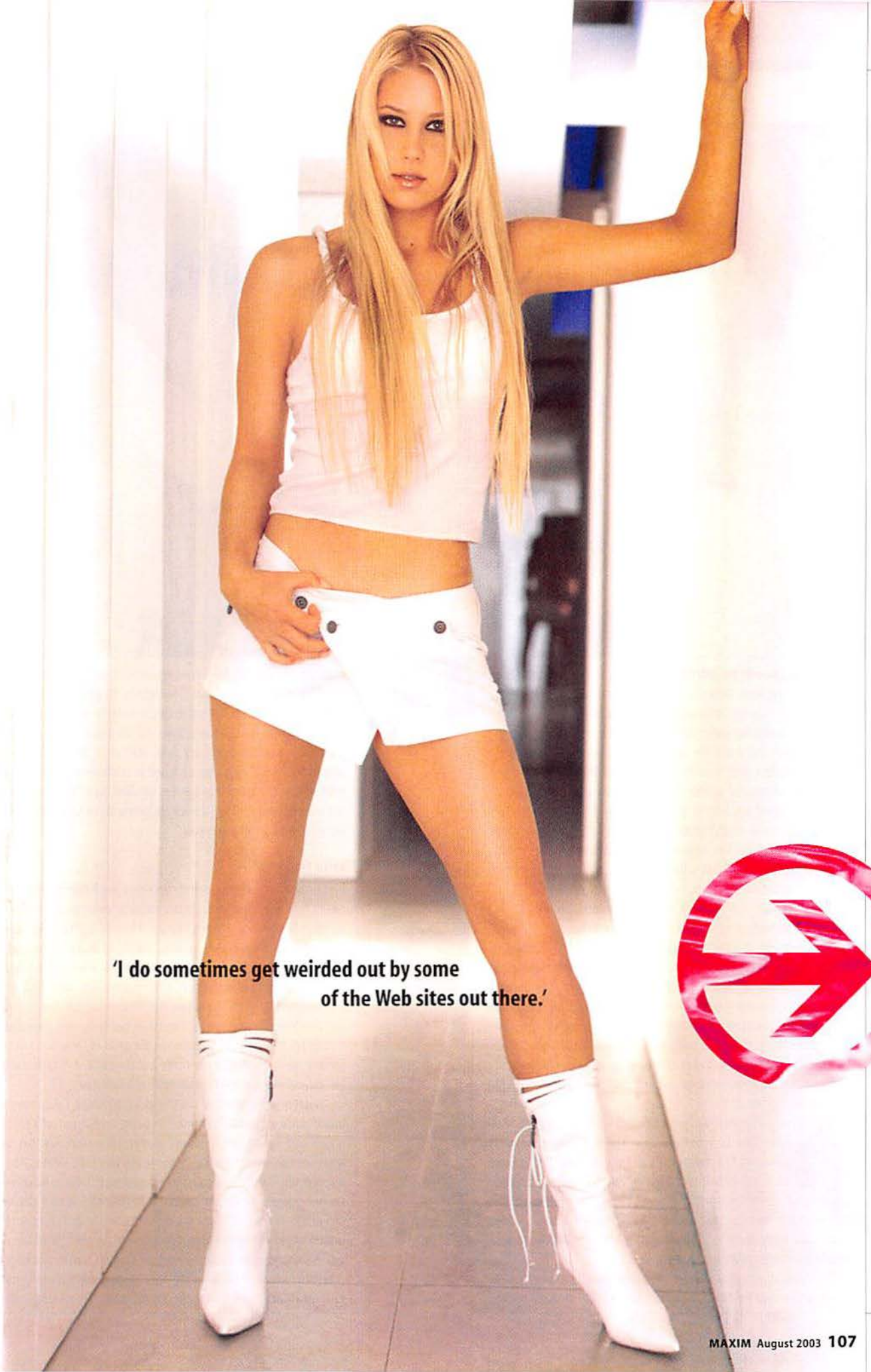
Get ready to feast your eyes on the one and only Anna Kournikova—the reason God created tennis skirts.

She Lives to Serve

BY ERIC ALT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL LING



'I work to stay in shape—
not to maintain my body
but for playing tennis.'



'I do sometimes get weirded out by some of the Web sites out there.'

The phrase "needs no introduction" gets thrown around a lot, but it may never have been this true. Even if you can't tell clay from grass, you have to be pretty familiar with the global phenomenon that is Anna Kournikova. Her ability to deliver a wicked forehand got her in the world's door, but it was her smooth-as-Russian-vodka mixture of adorable perkiness and brain-melting sexiness that made her the world's most recognized athlete. Proving that we do, in fact, have a pretty damn good job, *Maxim* got to sit down in Miami with the surprisingly down-to-earth beauty and grill her on the topics everyone is dying to know about: her exhausting yet invigorating workouts, the best way to hit on her, and what it's like being one of the most worshiped women on Earth.

"I'm pretty cool with it," Anna says with a nonchalance that only hints at the enormity of her appeal both on and off the court. "I'm very fortunate to be able to travel and do so much at a young age—that I've been able to do what I love to do: play tennis. It's just been amazing. I have fun and enjoy it." Describing her path as "amazing" is an understatement. Anna played in her first tournament at the age of nine; by 14 she became the youngest person ever to win a Fed Cup match. For good measure she also snagged the European Championship and the Italian Open junior competition. With her 15th birthday still a glimmer on the horizon, she was ranked number one and held the ITF Junior World Championship crown.

By the time she reached the fourth round of the 1996 U.S. Open, she was well on her way to international celebrity. Magazine covers, endorsement deals, and TV commercials all came in droves, and it was clear the spotlight would be firmly fixed on young Anna long beyond her performances on the court. All of which begs the obvious question: Is she ever concerned that she's done too much, too fast? "I can't change it, so I can't worry about it," Anna responds, with what is clearly her prevailing attitude toward her high-profile life.

Whether discussing her jaw-dropping physique ("I just play tennis for, like, a thousand hours a day. I train a lot, so I stay in shape not to maintain my body but for playing tennis. So it works out perfectly!") or detailing the rigors of practice ("Sometimes it's just hard waking up in the morning when I'm still half-asleep. In order to work hard physically, you need to get enough sleep."), we get the sense that not much can crack this Russian beauty's icy calm. Hell, even the mention of the various "unofficial" Web sites designed to celebrate her, ahem, body of work elicits little more than passing consideration. "Well, sometimes I get weirded out by them," she laughs. "Some of the really strange ones. But otherwise, it's all pretty cool."

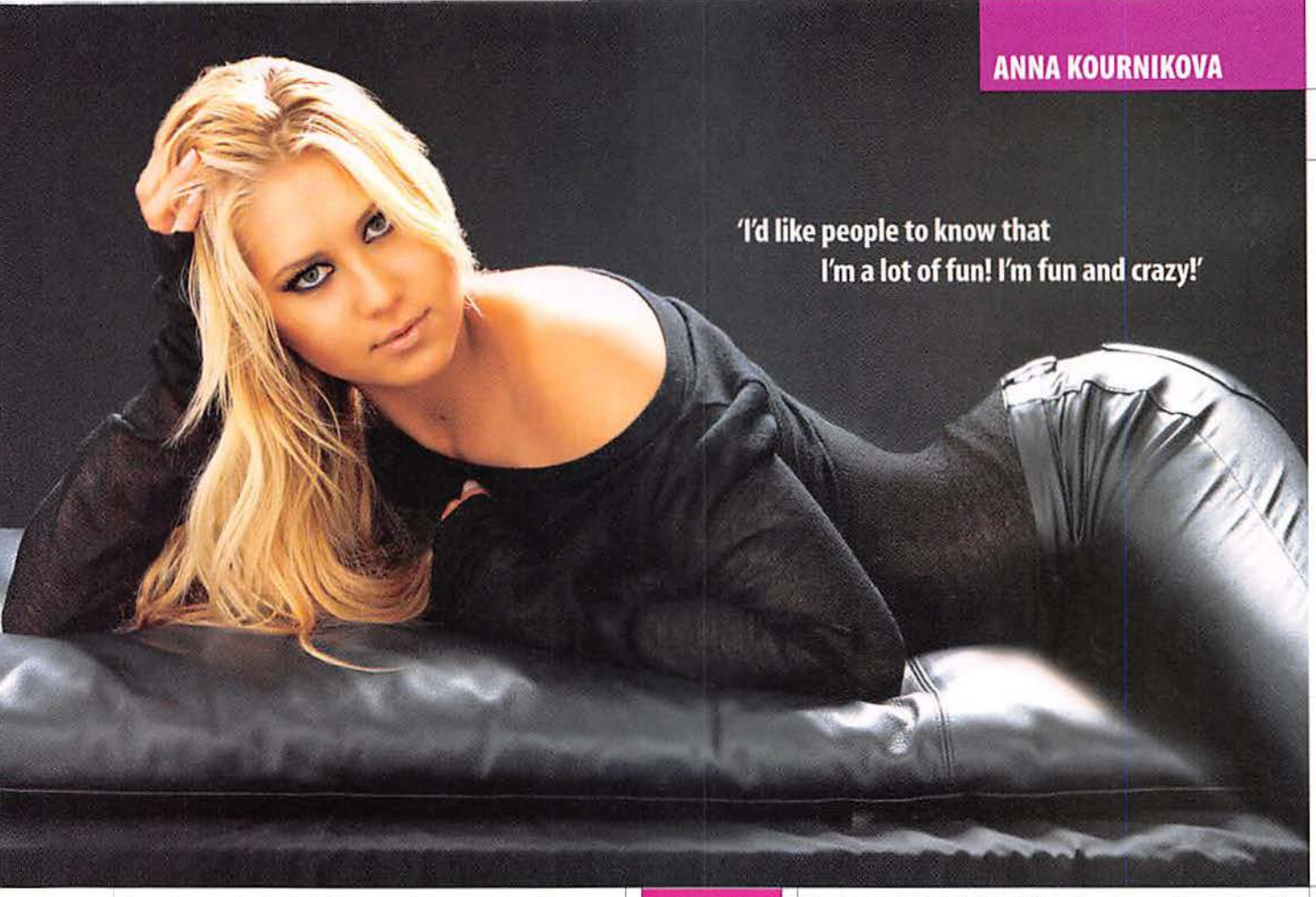
Frankly, we wouldn't mind being the ball

ENDLESS LOVE

Remaining cool under fire quickly became a key battle for Anna, as the media began to focus more on her romantic entanglements than her on-court performance. "When I go out, I love to just have fun and not think about anything," she explains. "But then I wake up the next day and I read about it in the paper! Yeah, *that's* a lot of fun." For the self-proclaimed "fun and crazy" girl, relationships with high-profile Russian hockey players like Detroit Red Wings superstar Sergei Fedorov and New York Rangers forward Pavel Bure had more than their share of downsides. When she was spotted in the arms of Latin pop sensation Enrique Iglesias just after she made a memorably sexy appearance in his "Escape" music video, the tabloids had a field day.

"Ninety-nine percent of the things I read about, I didn't even do them!" Anna responds. "Whether I'm being careful or really enjoying myself and having fun, it doesn't matter—the next day they write whatever they want to write about me anyway. Even if I'm sitting like a proper girl, they're still going to exaggerate it. I like to have fun, so I'm just going to be me. I'm not going to pretend." So now that we're giving her the opportunity, what particularly vicious rumor about herself would she like to wipe out once and for all? "I would have to quash the whole perception of me!" she laughs. "Sometimes it's really overexaggerated, these amazing fairy tales. My life is really not as exciting as they make it out to be. My life is much more simple. If ▶

'If I tried to quash every rumor, I'd have no time for anything else!'



'I'd like people to know that I'm a lot of fun! I'm fun and crazy!'

I were to go out and set straight every single rumor, I would have no time to do anything else."

So...if she's not the ultra-exclusive VIP she's made out to be, then average Joes like us must approach her all the time, right? "It doesn't happen very often. But just yesterday a guy actually called my house! *[Editor's note: No, you may* not *have the number.]* It was kind of funny. He said, 'Hi, I heard you're this and that...can I come out and meet you?' I actually had to give him credit for being so bold."

NICE RACKET

But being an international sex symbol and world-class athlete has its perks, right? There must be opportunities to throw her weight around, like demanding the best tables at pricey restaurants? "No!" counters a suddenly serious Anna. "I go to the same places all the time. I live in a small community in Florida where everybody knows everybody. It's easy to get around." Sure. We don't buy that for a second. "Well...maybe when I'm missing a plane or something," Anna relents. "Missing a connection—then it helps to be famous. I can go, 'But I have to be on the plane! I have to play tomorrow! You have to help me!'" Note to readers: The begging and pleading probably work a little better if you're a drop-dead gorgeous blonde.

COURT APPEAL

Despite having accomplished more than your average 22-year-old can even dream of, the barely legal Anna has already begun to think of life after her playing days are finally over—although she remains adamant that tennis is still very much her top priority. "I really just started thinking about that, you know?" she says. "But it's hard because I've been focused on playing so much and trying to stay healthy. But sooner or later I'm going to have to think about it." Obviously, the recent rash of injuries she's suffered has hit her hard, both physically and mentally. Anna suffered a stress fracture in her left foot in 2001 and, most recently, was forced to withdraw from the French Open in April because of a nagging thigh problem. "Being injured is the hardest," she confesses. "I want to get out there again and play—not go to the hospital, see the doctor, and get X-rays. But in rehab I'm still very busy, because there are a million things to do. I have all kinds of therapies and things."

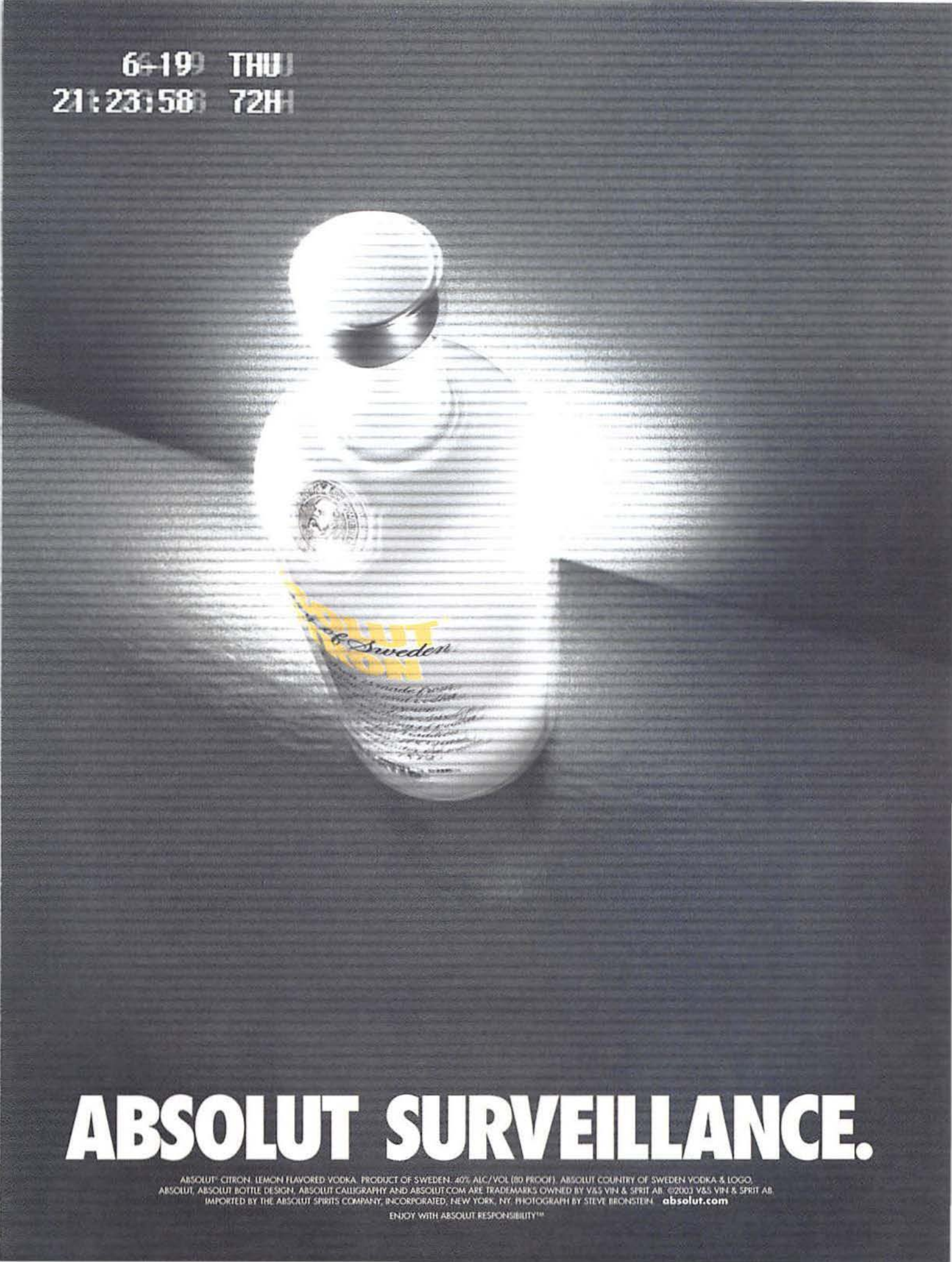
Once her lovely thigh heals, you'll see this again

But don't expect Anna to end up planting herself on the couch. "I might take some time off and stay at home," she claims, "but I can't stay in one place for too long. I have to be active." In other words, don't be surprised if Anna forgoes the simple life for a return to the spotlight. "Maybe someday I'd like to act or something," Anna admits, "but not as my main thing. Just for fun. I did a small part in the movie *Me, Myself & Irene.* It just worked out where I had a day or so between tournaments so I could do it. It was a lot of waiting around. But movies are actually hard work. It's like anything—doing a commercial, doing a photo shoot. I'd still rather go and play tennis for three hours. That's more my thing." And there's always the talk show route. "That's a great idea! I would love to have a show like *Oprah,*" she exclaims, definitely warming to the notion. "In fact, Oprah would be my first guest. I could learn so much from her. She's the queen."

When it comes to her slew of photo shoots, Anna has taken more of a role in the creative direction, making sure that guaranteed bestsellers like her upcoming 2004 calendar have her own personal stamp. "I came up with the idea of shooting some black and white pictures. It seemed more artistic, more serious. It reminded me of old pictures."

Athlete. Model. Spokeswoman. Occasional actress. Image master. Future media mogul. International heartbreaker. While all of these certainly describe Anna Kournikova, what label would she slap on herself? As with every question, she takes a moment to prepare her return volley. Coming across as both nonchalant and yet perfectly aware of the impact her words and actions have on her very public persona, Anna serves up a sweet, disarming smile and a playful tilt of the head.

"I guess I'd like people to know that I'm a lot of fun." ▶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'Even if I'm sitting like a proper girl, they are going to exaggerate it.'

ANNA AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born June 7, 1981 in Moscow. "I'm still Russian, and when I go there, everything I forgot about it comes back. I remember that I love Russian ice cream."
Net gain: With Martina Hingis taking a break from the tour, Anna's courting a new partner. "I play with Chanda Rubin. She's an American, and she's awesome. She's playing really well. When we're in the same tournaments, she's usually my partner."
Slovenian idol: "My favorite player has always been Monica Seles. She's amazing. She's been a great inspiration to me. She's been really supportive of me."
Waterlogged: Anna's off-season activities are aquatic in nature: "I really like to be in water. Like on a boat or something. I like to do crazy fun stuff and be active. I like to do sporty things. I also jet-ski really well."
For more Anna, go to kournikova.com.

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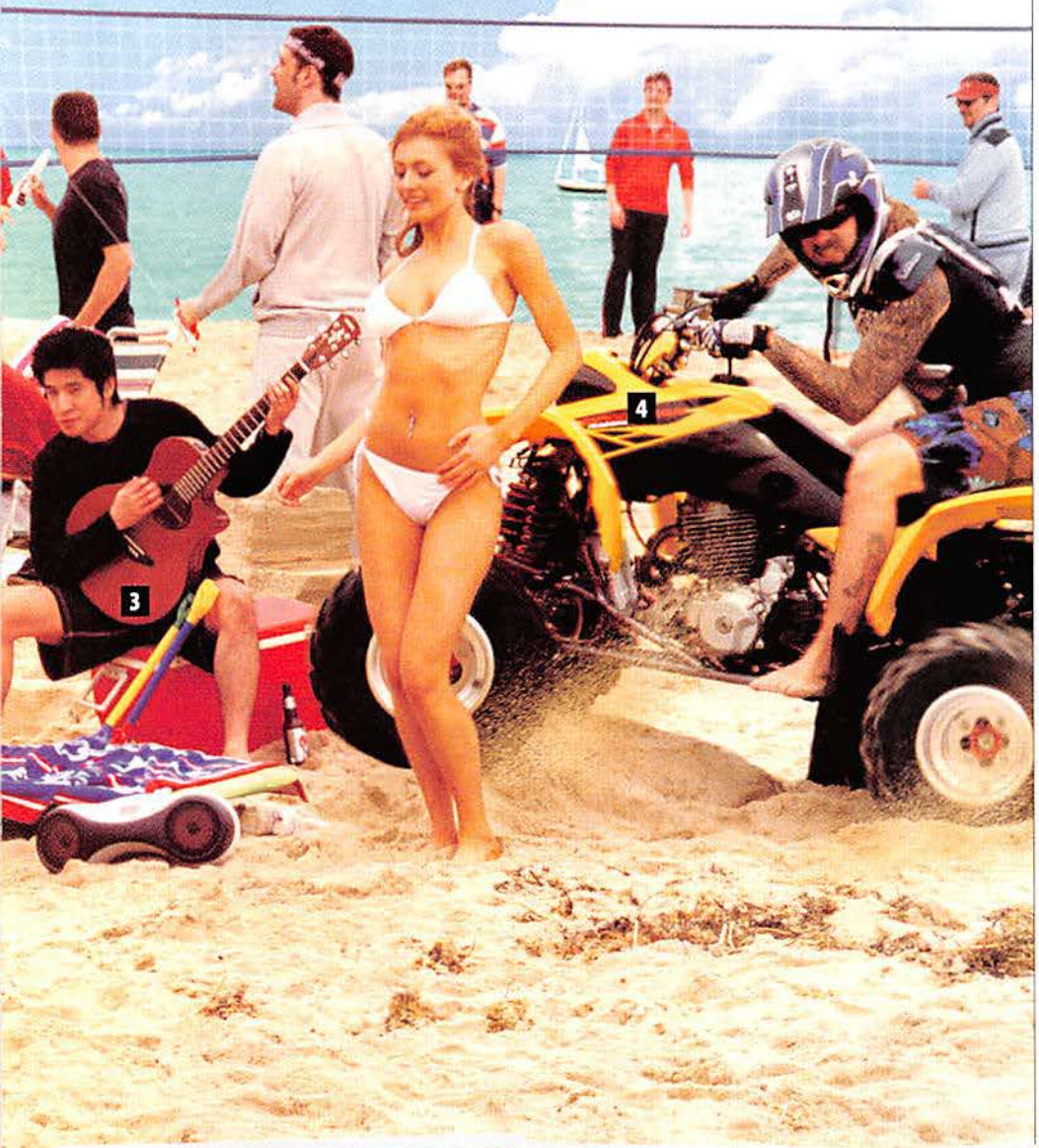
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUBIE FROWEIN

TIDAL RAVE!

Everything you need to know about throwing an awesome seaside soiree. Surf's up!



Girls in bikinis, clambakes, booze, bonfires, surf, and sand—it's what summer's all about, brah. But if you're going to have a proper beach bash, you're gonna need to bring game that'll get the masses jumping, dunking, strumming, and racing. Why, looky here...

1. PARK & SUN VOLLEYBALL ($250)

Jam the heavy-duty aircraft aluminum poles into the ground, secure the 32-foot net between 'em with rope and steel ground stakes, and let the spiking begin. Just try not to screw up, Focker. *(parksun.com)*

2. MONSTER BASKETBALL ($1,100)

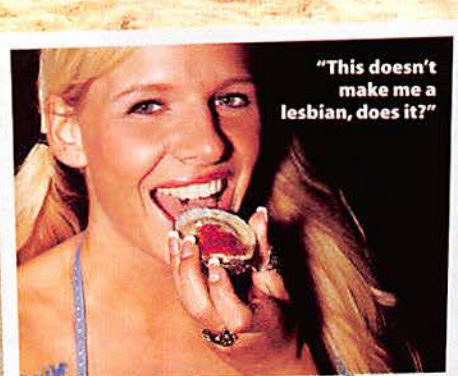
"Girls go crazy for these giant balls," gushes a company spokesman. Holla! Use the foot pump to inflate the eight-foot goals and jumbo 37-inch basketballs. The waterproof balls bounce on any surface, so you can play a sedate game of horse or do-it-yourself *American Gladiators* on the sand. *(monsterbasketball.net)*

3. YAMAHA APX3 GUITAR ($629)

Row her boat ashore, hallelujah, once she hears you make sweet music on this affordable and versatile instrument. She'll kumbaya just watching you caress the 22-fret fingerboard. And that satiny spruce body hides a System 46 preamp with Piezo pickup. *(yamaha.com)*

4. HONDA SPORTRAX ($5,700)

Fast, dependable as hell, and designed strictly for fun, the 400EX packs a 397 cc air-cooled four-stroke engine and hemorrhoid-reducing front and rear suspension. From muddy trails to the protected habitat of endangered, dune-nesting herring gulls, this 375-pounder will tame any terrain. *(honda.com)* ▶



RAW BAR

SHUCK U.

The art of eating out an oyster.

FOREPLAY
You'll want only fresh organisms that play hard to get. Dead oysters open easily and have a tendency to make people violently ill. So be sure all the shells are tightly sealed and stank-free. Then clean each dirty little critter by thoroughly scrubbing it under cold water.

THE DIRTY DEED
Hold the object of your affection rounded side down so all its phlegmy juices don't go to waste. Jam the tip of your oyster knife under the notched, pointy end of the shell, twist, and pop it open. Hark! What's that? You might hear an audible clicking sound coming from your feast.

CLIMAXING
Squirt plenty of lemon and shoot some Tabasco on the quivering, fleshy mound. The freshest oysters will actually twitch. Then open your mouth and slide the entire glob down your gullet, or chew it up a bit. Repeat. Now, if you're a puss, you can first cook the whole shell on the grill, unopened.

Breasts, oysters, and long nails: the perfect storm

Who knew clambake chefs could also act so cool around models?

LOW MAINTENANCE · HIGH DELICIOUSNESS · PARTY PLEASER

THE CLASSIC CLAMBAKE

Outdoor cooking pro George Hirsch reveals the fun way to serve up seafood.

1. THE BASICS

Here's what you need to feed 20 landlubbers: two 20-pound bags of charcoal; a shovel; lighter fluid; a stack of newspapers; three 8"x10"x3" aluminum baking pans; 20 live lobsters; 10 pounds of new potatoes; 15 pounds of clams ("Just ask for 'steamers,'" notes Chef George. "They're the phallic-looking ones"); 10 pounds of mussels; 5 pounds of smoked sausage; 20 ears of husked corn; 5 pounds of unpeeled, large, fresh shrimp; 2 pounds of butter . . . and a good ol' stick.

2. THE PIT

Dig a hole one and a half feet deep by six feet wide. (We suggest popping Harry Belafonte's rendition of the chain gang classic "Swing Dat Hammer" into the boom box to help pass the time.) Next, scatter all the charcoal around the pit evenly, douse it like a mofo with lighter fluid, then toss in a match. While waiting for the coals to get white hot (about 15–20 minutes), go dunk the newspaper in the ocean and open a brewski.

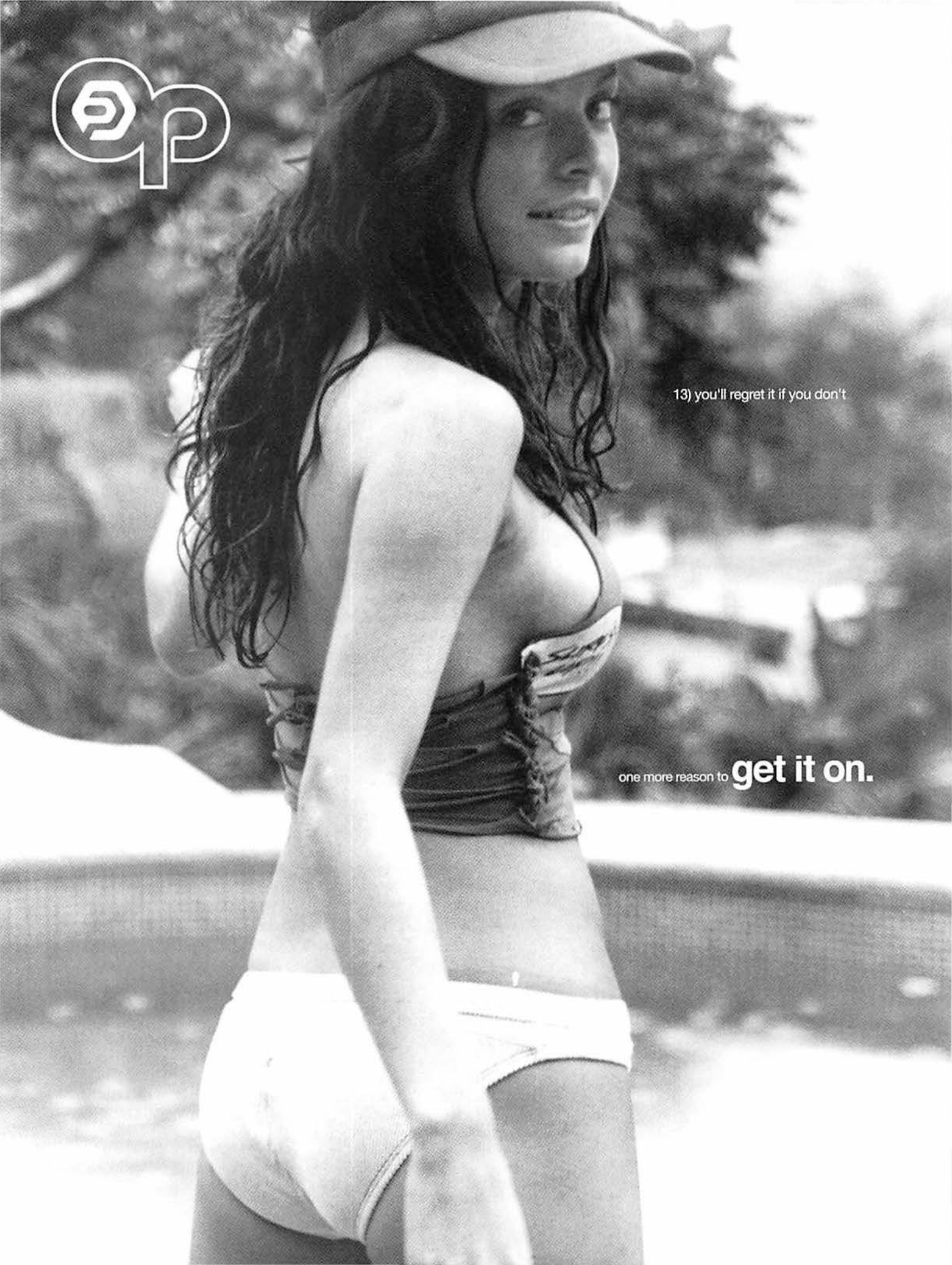
3. THE BURN

Using a couple of sheets of the soggy paper, bundle together two lobsters, some clams, mussels, shrimp, potatoes, and corn; each should hold enough to serve two people. "All the food wrapped together makes a nice flavor," says Chef George. "But I'd ask who wants sausage in theirs." Place each bundle directly onto the hot coals. The newspaper won't burn; it'll steam the food to perfection. Try to ignore the lobsters' plaintive, high-pitched squeals.

4. THE GOODS

After about 30 minutes, carefully open one of the scalding bundles with your hitherto useless stick and check for doneness. The clams should be open and the lobsters should be bright red, their tails coiled. If everything looks properly dead and delicious, dump all the bundles into the aluminum pans, throw on some sticks of butter, and holler, "Come 'n' get it!" After your feast just remember to drench out the coals with, er, whatever, and cover with sand.

Wardrobe styling, Tara Smith for R.J. Bennett; prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; sand castle, Michael Sturgeon; hair and makeup, Bryan Lynde for R.J. Bennett/Clinique; hair and makeup, Gina Simone for Oliver Pro/Mac Pro. Shot on location at Gurney's Inn and Resort, Montauk, New York. Photographs (still life), Davies + Starr.


13) you'll regret it if you don't
one more reason to get it on.

COOLER ESSENTIALS

SAND BAR

Get your summer mix right! Here are six of our favorite drinking partners.

CORONA EXTRA
It's America's and Hiroki's favorite import. Don't forget the lime!

SOBE
Got a designated driver? At least offer the poor sap something delicious.

COORS LIGHT
Tasty, almost transparent, and fizzier than a Mexican's bathtub. Perfect!

TIGER BEER
This Asian import is smooth and slightly sweet, and it has a cool-as-hell bottle.

SAUZA
This tequila is not only tasty but also tends to act as a bikini remover.

BACARDI
The rum of choice for sailors and mermaids. Don't mix a drink without it!

"Can you believe how many testicular cancer scares we've had today?"

SAFE HARBOR

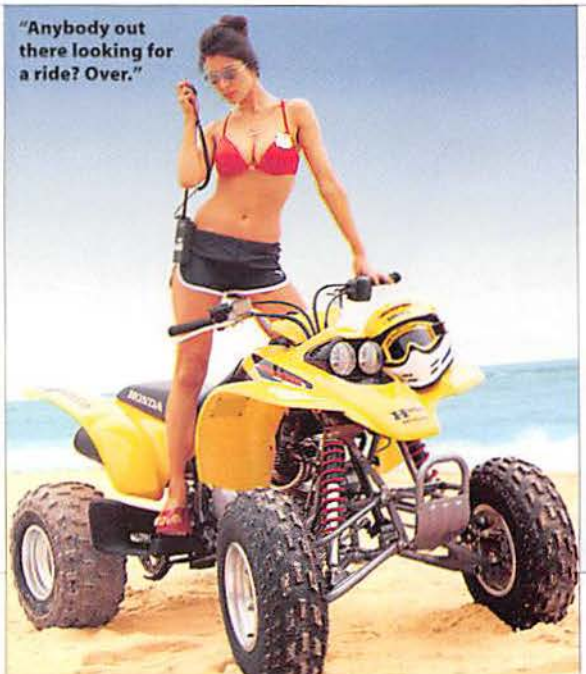
'Cause nothing kills a party quicker than death.

THE OBVIOUS STUFF
Bring a basic first aid kit. "And you definitely want to make sure people getting in the water know how to swim," says Peter G. Wernicki, M.D., medical adviser to the U.S. Lifesaving Association and master of the obvious.

SUNBURN
Wernicki urges partyers to wear a hat and an SPF 15 sunscreen. If you do get burned, apply aloe to the skin. An anti-inflammatory with ibuprofen (such as Advil) will ease the pain. As will beer.

JELLYFISH STING
Wernicki advises you carefully pick off the tentacles (all of which can sting, so be careful) and wash the area with salt water—not fresh water, as it can activate the stingers.

SHARK BITE
"You're more likely to get hit by lightning than bit by a shark," assures Wernicki. "They'd rather eat week-old cuttlefish than humans." Sounds like someone's trying to trick us!



"Anybody out there looking for a ride? Over."

DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE

PARTY ZONES FROM COAST TO COAST

These beaches allow open-fire cooking, drinking, and the gathering of cretins!

- **HITHER HILLS STATE PARK** Montauk, New York 631-668-2554
- **SILVER STRAND STATE BEACH** Coronado, California (near San Diego) 619-435-5184
- **MANHATTAN BEACH** Manhattan Beach, California (near Los Angeles) 310-802-5000
- **MONTEREY STATE BEACH** Monterey, California (Northern California) 831-649-2836
- **COAST GUARD BEACH** Eastham, Massachusetts (Cape Cod) 508-255-3421
- **VIRGINIA BEACH** 800-VA-BEACH
- **PORT ARANSAS** Texas (Gulf Coast) 361-749-5919
- **ST. JOSEPH PENINSULA STATE PARK** Port St. Joe, Florida (in the Panhandle) 850-227-1327
- **FORT CLINCH STATE PARK** Fernandina Beach, Florida (near Jacksonville) 904-277-7274

▶

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GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS

DODGE

THEY HAVE A STARRING ROLE IN OTHER TRUCKS' NIGHTMARES.

BALLS OUT BEST

MAXIM RECOMMENDED MAXIM RECOMMENDED

BEACH SURVIVAL GEAR

Living under a boardwalk requires little more than a blanket and a case of Alpo. A beach party, on the other hand...

1. CUSTOM TOWELS ($ VARIES)

Maxim's disdain for beach towels is a matter of public record. But recently a *beaut* emblazoned with a pastrami sandwich appeared in our office. Seems all you have to do is e-mail a digital image to some wizard dudes and they'll send you back a 35"x70" custom whipping device. *(mcarthur-towels.com)*

2. BLENDERBLASTER XL ($340)

When was the last time you grabbed some handlebars, revved the gas...and made a daiquiri? What? Never done it? Heck, the two-stroke motor inside this 10-pound hog powers a six-cup Oster pitcher that'll serve up the drinky-drinks as fast as your female guests can suck 'em down. *(blenderblaster.com)*

3. WEBER Q PORTABLE GRILL ($200)

Problem: how to cook up salty, juicy ground chuck on the beach. Solution: This portable gas-powered kitchen can slow-burn for an hour and a half, and the 280-square-inch cast-iron grate is big enough for 14 burgers, 10 steaks, or half a land shark. *(weber.com)*

4. SPORTSSTUFF COOLER ($50)

If there are only two things that'll force you out of the ocean, we've solved half the problem. This 60-quart inflatable floating cooler's got a zippered lid with four cup holders and a molded PVC handle but, unfortunately, no toilet paper dispenser. *(bartswatersports.com)*

5. COOL CARRY BEACH COOLER ($30)

Cram the insulated bottom compartment of this rugged three-section nylon pack with up to 14 cans and ice. Your Italian sub and deviled eggs go in the middle, while your *Maxim*, condoms, and CDs stay protected up on top. *(bartswatersports.com)*

6. PIRATE SHIP KITE ($32)

Made from ripstop nylon and a sturdy fiberglass frame, this 3-D hovercraft is a breeze to fly, and it helps mark the party spot on the beach. If nothing else, it gives that girl with the head brace something to do. *(goflyakite.com)*

7. HERITAGE HORSESHOE SET ($50)

Ah, the glorious sound of a—*cling!*—three-point ringer. This professional set comes with drop-forged steel shoes and steel stakes with a brushed copper finish. Don't waste time without it! *(sportcraft.com)*

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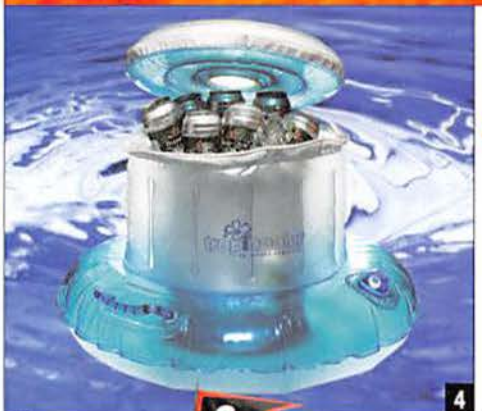

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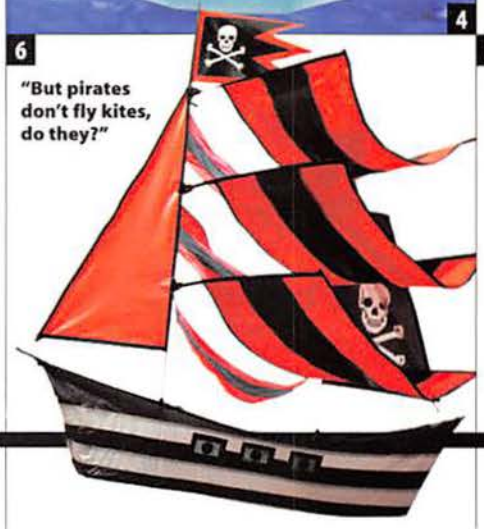
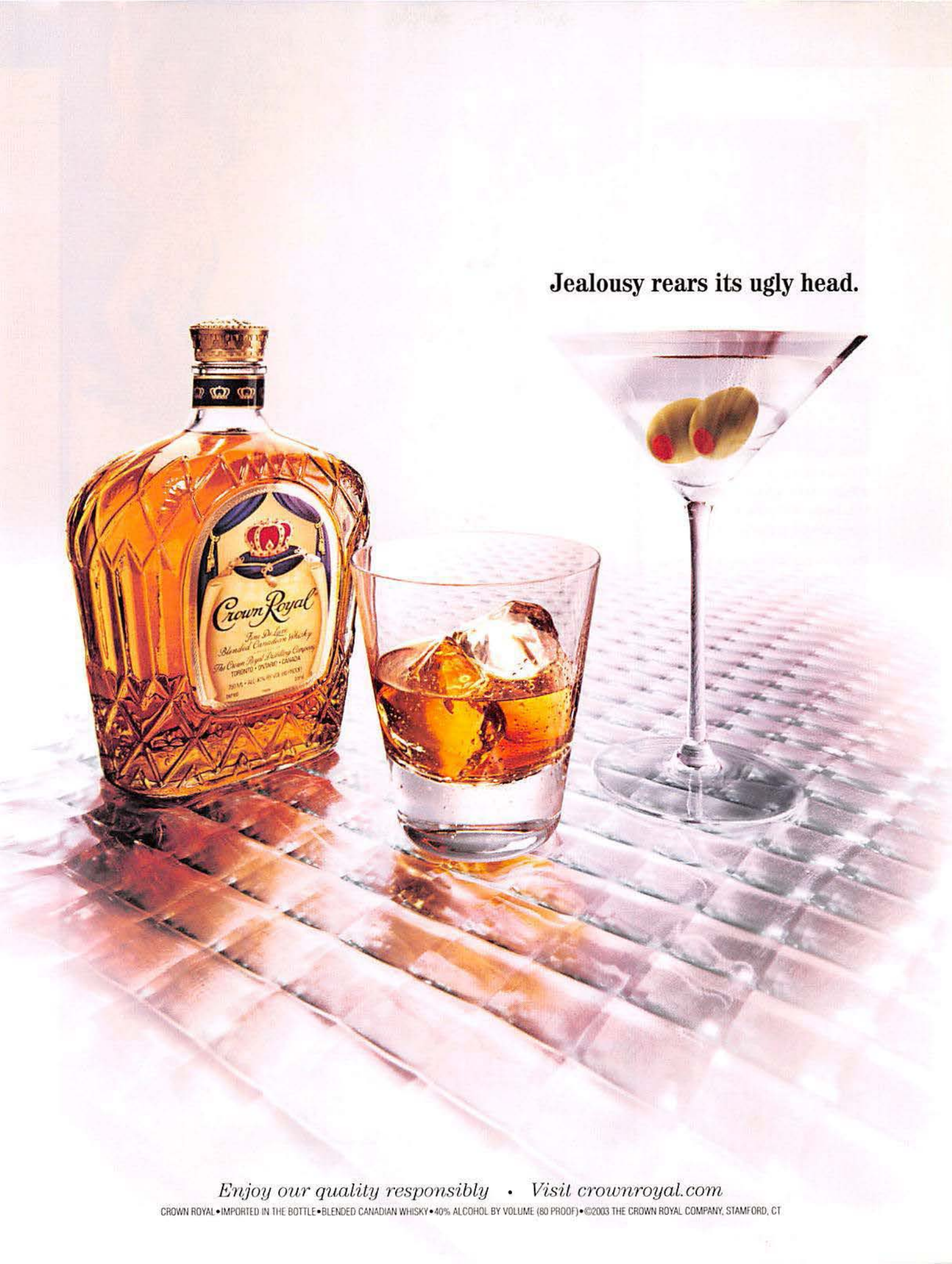


6

"But pirates don't fly kites, do they?"

7

Jealousy rears its ugly head.



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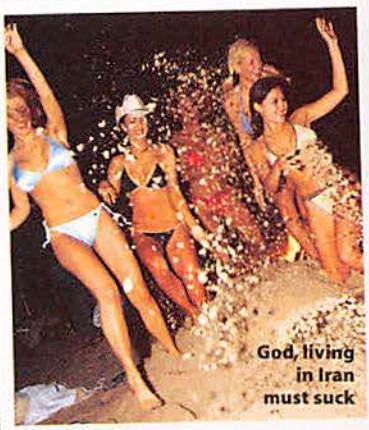
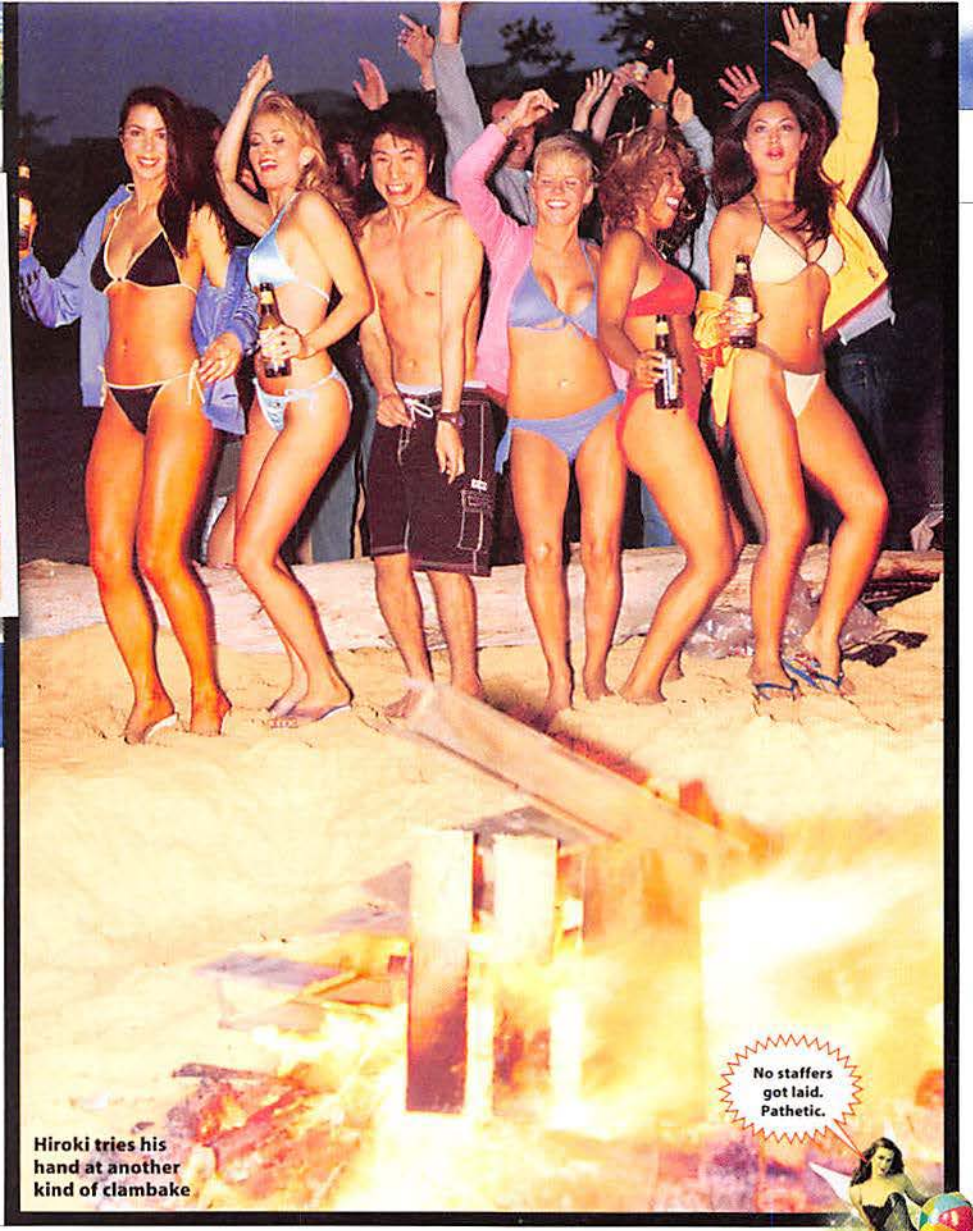


God, living in Iran must suck

DISCO INFERNO

The four steps of bonfire building.

- Check with the fire department about local ordinances before lighting up on the sand. Some beaches don't allow large fires; others require something called "permits."
- Go find 10 to 20 wood pallets. You can buy old ones for pennies at most lumber yards and Home Depot–esque places.
- Dig a pit three feet deep and 20 feet wide. Make sure it's about 100 feet from grass, buildings, and other danger zones.
- Stack five pallets, douse liberally with kerosene, and ignite. If the blaze gives you an erection, consider seeking help.



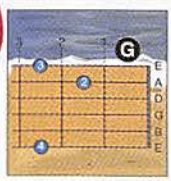
Hiroki tries his hand at another kind of clambake

No staffers got laid. Pathetic.

MUSIC LESSONS

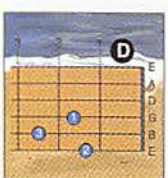
EASY PICKINGS

Scorin' at the beach is as easy as G-C-D.



FINGER IT Even dorky guitarists get lots of tail. So you're already halfway there. Practice these chords and you'll *rule* the next campfire.

TAP IT Now you're ready to learn a Led Zep classic. Count one-two-three-four. At the second "three," begin strumming as follows:



PLAY IT G (6 beats), C (2), G (10), C (2), D (6), G (4), C (2), G (4), C (2), G (2), D (2), G (4). Repeat till groupies ask to see your whammy bar.

INSTANT DJ

GET THE PARTY STARTED RIGHT

The sound of silence tends to put hotties to sleep. Here's how to keep 'em up all night.

EASY LISTENING

Sony ZS-X3CP S2 boom box ($130)

At the beach you need a boom box that not only pumps up the volume but looks cool and can weather the elements, too. This water-resistant Sony is a great inexpensive choice. *(sonystyle.com)*

11 A.M. *Antonio Carlos Jobim's Finest Hour*

1 P.M. Link Wray, *Early Recordings.* A party starter.

3 P.M. N.E.R.D. *In Search of...* Drowns out the waves.

5 P.M. Pérez Prado, *The Mambo King.* Gets girls dancing.

7 P.M. Willie Colón and Ruben Blades, *Siembra.* Shots!

8 P.M. Santana, *Abraxas.* Time to make your move.

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So many coworkers, so little time… to ruin their lives. Pranking is an art: To torch your victims' shorts, you must employ stealth, subterfuge, and a good lawyer. Because let's face it—a well-played prank can lift the spirits of an entire office, but it can also get you shitcanned. No, really. That's why we've given each prank a cojones quotient (CQ), with ratings from 1 (Cub Scout) to 5 (American Taliban). Remember: Don't get caught…and don't risk it at all if you can't handle unemployment lines or having the FBI seal off your office. You have been warned.

DIRTY WORK!

Give human resources something to do! It's time for Office Pranks: the Next Generation.

FLOAT LIKE A BUTTERFINGER

Matériel: Baby Ruth, Zagnut, or any long, brown, lumpy candy bar **Cojones quotient:** 2

Step 1: Without dousing your naughty bits, remove the jug from the water cooler.

Step 2: Drop in a suspicious snack . . . or a dead goldfish, or a fetal pig.

Step 3: Listen for shrill screams of disgust. Then make a killing selling $5 bottles of water out of your cube. For extra effect, fish out and eat candy.

CLAP TRAP

Matériel: The Clapper **CQ:** 5

Step 1: Purchase the Clapper ($25 at savontv.com). Plug it into some poor slob's power strip. Then plug his PC into the Clapper.

Step 2: Wait till he's sweated through a metric ton of work. Bang your desk twice, sneeze—whatever. It's shutdown time.

Step 3: After he stops swearing, help your coworker restart his system. Then be nice and applaud his fortitude . . . by clapping!

PURPLE RAIN

Matériel: Four packets of grape Kool-Aid **CQ:** 4

Step 1: Sit on Kool-Aid until the perfect rainy day. While your target is away from his desk, fill his umbrella with the powder and close it up.

Step 2: When the sucker pops open his umbrella the next time he steps into the rain, he'll be showered in purple pixie dust.

Step 3: The shock and awe will make him lower his umbrella, and the rain will turn your stunned quarry into a giant, sticky, screaming blueberry Blow Pop. Devious, but delicious!

PRANKS HALL OF FAME

The past century's most infamous pranks.

SHIP OF TOMFOOLERY (1912)
The first mate on the *Titanic* greases the helmsman's wheel with chicken guts. The prank takes a tragic turn . . . in 1997, when it launches the career of Leonardo DiCaprio.

OH, THE HILARITY! (1937)
A Hindenburg ensign pulls the world's first airborne flaming-bag-of-dog-doo prank, igniting a fiery satchel of shit outside the airship's engine room . . .

CONTINUED ▶

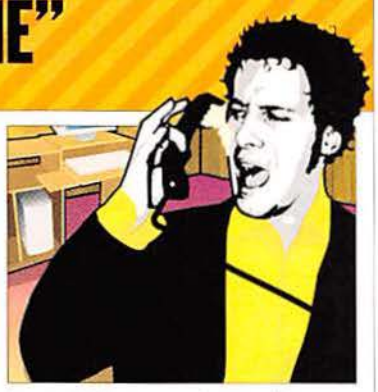
Photograph, Katvan (opener); prop styling, Laura Iler for Halley Resources; propping, Dominique Baynes for Halley Resources. Illustrations, Joe Frost

"GOOEY MEAT STINK, LINE ONE"

Matériel: Bologna, petroleum jelly Cojones quotient: 3

Step 1: Unscrew the mouthpiece of your victim's phone. Insert a cut-to-fit slice of bologna. Reattach mouthpiece.

Step 2: Slather the earpiece in petroleum jelly.



Step 3: Multisensory attack activated! Ear goop deploys at once. Then, as the smell kicks in, he'll wonder just what *was* on his phone.

SCREEN GEMS

REVENGE OF THE NERDS

Screw with your coworkers' PCs. Why? Because we have the technology!

KEYBOARD CAPER

Pry off the *m* and *n* keys on some wretch's keyboard and switch them. Watch him experience a major nimdfuck.

WORD IMPERFECT

Microsoft Word's AutoCorrect is designed to catch and correct misspellings. But in the right hands, it can be taught to do just the opposite. Go to the Tools menu and choose the AutoCorrect setting, then start fiddling. Tell the program to replace *if* with *stiffie* and *but* with *turd burglar.*

CD-ROMP

Jack up the volume on your mark's system, pop in Milli Vanilli, and shut down. When he starts up the next day, he'll receive an unstoppable, ear-piercing wake-up call the whole office can lip-sync to.

THE MOUSE TRAP

Open your victim's mouse and wrap a strip of tape around the ball. Close it and sit back as he unplugs, replugs, and tosses said mouse across the room.

SUICIDE MEMOS

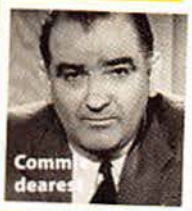
Matériel: Polaroid camera, the office printer CQ: 4

Step 1: Print a document with a tiny, eight-point-type message in the bottom right-hand corner. Try: BROOM CLOSET AT 5 P.M. P.S. BRING THE MASSAGE OIL.

Step 2: Make at least 100 copies of your secret message, then load the pages into the paper trays of the printer and copier.

Step 3: Stand by as coworkers make printouts, miss the error, and dispense the office-wide memo. Bonus: Use a Polaroid camera to document your boss sneaking into the broom closet for a rendezvous. Then it's back to the copier...

PRANKS HALL OF FAME



RED MENACES
(1950)
Senate pages crank-call Joseph McCarthy at 3 A.M. "Knock-knock," says a muffled voice. McCarthy asks who's there. "Communists," say the pages, who laugh and hang up.

YANKEE-PANKY
(1962)
Fidel Castro, eager to send a big "fuck you" to the U.S., begins work on a giant papier-mâché penis sculpture, despite objections that it looks missile-silo-ish.

CONTINUED ▶

WARNING: Get abs like these and women may want to start using you for your body!
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Here's Jon just 8 weeks after starting his transformation. With ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT and other MuscleTech supplements in his diet and exercise plan, he lost 29 pounds! "HYDROXYCUT worked better than I ever dreamed!"*
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PRANKS HALL OF FAME

"Who passed the mustard gas?"

RUSSIAN UNDRESSING (1986) A Chernobyl worker nails his pal Boris' shoes to the floor... or more precisely, through the lining of a pressurized steam tank. You should've seen the look on what was left of Boris' face!

ROO THE DAY (2003) Producers at Warner Bros. convince a junior executive that their boss has "always wanted to make a picture starring Jerry O'Connell and a computer-generated hip-hop kangaroo."

WATER SPORT

Matériel: A bottle of water, a guy you hate who has a big, comfy fabric chair **Cojones quotient:** *3*

Step 1: When your fat-bottomed victim wobbles to the stairwell for a smoke, use your ninjalike stealth to cartwheel undetected into his cubicle.

Step 2: Carefully pour water onto his fabric chair until it's saturated. Make sure you haven't missed a spot; any color difference will give away your ploy.

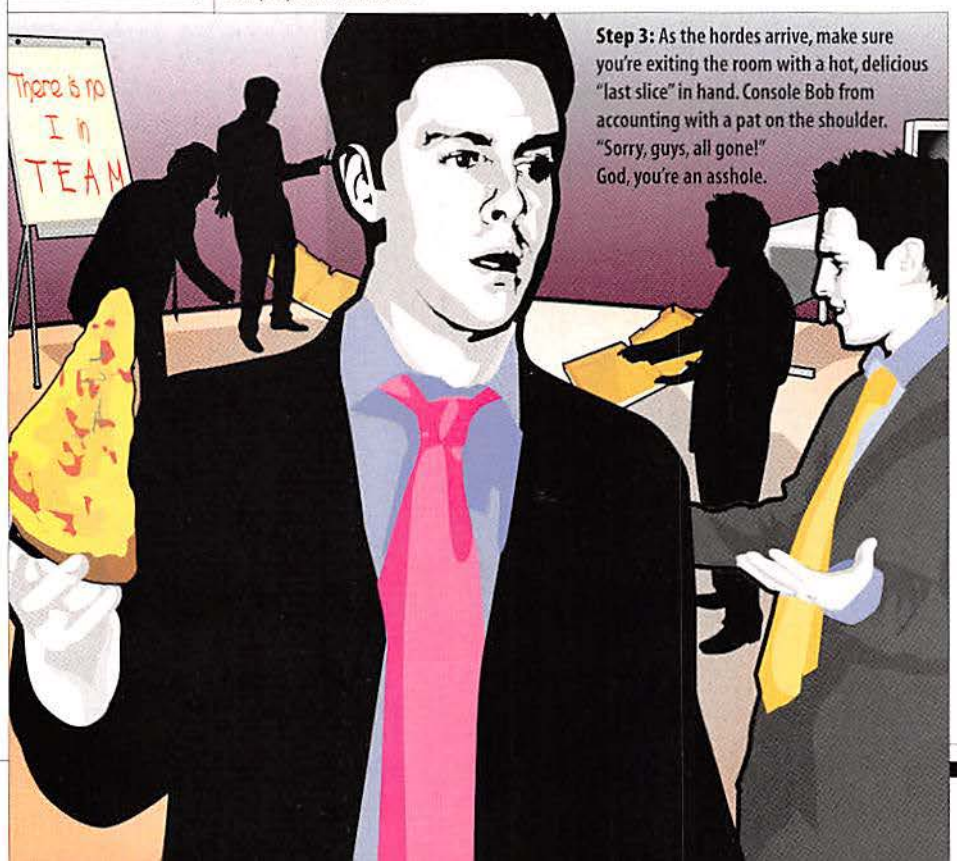
Step 3: Wait for a splashdown and the sweet sound of obscenities. Later on have free incontinence pamphlets delivered to his desk.

THE CHEESE TEASE

Matériel: Several empty pizza boxes, one slice of hot pizza **CQ:** *4*

Step 1: Lay empty pizza boxes, littered with greasy crusts and congealed cheese slop, in the company conference room.

Step 2: Minutes later send an office-wide e-mail announcing that there's "Free pizza, get it fast!"



Step 3: As the hordes arrive, make sure you're exiting the room with a hot, delicious "last slice" in hand. Console Bob from accounting with a pat on the shoulder. "Sorry, guys, all gone!" God, you're an asshole.

ORAL HIJINKS

Matériel: Sociopathic urges **CQ:** *5*

Step 1: Gather everyone in the office (except you-know-who) to collaborate on the sting: to pretend the mark is getting too excited.

Step 2: Coworkers should say, "Calm down," "Stop shouting," or "Jesus, Bob, cut back on the coffee" whenever your victim speaks.

Step 3: Allow the prank to escalate until your mark cracks like lead paint. Be sure to send a "Take it easy!" note to the rest home. M

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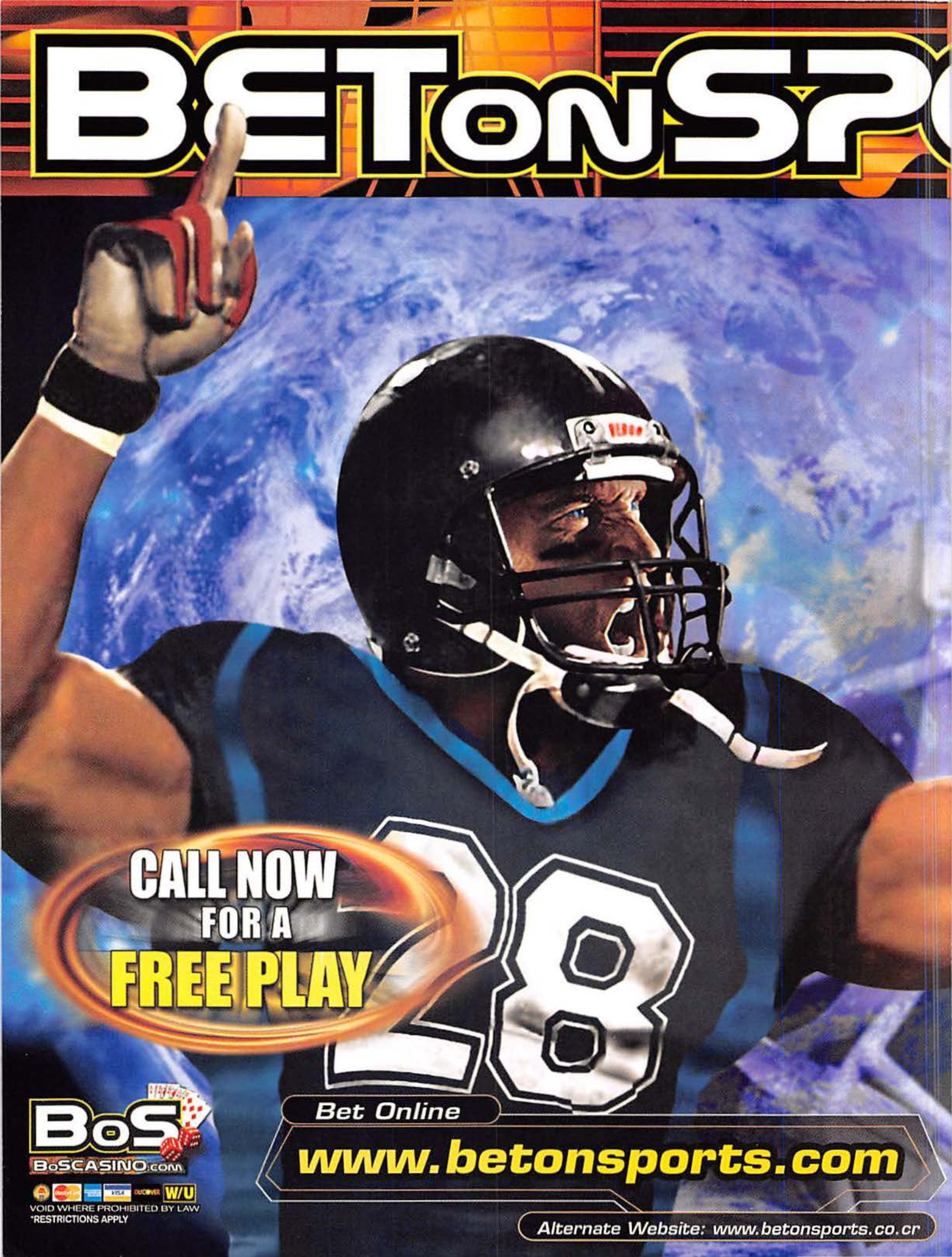
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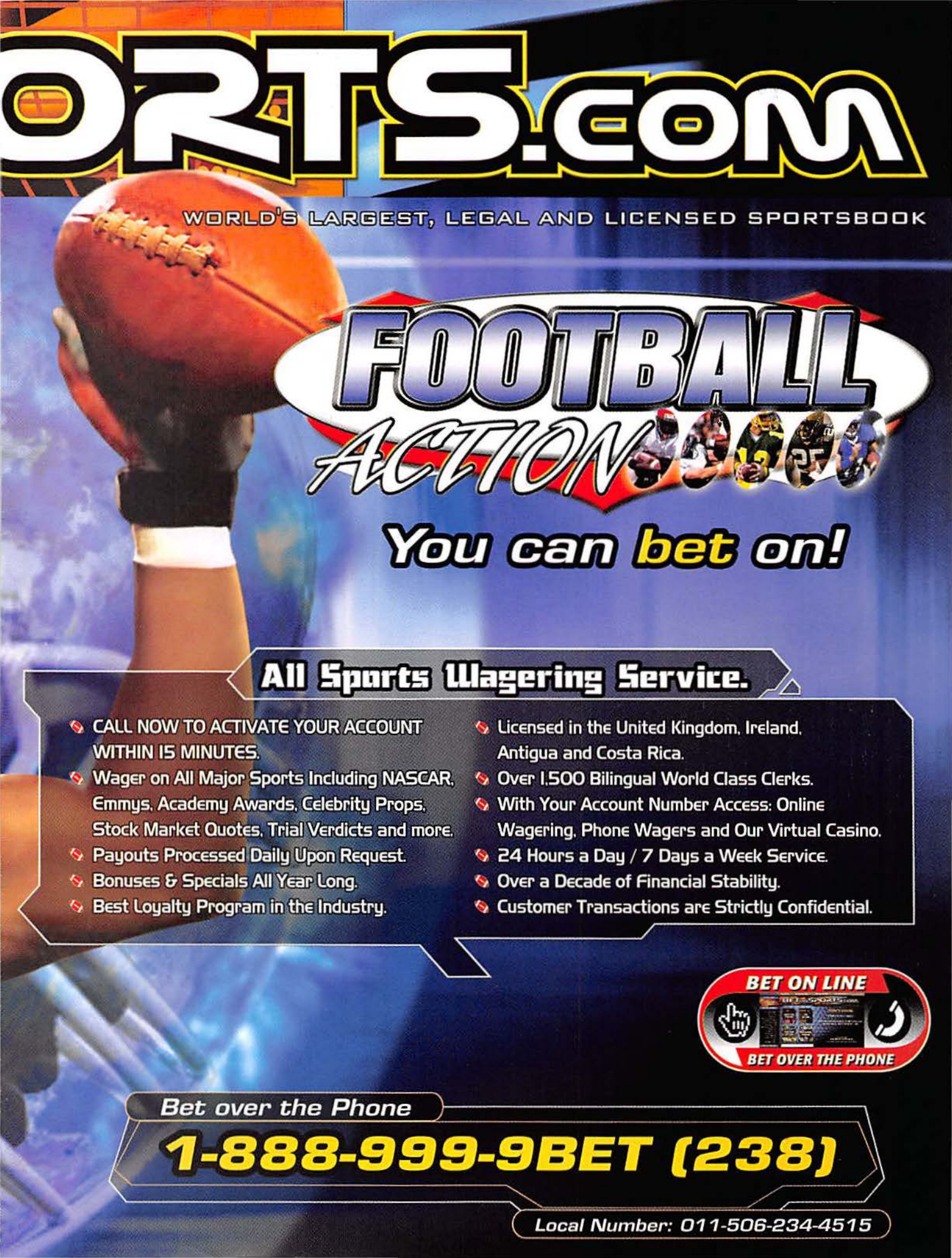

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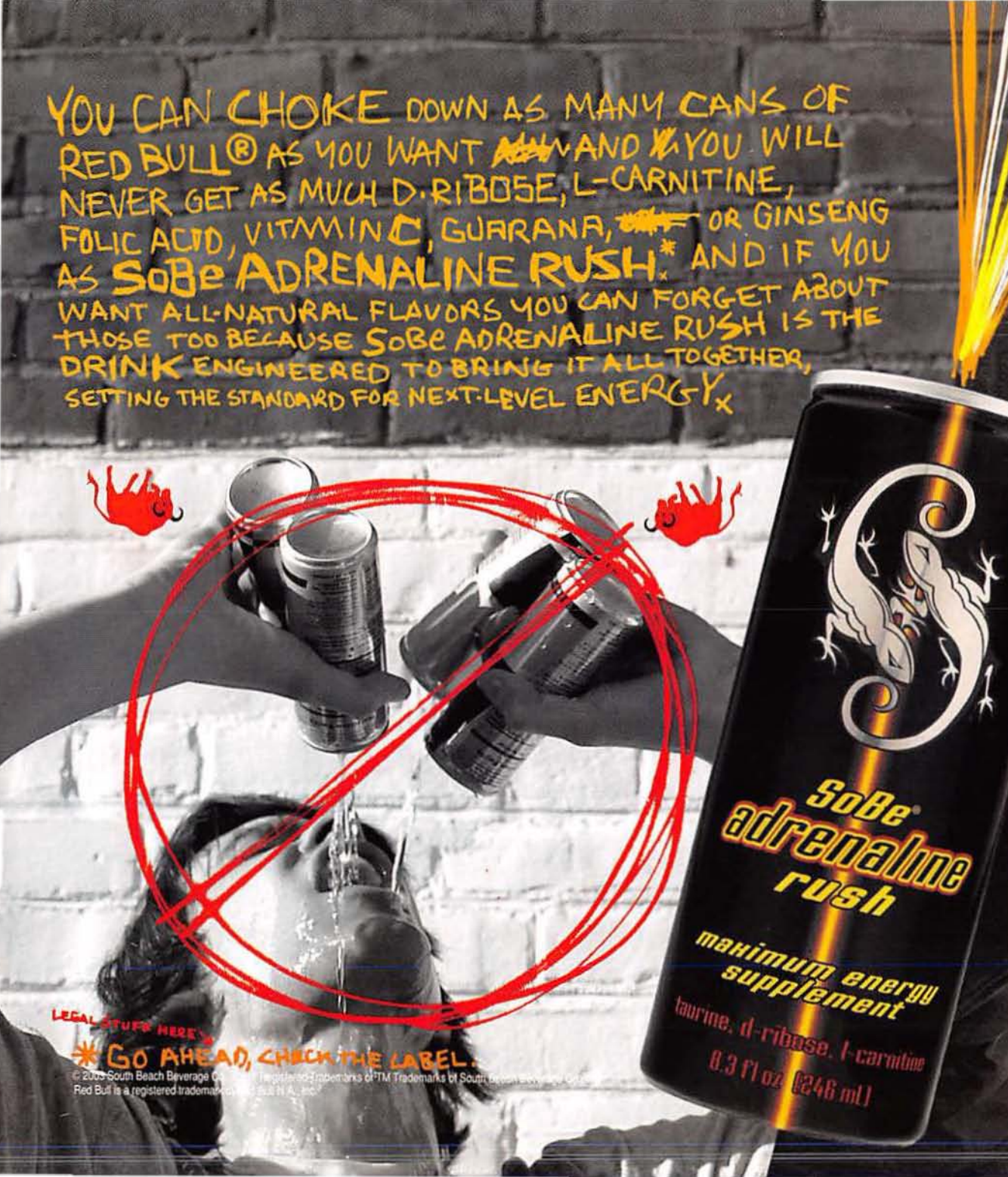

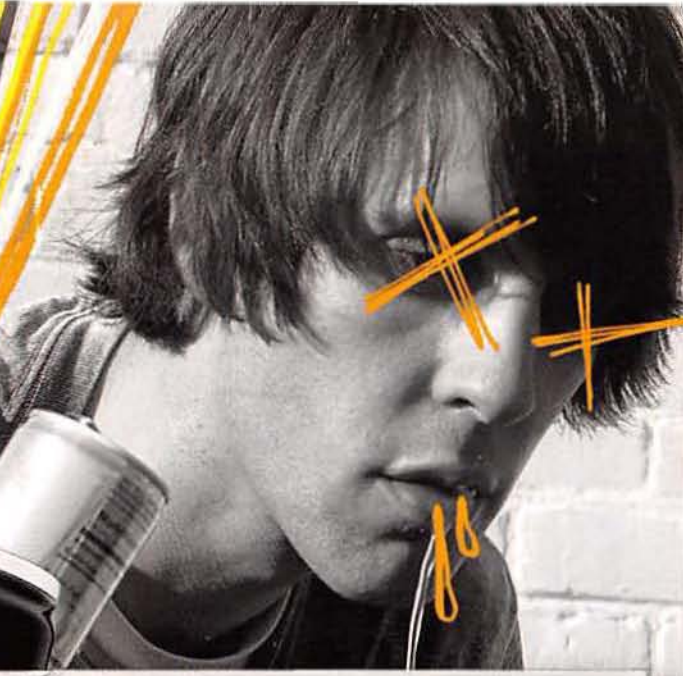

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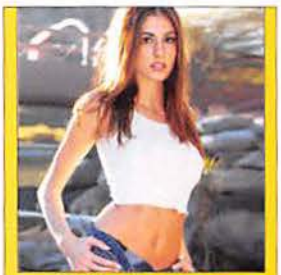

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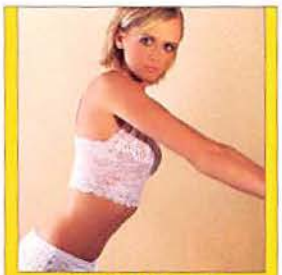

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CARRIE CODE: 379
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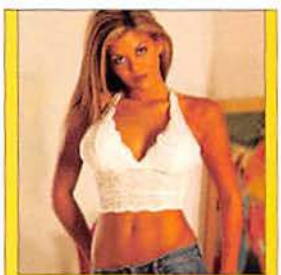

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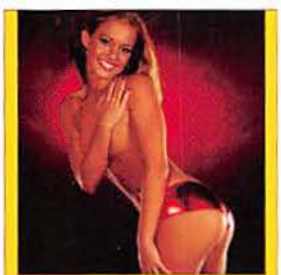

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ANGIE CODE: 424
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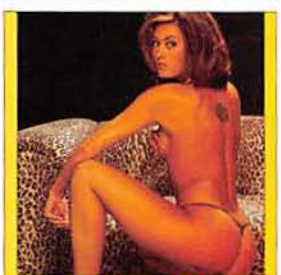

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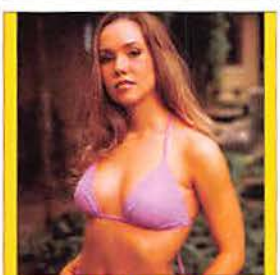

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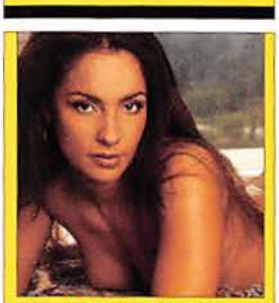
LAURA CODE: 460
Chicago, IL



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LAUREN CODE: 478
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SHANNON CODE: 496
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REBECCA CODE: 505
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MONICA CODE: 514
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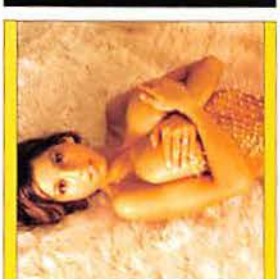

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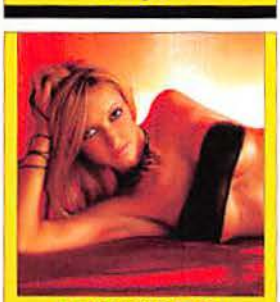

ALISON CODE: 550
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MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

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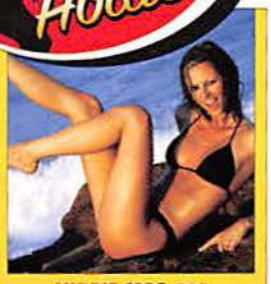
Bayonne, NJ

NICOLE CODE: 792
Odenton, MD

JENNIFER CODE: 801
Dalton, GA

KRISTEN CODE: 810
Talahassee, FL



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APRIL CODE: 828
Sinking Spring, PA

HOLLY CODE: 837
Raleigh, NC

JILL CODE: 846
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HELEN CODE: 855
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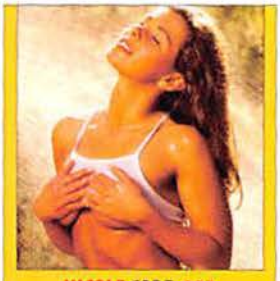
LEAH CODE: 864
Orlando, FL

PAMELA CODE: 873
Maple Glen, PA



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AMBER CODE: 891
St. Augustine Beach, FL

KELLIE CODE: 900
Tampa, FL

ERICA CODE: 909
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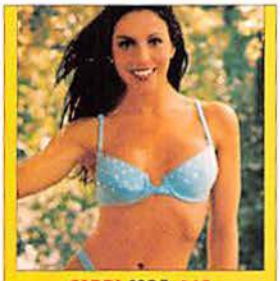
ALISON CODE: 918
Wilmington, DE

CINDY CODE: 927
Florence, SC

CHRISTINE CODE: 936
Naples, FL



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LINDA CODE: 963
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BRANDY CODE: 972
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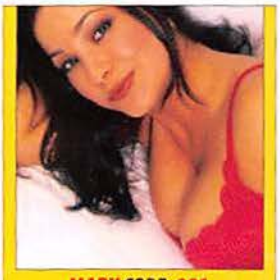

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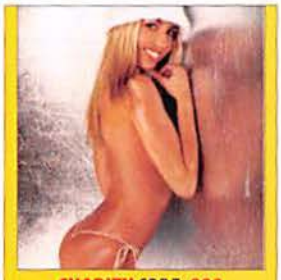

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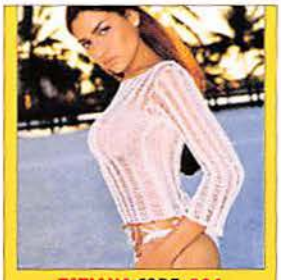

TATIANA CODE: 994
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MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

THE CROP!

AT&T Wireless users can cast their vote by entering the three-digit number of their chosen contestant and sending it via text message to 62946 (MAXIM). For example, to vote for contestant #123, send a text message with "123" to 62946. Vote as many times as you want for as many contestants as you want. Each vote counted via AT&T Wireless text messaging will be charged $1.99 per vote, and the charge will appear on your next bill as VOTING/POLL (PREM IV). This charge is in addition to standard text messaging charges for each sent message. Compatible device required. Geographic limitations apply. See attwireless.com/text for details. You must be 18 years or older to vote.
Cingular Wireless users can cast their vote by entering the three-digit number of their chosen contestant and sending it via text message to 62946 (MAXIM). For example, to vote for contestant #123, send a text message with "123" to 62946. Vote as many times as you want for as many contestants as you want. Each vote counted via Cingular Wireless messaging will be charged $1.99 per vote, and the charge will appear on your next bill as "Hometown Hottie Poll." This charge is in addition to standard text messaging charges for each sent message. Charge for voting imposed by Dennis Publishing. Compatible device required. Geographic limitations apply. See cingular.com for details. You must be 18 years or older to vote.

OR:

Text, $1.99 per vote.

TEXT YOUR VOTE WITH YOUR FAVORITE GIRL'S THREE-DIGIT CODE

MAXIM

IT'S THE WHEELS THAT SLOW THEM DOWN ANYWAY.

F-ZERO GX

Coming Soon.
Exclusively for Nintendo GameCube.™

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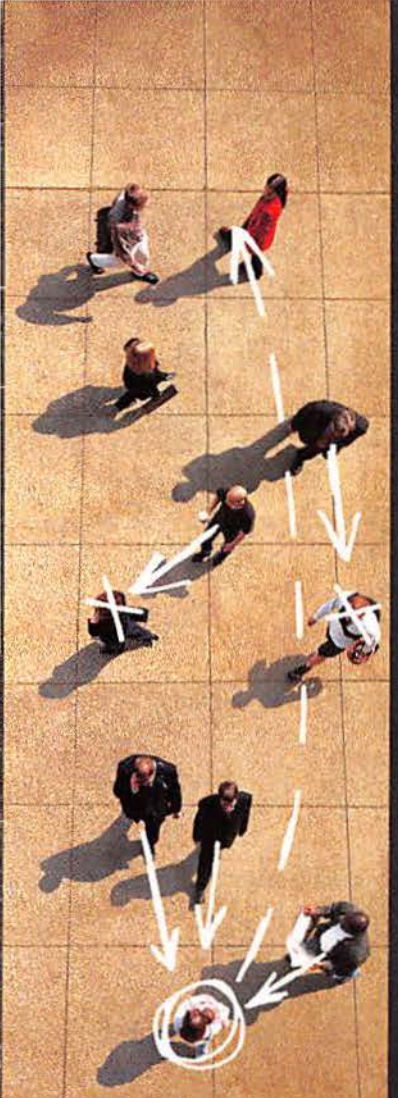

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NINTENDO GAMECUBE

From the warm caves of Beaver Creek to the nippy hills of the Grand Tetons, you flooded us with 10,000 sizzling snapshots of your favorite girls next door. (Thank you!) Now choose the girls you want to see even more of—a *lot* more of—from the top 100, and vote using your favorite girls' personalized phone numbers. The more you call, the better the chance they'll have to strip down for our photographers. Let the battle begin!

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
Come inside for the big election!

Open these doors for the 100 finest fillies from sea to shining sea! Then vote for your favorites to see more!

CREAM OF

CAST YOUR VOTE!

CALL: 1-900-285-8000

You will be billed $1.99 per minute for this call.

MAXIM

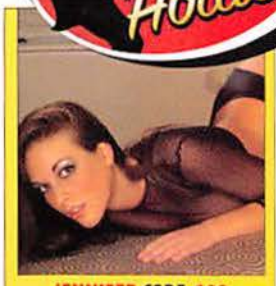
* You must be 18 years or older to vote.

MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

VOTE NOW!!!

CALL : 1-900-285-8000

You will be billed $1.99 per minute for this call.



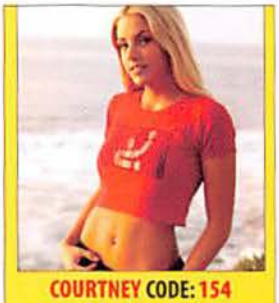
JENNIFER CODE: 109
Federal Way, WA

BREE CODE: 118
Long Beach, CA

CARYN CODE: 127
Manhattan Beach, CA

CHERIE CODE: 136
Los Angeles, CA

ELAINE CODE: 145
Encino, CA



COURTNEY CODE: 154
San Diego, CA

DIANA CODE: 163
Granada Hills, CA

KATHLEEN CODE: 172
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JENNIFER CODE: 181
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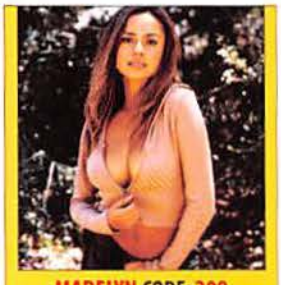
TRACIE CODE: 190
San Diego, CA

REBECCA CODE: 199
Redondo Beach, CA



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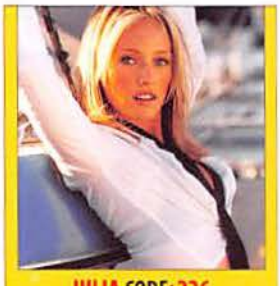

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GABRIELLE CODE: 244
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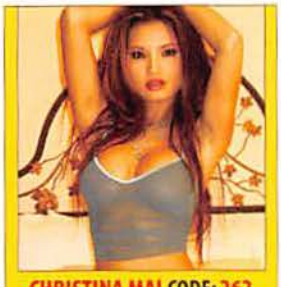

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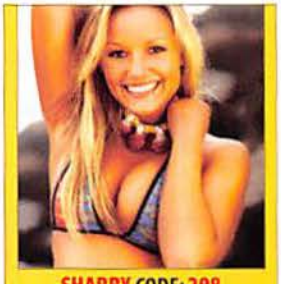

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Santa Clarita, CA

KAITLYN CODE: 307
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ANGELA CODE: 316
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El Sobrante, CA

PRESTO! THE 10 SIZZLIN' HOT WINNERS WILL STRIP DOWN IN AN U

SHERI CODE: 558
Allen Park, MI

MARSHA CODE: 567
Lexington, KY

RICKI CODE: 576
Southgate, MI

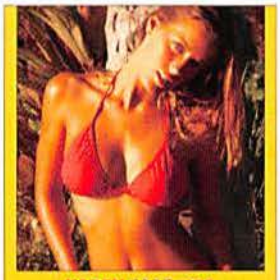
WENDY CODE: 585
Vails Gate, NY

BONNIE CODE: 594
Watchung, NJ

SARAH CODE: 603
Muncie, IN

JAMIE CODE: 612
Nashville, TN

LAURA CODE: 621
Methuen, MA



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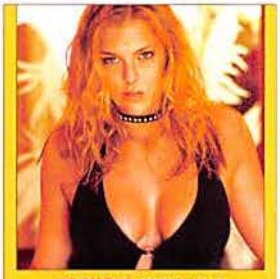


RACHAEL CODE: 639
Columbus, NJ

ELIZABETH CODE: 648
Cincinnati, OH

JEN CODE: 657
Mobile, AL

NICOLE CODE: 666
Malden, MA

MARISA CODE: 675
Hamden, CT

AMBER CODE: 684
Jersey City, NJ

ABBY CODE: 693
Oxford, OH

ELIZABETH CODE: 702
Birmingham, AL

KRISTEN CODE: 711
Albany, NY

EILEEN CODE: 720
Bethany, CT

VAIL CODE: 729
Princeton, NJ

MONICA CODE: 738
Mentor, OH

AMY CODE: 747
Clinton Township, MI

KRISTY CODE: 756
New York, NY

REBECCA CODE: 765
Waterbury, CT

JANA CODE: 774
Moonachie, NJ

SEXY PICTURES OF EACH OF OUR 100 HOTTIES!

FROM HEAD TO WHOA!

MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

We asked the 100 hottest women in America all the questions you're never supposed to ask—and they loved it! Warning: Do not try this at home.*

FAVORITE POSITION?

WOMAN ON TOP	47
DOGGY STYLE	26
MISSIONARY	16
OTHER	7

Q: DO YOU LIKE PORN?

YES 75

NO 20

57 SAY YES

EVER FRENCH-KISS A GIRL?

41 SAY NO

Q: DO YOU ENJOY STRIP CLUBS?

69 SAY YES

26 ARE LAME

Q: EVER JUMP ONSTAGE? YES 23 NO 46

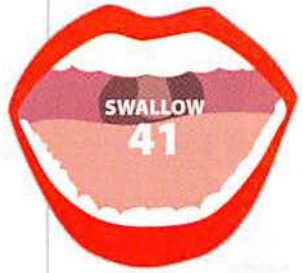
3

27 PARTICIPATED IN A THREESOME

SMALLEST WAIST 22"

BIGGEST WAIST 29"

Q: SPIT OR SWALLOW?



NO BJs 5

SPIT 46

YES 60 NO 32

Q: HAVE YOU EVER RECEIVED A LAP DANCE FROM A WOMAN?

Q: WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE PIECE OF LINGERIE?

37 BRA & PANTY	7 TEDDY	2 CORSET	1 CROTCH-LESS	43 NAKED

BIGGEST CHEST

38DD

WHAT'S YOUR BRA CUP SIZE?

B	C	D	DD
12	57	22	6

NUMBER OF DRINKS TO GET DRUNK

4	8	23	22	24
5	3	2	0	2

34
HAVE A TATTOO

25%
ARE BUTTERFLIES

10
MOST PIERCINGS

Q: ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE MILE-HIGH CLUB?

79 NO

14
YES, I AM

TALLEST 6'1"
SHORTEST 5'

Q: HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A FISTFIGHT?

NO 47 | YES 45 | I KICK ASS ON A DAILY BASIS 6

EVER USE A SEX TOY?

YES 69 | NO 25

64
SAY YES

Q: DOES SIZE MATTER?

WHAT IS THE LARGEST PENIS YOU'VE EVER TOUCHED?

11" 1
10" 11
9" 22
8" 31
7" 19
6" 2

YES 27 | NO 16 | DEPENDS 55

Q: WOULD YOU DATE A GUY WHO WEARS TIGHTY-WHITIES?

WHERE DO YOU PREFER TO GO ON A FIRST DATE?

1 BED
56 RESTAURANT
25 SPORTS
17 BAR

26
UNDER 16

Q: AT WHAT AGE DID YOU LOSE YOUR VIRGINITY?

16 YRS	17 YRS	18 YRS	19 YRS	20 YRS
39	12	12	4	2

DAYS

DON'T WEAR UNDIES	18
1	0
2 HOW MANY	2
3 DAYS A WEEK	0
4 DO YOU WEAR	3
5 A THONG?	8
6	4
7	64

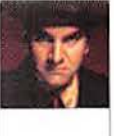
62 TALL MAN
2 BEARDED LADY
7 FAT MAN
24 MIDGET

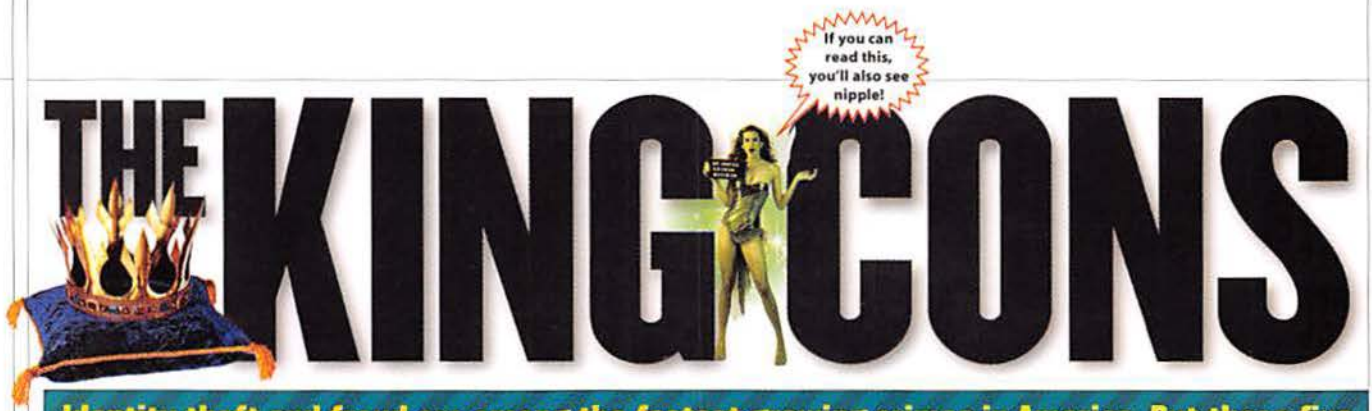
Q: IF YOU HAD TO DATE A CIRCUS FREAK, WHICH ONE WOULD YOU DATE?

*Not all respondents answered all questions.

WHAT PET(S) DO YOU HAVE?

DOG	CAT	SNAKE	FISH	GERBIL	SEA MONKEY
65	33	1	12	0	1





THE KING CONS

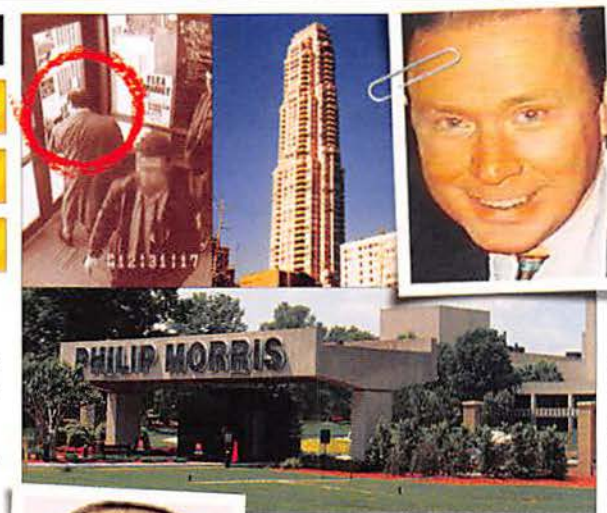
Identity theft and fraud are among the fastest growing crimes in America. But these five men didn't just make a living out of lying—they made fortunes.

BY CHUCK THOMPSON

You call 'em grifters, swindlers, fakes, and scams; they call you sucker, dupe, pigeon, or chump. Think a stranger couldn't bilk you? According to the FBI's most recent stats, there are over four million cons lurking out there, from small-time forgers and frauds to corporate embezzlers and confidence men. The most conservative estimates place the annual toll at well over $100 billion. Out of all those con men, a select few rule the food chain, feeding off entire companies, romancing millions from the rich, or taking down thousands of victims using no more than a computer and a phone. They are the ultimate nonviolent predators: the King Cons.

1. SMOKE SCREEN

Why rob a bank when you can get 'em to write you a check for $350 million?



Ruffo (left) and Reiners (top right) bilked banks by posing as Philip Morris employees. Reiners lived large in a Trump Palace penthouse; Ruffo was last spotted at an ATM in 2001.

Cons: Edward Reiners, John Ruffo
Specialty: Bank fraud

In 1993 Reiners and Ruffo organized "Project Star," a top-secret plan to develop smokeless cigarettes for Philip Morris. The catch: Philip Morris had fired Reiners nearly a year before. Reiners hooked up with 38-year-old Ruffo, president of a computer dealership, CCS Technologies, Inc. Posing as Project Star's chief operating officer and top supplier, respectively, Reiners and Ruffo approached Signet Bank for $25 million to buy computers—to be funneled through CCS, of course.

"Ruffo was a very intense, arrogant little man," admits Jody Bachiman, a former CCS employee who met him in the early '80s. "He was a math whiz. He could knock out numbers in front of investment bankers and they didn't know what he was talking about." Bachiman says Reiners was "touchy-feely, but more of a con artist. He was a charmer."

Eager to do business, Signet signed a confidentiality agreement requiring them to deal only with Reiners. The bank suspected nothing. "Reiners presented himself as an employee in an area he had functioned in for eight or nine years," says Robert Merrick, a former Signet executive who met with Reiners three times. "If you do business and it works like clockwork for years, you don't have to verify employment."

'Ruffo was a very intense, arrogant little man.'

The Good Life

To seal the deal, the duo ordered a Philip Morris seal from a manufacturer and faked a document giving Reiners authority to make deals for Philip Morris, forging the signature of a corporate secretary named Diane McAdams. Signet transferred millions into Ruffo's account.

Reiners and Ruffo faked their way through meetings with more bank officials on additional loans farmed out by Signet; nine different banks were eventually roped in. But instead of buying computers, the pair played the stock market. Reiners chilled in a $3 million Trump Palace penthouse; Ruffo indulged in fine wines. They lost more than $70 million.

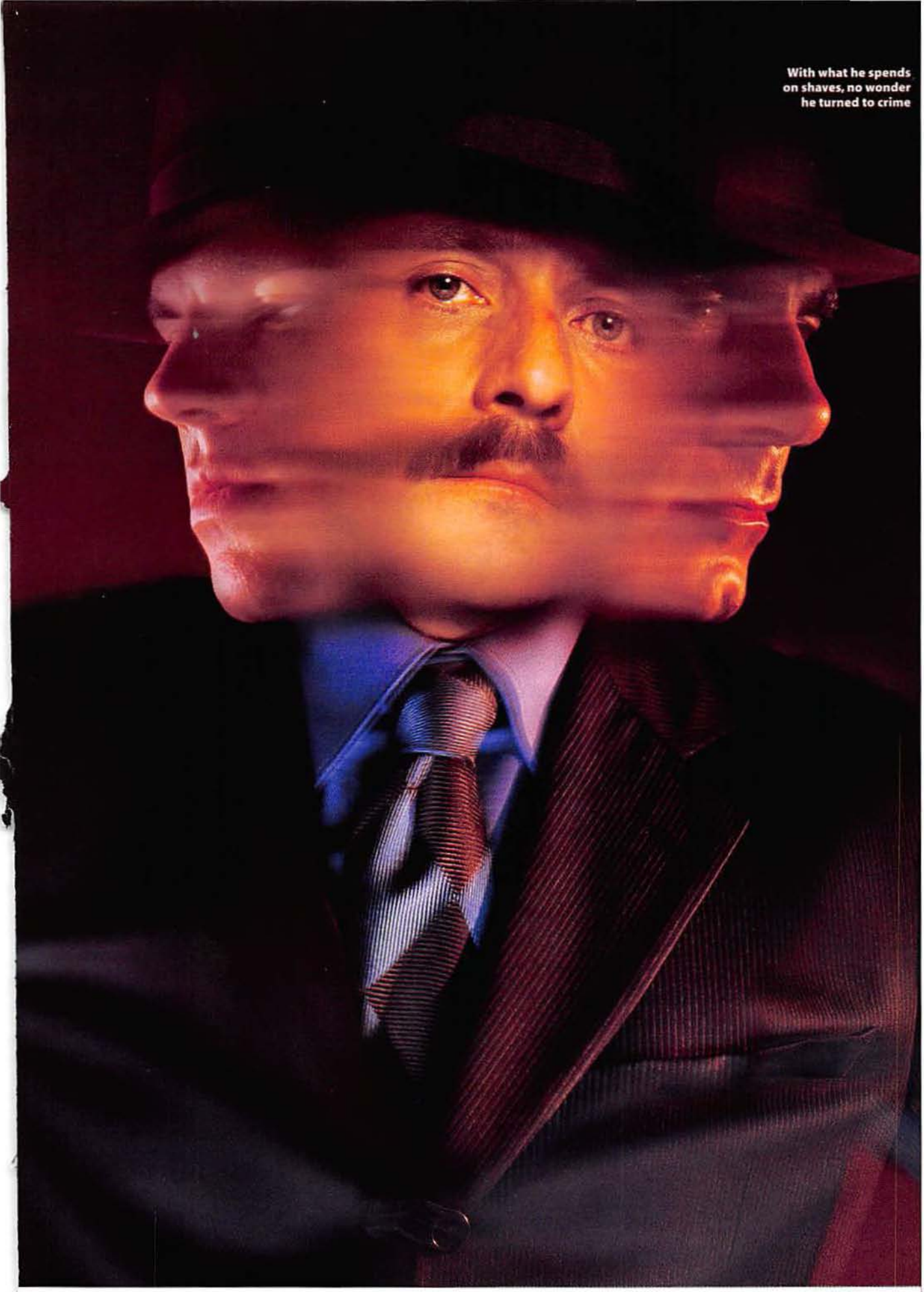
"Ruffo always liked the good things in life but could never get them," claims Bachiman. "Now he was able to."

Eventually, a Japanese bank called McAdams and learned that Reiners no longer worked for Philip Morris. The FBI was called in; they told Signet to demand a meeting with Reiners, who secured a meeting room at a Philip Morris office in New York and had Bachiman pose as McAdams. They met with Merrick and other bank representatives, one of whom wore a wire.

"The only meeting where Reiners ever seemed nervous was the final one," Merrick recalls. Ruffo had wisely skipped the meeting, but G-men arrested Reiners and Bachiman.

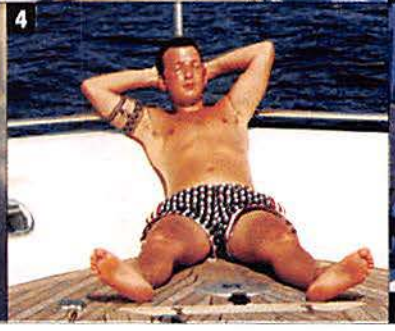
Reiners pleaded guilty to bank fraud and money laundering and began a 17-year federal prison term in 1996. Bachiman was exonerated. In 1998 Ruffo got 17½ years, but his attorney convinced a judge that he wasn't a flight risk. He vanished prior to turning himself in, leaving behind a wife and a highly dubious suicide note and possibly taking at least $13 million in unrecovered loans.

Last seen: On the U.S. Marshals' 15 Most Wanted list, Ruffo was last spotted in April 2001 in Duncan, Oklahoma, unsuccessfully attempting to pull off a $250 million bank fraud involving wire transfers from Nigeria.



With what he spends on shaves, no wonder he turned to crime

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZACK GOLD



(1) **Christopher Rocancourt, arrested for bilking a man out of $133,000, relaxes in a Vancouver prison.** *(2)* **Rocancourt's wife, ex-*Playboy* Playmate Pia Reyes, ogles jewels aboard a yacht. He was finally nabbed in the Hamptons, New York but soon skipped town after former Gotti lawyer Bruce Cutler** *(3)* **posted his $45,000 bail.** *(4)* **His charm took him on expensive trips around the world.** *(5)* **The Wilshire hotel in Beverly Hills, where the French playboy stayed—leaving behind a $60,000 bill.**

2. THE FROG PRINCE

It was Adolf Hitler who claimed people will fall more easily for a big lie than a small one, but it took a smooth-talking, baby-faced Frenchman to prove the theory works just as well in America.

Con: Christopher Rocancourt
Specialty: Celebrity impersonator

Concocting a super-size assortment of lies and identities, twentysomething Christopher Rocancourt schmoozed his way through the 1990s, rubbing shoulders with socialites and celebrities. At various times, he passed himself off as Christopher Rockefeller (heir to the Rockefeller fortune), the son of Sophia Loren, the nephew of film producer Dino De Laurentiis, even a European prizefighter.

The reflection off of Rocancourt's brass balls was blinding. Traveling with a male assistant on one arm and babes on the other, the Armani-clad Rocancourt was an inexhaustible and generous partyer. He flew in helicopters from Manhattan to posh East Hampton, Long Island. He passed out Dom Pérignon and Cuban cigars to jet-set pals, wore $1,000 suits, and once lived in a swanky suite at the Regent Beverly Wilshire hotel, then skipped out on a $60,000 bill.

The son of a prostitute and an alcoholic painter, the 35-year-old master manipulator even lived in Hollywood for a time with actor Mickey Rourke. After Rocancourt promised to make a movie of his life, Rourke referred to him as "the man who's going to bring me back." Rocancourt financed his high-rolling lifestyle by promising suckers enormous returns on investments or loans, using his high-rolling lifestyle, French accent, and charm to convince them he could make them tons of money.

"After he gets to know you, he finds something special or dear to you—be it kids, art, fashion, religion—and really talks that up," says George Mueller, the Los Angeles County investigator who began tracking Rocancourt in 1997. "He's got a gift of gab." Just two days after meeting Rocancourt, one Hamptons couple reportedly forked over $50,000 in cash as the first payback installment for a $500,000 loan the young "Rockefeller" bogusly promised them. At a fitness club in 1999, it took Rocancourt only 20 minutes to talk East Hampton masseuse Corine Eeltink into giving him $14,000.

'Why would you withdraw $100,000 cash and hand it to a stranger?'

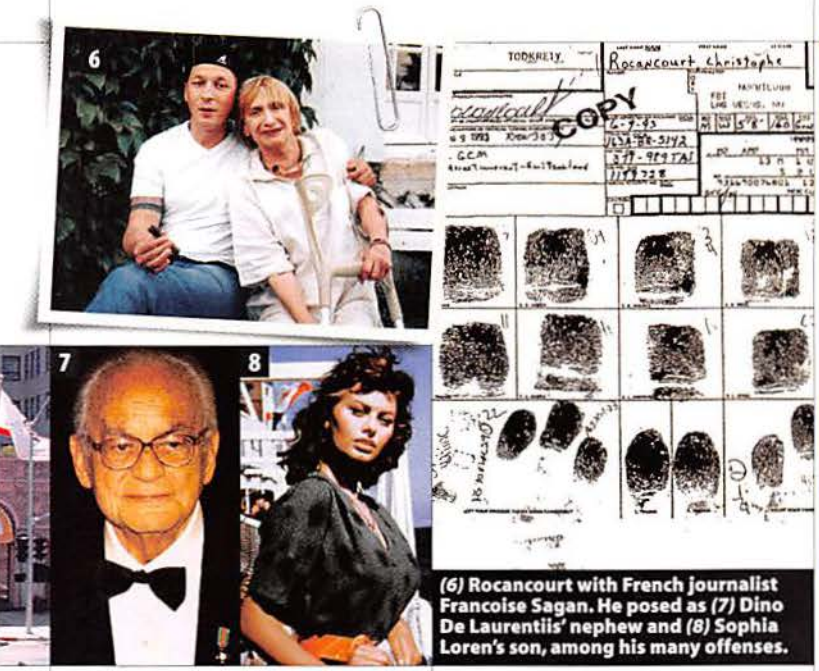
The French Connection

Rocancourt's marks had the same simple profile. "His prime victim has to be gullible or greedy," says Peter Hoffman, a New York private investigator who spent four years working on the Rocancourt case. "His thinking is that these people are so greedy they deserved what they got. Why would you go and withdraw $100,000 in cash and hand it to a stranger? It takes an especially idiotic person to do such a thing."

Eeltink eventually pulled a friend, Kevin McCrary, into her escalating investments with Rocancourt. "He was promising the moon, like a quick turnaround of a million bucks," says McCrary, a wealthy Hamptons regular. "The details were always vague. There was no business card. He would never bring anybody to his so-called mansion."

Mueller can only speculate why no one pressed Rocancourt about the details: "They were afraid to make him mad and ruin the deal." But one ostentatious act didn't sit right with McCrary. After an afternoon of playing tennis with McCrary, Rocancourt "casually left this very expensive Cartier diamond watch on a table, just to convince people how wealthy he was." McCrary called the Rockefeller Foundation asking about a French connection named Christopher.

A background check revealed the truth. In addition to skipping out on $175,000 bail after a 1999 arrest for passport counterfeiting in Los Angeles, Rocancourt had been a well-known swindler in France, jailed five times between 1987 and 1992 for forgery, credit card fraud, and impersonation. His involvement in a jewelry store robbery in Geneva in 1991 got him banished from Switzerland until 2016. With McCrary's leads, Detective



(6) Rocancourt with French journalist Francoise Sagan. He posed as (7) Dino De Laurentiis' nephew and (8) Sophia Loren's son, among his many offenses.

Sergeant Margaret Dunn of the East Hampton Village Police took Rocancourt into custody, then lost him after John Gotti lawyer Bruce Cutler posted his $45,000 bail.

That was the last anyone in New York saw of Rocancourt. The subject of widespread rumors for the next two years, he was finally caught in February 2001 in British Columbia, where he'd been posing as a fictional multimillionaire Formula One driver named Michael van Hoven. Along with his wife, Pia Reyes (*Playboy*'s Miss November 1988 and a soft-core porn actress), he was arrested for defrauding a Vancouver businessman out of $133,000; she was never charged, but he later pleaded guilty.

A Killer Con?

One claim by a woman burned by Rocancourt suggests that his list of crimes might also include murder. In 1997 a woman who lost $170,000 to Rocancourt in an investment scam met the Frenchman at his swanky suite at Los Angeles' Le Parc Suites Hotel, where he led her to the room of Don Miguel, an Italian lawyer they both knew. Miguel, who was allegedly involved in a $4 million money laundering scam with Rocancourt, lay dead in his room. The death was officially attributed to natural causes, but the woman's claims that Rocancourt threatened her suggested otherwise. "If you ever tell anyone about what I've done, you're gonna take a long nap," he allegedly told her. Miguel's body was cremated along with any possible evidence of foul play. While Rocancourt's involvement in Miguel's death remains unproven, he's been known to get violent. Earlier that same year, after a run-in at a nightclub, he was involved in a shoot-out with Anna Nicole Smith's then-boyfriend across the street from the West Hollywood sheriff's station parking lot. Rocancourt reportedly shot out the windows of his own Hummer, hitting the boyfriend's bodyguard in the thigh.

Last seen: Rotting in a Canadian slammer gave Rocancourt time to write an autobiography. Published in France with a title exuding Gallic self-pity—*Me, Christopher Rocancourt, Orphan, Playboy and Prisoner*—the movie rights (under the title *The French Hustler)* were purchased for $1 million in October 2002 by filmmaker Thomas Langmann. In May 2003 Rocancourt was extradited to the United States, where he pleaded guilty to three counts of fraud. Scheduled to be sentenced in September, he faces up to five years in prison.

When pressed to comment on his duped victims, Rocancourt said, "No, I don't feel sorry. I think they are greedy and poor businessmen." As McCrary explains, "He survived so long because he preyed on people who didn't want to be exposed for their stupidity."

Rocancourt's lawyers Mayland McKimm and Susan Wishart

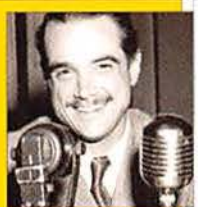
HISTORY'S HUSTLES

Welcome to the Con Artist Hall of Fame!

HEN PECK
She was the ultimate man-eater or, as one historian put it, "the most durable female con artist in America." Ellen Peck, a 19th-century seductress, socked away over $1 million by reigning in scores of suckers, including at least nine millionaires. After pacifying them with unlimited booty, she'd get access to their bank accounts, withdraw it all, then bail. Once, the insatiable harlot even developed "an unwholesome liaison" with a competing mistress (old-timer talk for hot lesbo action), then took her for $4,000. Most amazing of all, Peck was about as comely as Grover Cleveland.

WIRED UP
Betting brothers Fred and Charley Gondorf were so smooth they inspired the movie *The Sting* (Charley was dubbed "the King of Wiretappers"). From 1906 to 1915, the Gondorfs operated a series of illegal off-track horse gambling dens—they were the O.G. OTBs—where they'd pump a mark's confidence with a few wins, then wire in fake results and take him to the cleaners. Since they were gambling illegally in the first place, the brothers got some jail time in Sing Sing, but raked in an estimated total of a cool $15 million over their 15-year career.

FRENCH-FRIED
With a simple clan, all you need is a simple plan. In 1925 Czech interloper Count Victor Lustig sold the Eiffel Tower twice to wealthy—and gullible—Frenchmen. His spiel: The French government needed the scratch. The self-proclaimed count skipped off to the States with at least $100,000 and pulled several more scams, building up a police file that made criminals gasp with envy: 47 arrests, no convictions. In 1935 he was finally bagged for passing counterfeit money and sentenced to 20 years. But the slippery con weaseled out of the prison bathroom using bedsheets.



BY THE BOOK
McGraw-Hill and *Life* magazine obtained the publishing coup of 1971: Howard Hughes' autobiography. Clifford Irving claimed to have scored the reclusive billionaire's story, landing $765,000 for the rights with tapes and notes that handwriting experts swore were Hughes'. But just before the story went to press, the still-living Hughes emerged from a decade of hiding to publicly denounce Irving as a fraud. The 40-year-old con man got 14 months of jail time, but the notoriety helped him land future deals to publish a dozen books—mostly fiction, of course.

3. WEB OF DECEIT

Washing dishes is a lame job, but it made this guy invisible enough to steal millions.

BUSBOY COMES CLEAN
Guilty of cyberscamming finance superstars

Abraham Abdallah worked at a Brooklyn restaurant and, in his off time, duped the likes of Michael Bloomberg, Martha Stewart, and Oprah Winfrey out of millions in a cyberscam.

Con: Abraham Abdallah
Specialty: Cyberscams

In 2001, while making $350 a week as a busboy in a Brooklyn restaurant called Zaytoons, 32-year-old high school dropout Abraham Abdallah saw a copy of *Forbes* magazine's "400 Richest People in America" issue and got an idea. A chunky ne'er-do-well who nevertheless carried himself with a reserved cockiness, Abdallah already had a rap sheet that included at least one run-in with the NYPD and three FBI arrests for bank and credit card fraud. He'd even appeared as a reformed expert in a "Crime of the '80s" video, in which he says, with more than a hint of foreshadowing, "I just need your name."

"In his off-time, all he would do was read books and magazines, usually computer stuff," says Zaytoons co-owner Faried Assad, who is also related to Abdallah. "He was very quiet. Everybody who met him liked him, but he was never at all popular."

Using forged letterheads from banking and securities giants such as Goldman Sachs and following up from Web-enabled computers at a local library, Abdallah obtained credit reports on a list of potential pigeons, including Steven Spielberg, Oprah Winfrey, Ross Perot, Martha Stewart, and Michael Bloomberg. Using confidential data—Social Security numbers, account numbers, even mothers' maiden names—he electronically cloned his victims' identities, then accessed accounts at some of the country's biggest brokerage houses and banks.

'Know how a killer is once he tastes blood?'

"These fraudsters are silver-tongued devils with no conscience—they want information, and there's a lot of information out there," says Martin Biegelman, a former U.S. postal inspector who appeared in the '80s crime video with Abdallah. "What separated Abdallah was his persistence."

Net Gain

For six months Abdallah ran wild through cyberspace, attempting to shift an alleged $22 million from the rich and famous to his own accounts. He dressed in ratty clothes but drove expensive cars, including a gleaming Corvette. "It wasn't just the money; he was a gambler, addicted to the whole aura," says Assad. "Know how a killer is once he gets the taste of blood? That's what it was with him."

Abdallah finally overreached when he tried to transfer $10 million from a Merrill Lynch account belonging to Silicon Valley magnate Thomas Siebel. Merrill Lynch double-checked with Siebel, then contacted the NYPD's Computer Investigation and Technology Unit. After tracking an order for $25,000 of equipment used to manufacture credit cards to a New York mailbox rented in the name of Paul Allen (Microsoft gazillionaire and owner of the Seattle Seahawks and Portland Trail Blazers), the cops set up a sting.

Abdallah was careful, sending a courier service to pick up the equipment. So the cops borrowed the service's trucks and uniforms and, after a number of route changes phoned in by the circumspect Abdallah, finally came face-to-face with their prey. Abdallah showed up in a new Volvo and was nabbed after a short car chase. Inside the car was the incriminating *Forbes* magazine, with account numbers scrawled next to names of the filthy rich. Authorities later found approximately 800 fraudulent credit cards and another 20,000 blanks in Abdallah's possession.

Last seen: Abdallah pleaded guilty to a 12-count indictment for wire, mail, and credit card fraud, identity theft, and conspiracy. He's scheduled to be sentenced this summer and is expected to get up to 11 years in prison.

STREET CLEANERS

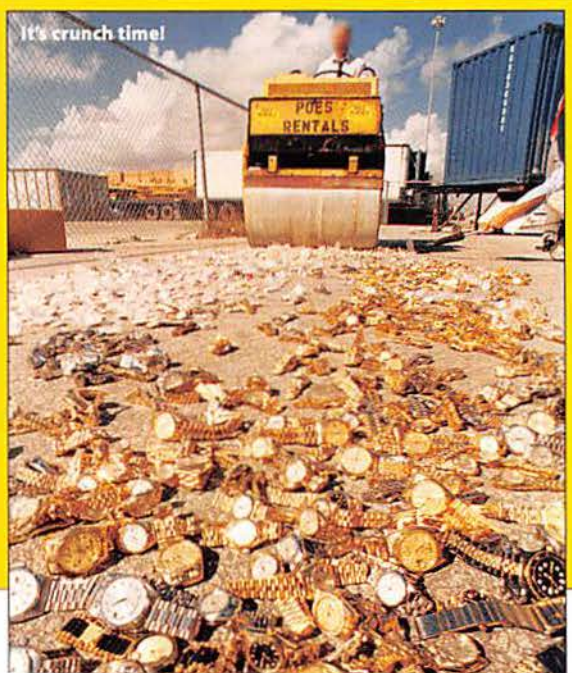
Seen these common cons? Send us a story and $5, and we'll send you $200!*

IN WITHDRAWAL
You swing by the ATM to score some dough. But when the screen flashes "Please remove your cash," the bin door doesn't open. After a few smacks, you storm off and a crowbar-wielding grifter pries open the superglued slot, then takes the money and runs.

TAKIN' A SQUIRT
A man shows up at your door asking if Junior can use the john. While you and Pop bitch about baseball scores, the little snake sneaks from the throne room to the bedroom. Not only does he line his pockets with your family jewels—he also pees on the seat!

GRIFT CERTIFICATE
Some mall rat offers you a $100 gift certificate "redeemable at any store" just for answering a survey. Meanwhile, survey boy's getting a credit card in your name. When your gal tries to use the certificate at Victoria's Secret, she gets shut down (and learns you're a cheap bastard).

TIME IS MONEY
You find a Rolex listed for only $8,000. The owner lets you get it appraised. Value: $10,000. You mail the check, but he says he never got it. You stop payment and mail another, but when the stop payment order expires, he deposits the first check too. Total take: $6,000.
—*T. Katz*



*Please tell us you didn't fall for that.

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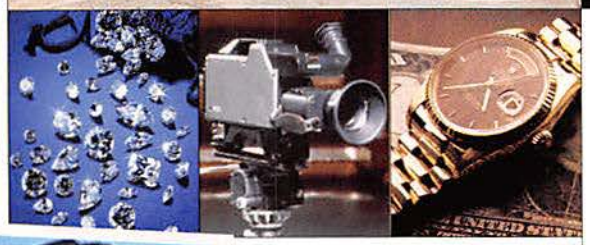
4. THE HARD CELL

A life sentence led to one of the most successful and bizarre cons of all time.



Danny Faries (below left) ran a credit card scam, "the Jailhouse Shopping Network," from Miami's Dade County Jail (top), ordering high-end items like Rolexes adding up to nearly $2 million.

Con: Danny Faries
Specialty: Credit card fraud

Taking advantage of liberal Florida laws that gave prisoners their own personal phones, the wiry Faries spent six years running what became known as the Jailhouse Shopping Network. Using credit card numbers stolen and phoned in to Faries by Dumpster-diving partners on the outside, Florida inmate number 189993 ordered millions of dollars worth of merchandise—gold and silver coins, Rolexes, camcorders, diamond earrings, and pricey champagne. He had the merchandise overnighted to addresses around the country, then fenced by confederates, with whom he split the profits. Between 1986 and 1991, Faries' operation moved between $2.3 and $4 million in stolen goods.

In 1991 a confidential source snitched on Faries, leading Miami-Dade County police captain Raul Ubieta to the county jail. "I thought I'd have to do hours and hours of interviews to crack him," says Ubieta. "On the contrary, he openly admitted to everything. He was a friendly guy." Authorities confiscated hundreds of credit card numbers from Faries' cell. But—and here's the idiotic part—they let him keep his phone.

Anticipating just such a predicament, the wily jailbird had scrawled on the bottom of his bunk an emergency credit card number that belonged to a woman named Regina Donovan. Faries now used the number to create "Regina Donovan Cosmetics," taking out an ad in *USA Today* that read: "Cosmetic package: $89.95 value for only $19.95. All major credit cards accepted." Hundreds of women phoned in credit card orders, but no makeup was ever sent. Faries now had a fresh list of numbers. The Jailhouse Shopping Network rose from the dead.

'Part of the scam was his way of surviving jail.'

Repeat Offender

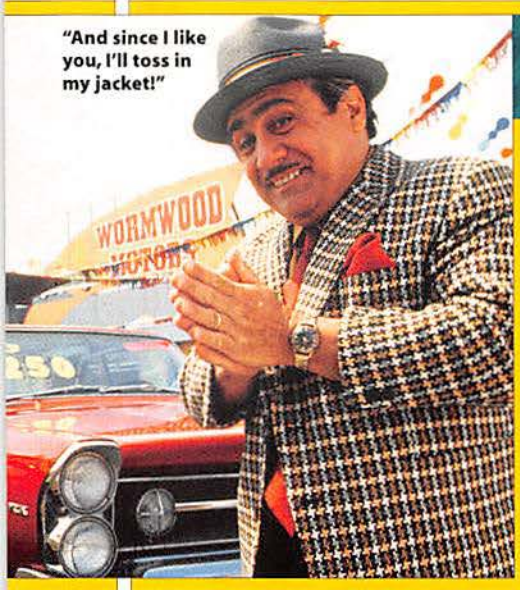
"He was removed from his cell, but he continued to run the business the same way," says Ubieta. "Then he was moved to another facility upstate and continued there. His resourcefulness wasn't as surprising as the fact that he was so blatant about it."

"The experience was a lot of fun," says Faries, a self-described "open and upbeat" person. "Everything in the world was free."

Authorities eventually wised up, yanked Faries' phone privileges and put him in solitary confinement. Part of the reason for Faries' complete disregard of consequences was that he was serving a life sentence for murdering a friend while in a drugged stupor: Even if he was caught, his punishment couldn't get any worse. His only regret, Faries says, was "having not gotten rid of the body."

"Part of this scam was his way of surviving jail," Ubieta explains. "He was surrounded by all these tough-guy inmates, but they basically left him alone because he would do them favors, like send flowers to their girlfriends or order other gifts for their families."

Last seen: Faries was shuffled among several Florida pens through the '90s, tried to kill himself, suffered two strokes, and, most cruelly of all, had his unsupervised phone privileges severely restricted. He's currently serving out his life term in Florida's Union Correctional Institution.



"And since I like you, I'll toss in my jacket!"

BULLSHIT DETECTOR

Stan B. Walters, author of The Truth About Lying, *helps you spot a conniving prick.*

1. HE TRIES TO BE YOUR BUDDY
"Cons use bits of information you give them to build trust," explains Walters. You say you like Skynyrd; he says he's a huge fan. Next thing you know he borrows your Z28 to pick up reunion tour tickets and never returns. Always ask questions, like the meaning of "Simple Man."

2. HE WORKS ALONE
"A good con trusts no one," Walters says. Does your guy with the gold mine always answer his own phone? Does he never mention family or friends? Wake up. The guy's alone 'cause *(a)* he wants your money all to himself, and *(b)* he's a dick who rips people off.

3. HE FEEDS ON YOUR VULNERABILITY
It's an old sales technique: The con pinpoints your problem, then magically solves it. While you drown your sorrows after being fired, he buys you drinks, then convinces you he's got a sure-shot way of turning your six-grand severance into six million.

4. HE DOESN'T STOP PROMOTING HIMSELF
"Cons use phrases like 'Trust me, I'm telling the truth,'" says Walters. "Or, 'I'm a nice guy,' and 'No one's going to get hurt.'" And a lot of times it works. (If you say these things to women, don't worry; it doesn't mean you're a con—just a man.)

5. HE MAKES YOU FEEL GUILTY
"When a con gets cornered, he either makes you feel guilty or turns things around on you," Walters warns. Girlfriends excel at this: You gripe at her for chucking your old comic books; she rails on you for being mean. To avoid the trap, don't apologize. Trust us.

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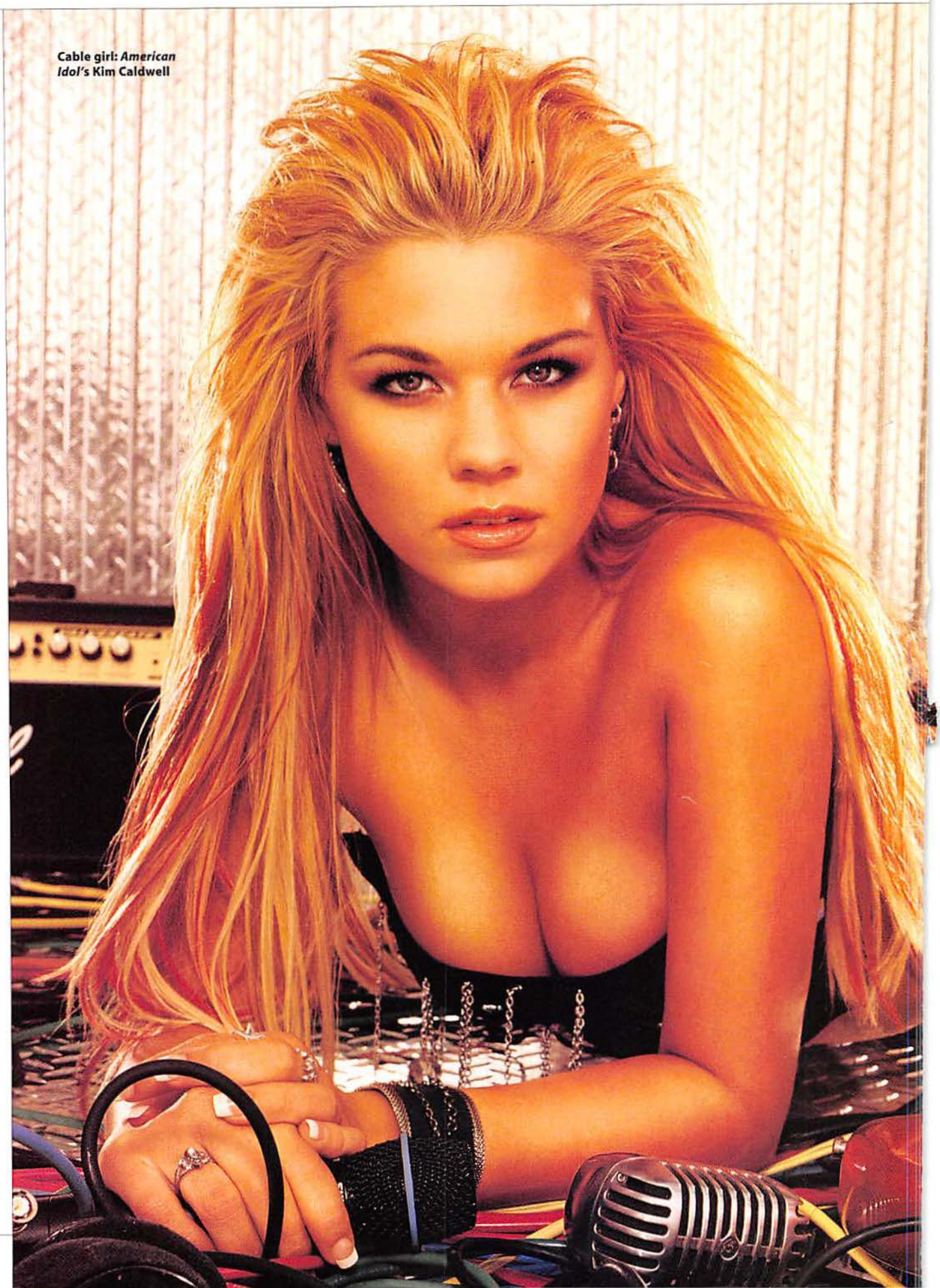

Cable girl: *American Idol*'s Kim Caldwell

Illustration: Rian Hughes

MAXIM Girls of Reality TV!

You've seen 'em at their worst—crying, fighting, covered in bull feces—and they were still hotter than looted Iraqi artifacts. Now check 'em out all dolled up and stripped down.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

BY PAUL YOUNG AND ALEX STRAUS

AX GRINDER

Kim Caldwell

Where you've seen her: Kimberly was one of 12 finalists on *American Idol: Season 2* before every fat and ugly girl with a telephone voted her off.

Where to see more: Fox Sports Net's new extreme sports show *54321*. "I don't actually play any extreme sports, but I love 'em," she tells us. "I've never been a typical girl. I got challenged all the time when I was younger," she says, referring to jealous girls and controlling men. "But as a Texas girl, I promise you: Don't mess with me. Because I will throw down. And I will win." Mee-ow!

Young 'n' restless: Kim's mother started taking her to beauty pageants at age five. "I remember saying, 'Mom, I want to be in the talent category.' But she was like, 'Huh, babe? You don't have a talent.' So I learned a song, and the next week I won first place!"

Secret wish: "If I could change anything about myself, I'd have bigger boobs," she admits. "But if I did get a boob job, I'd be like, 'Check 'em out! Aren't they great?' I wouldn't be one of those girls who try to pretend nothing happened."

'I've never been a typical girl. I'm definitely more of a rebel.'

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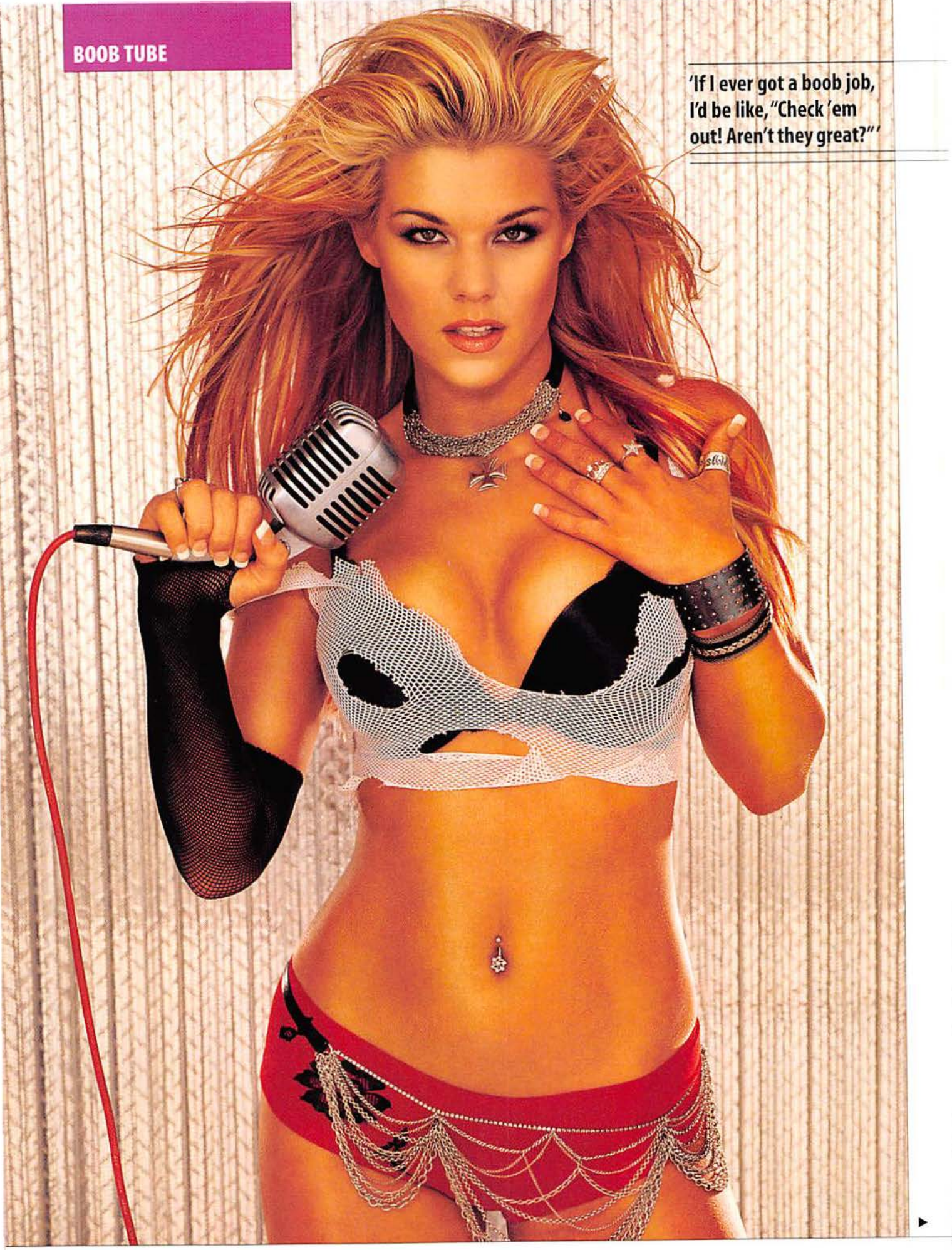

'If I ever got a boob job, I'd be like, "Check 'em out! Aren't they great?"'

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'I thought the show was going to be cheesy, but I tried to stay sophisticated.'

MIAMI HEAT

Chantille Boudousque

Where you've seen her: On the victory stand of ABC's *Are You Hot?*

Where to see more: Last month the New Orleans native was serving drinks and making the world hotter than a rectal thermometer in South Beach. "I also worked the door at Crobar, Miami's most exclusive nightclub," she says. "Now I'm moving to L.A." Hey, *The View* producers, you listening?

On Lorenzo Lamas: "He was the worst judge . . . ripping everyone. Where does he get off? He hasn't had a career in 10 years. He did point the laser at me once, because I wore a bikini with cowboy boots. I think he was upset I wasn't wearing big stripper shoes."

Family matters: "My dad's a conservative lawyer, so I didn't even tell him I was on the show," Chantille admits. Wait till he sees you in your barely legal briefs!

"Field Guide to the Little-Known and Seldom-Seen Birds of North America": $14

a life beyond your cubicle walls: priceless

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there are some things money can't buy. for everything else there's MasterCard.®

Now, that's must-see TV!

KEEPIN' IT REAL

Melissa Howard

Where you've seen her: Remember the wild chick on *Real World: New Orleans* who jumped onstage at a strip joint? Yeah? Then you're probably the only guy who watches that show, Mary.

Where to see more: *Girls Behaving Badly*, the surprisingly funny all-women practical joke reality show, back for its second season on the Oxygen network. C'mon, now you're going to pretend you don't watch Oxygen?

Crack kills: These days Melissa, who grew up in Tampa and describes her native city as "the home of Phillies Blunts and that song that goes 'My neck, my back, lick my pussy and my crack'" is trying her hand at stand-up comedy in L.A. "Getting up onstage and making jokes is the scariest thing in the world... I love it."

Suddenly single: "I was always that long-term-relationship girl," Melissa says. "Now I'm single and kinda socially inept. The only guys I meet are either wearing house-arrest anklets or picking up trash on the side of the highway. But I ain't picky. All I need is a guy with a working vehicle and nice teeth." Great! Get that tooth fixed and you're in! "Oh, yeah, and he has to be taller than me. I'm 4'11", so anything over 5'2" is great. Our sincerest apologies, Mr. Cruise.

'Cracking jokes onstage is the scariest thing in the world... I love it.'

Styling (Kim, Chantille, Melissa), Rita Rago; hair, Steven Lake for Luxe; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe

This photo was taken by a fan

Beer Vendor Caught Serving Himself Heineken

CHICAGO, IL—Late in the 7th inning of last night's game, witnesses watched as Steve Davis, a 24-year-old beer vendor, stopped halfway up Section 34 of the upper balcony and poured himself a Heineken.

As fans shouted for his attention, Davis sat down on the steps and watched the last couple of innings. Following the final out Davis headed down to the vendor's locker room where he told reporters, "It wasn't me."

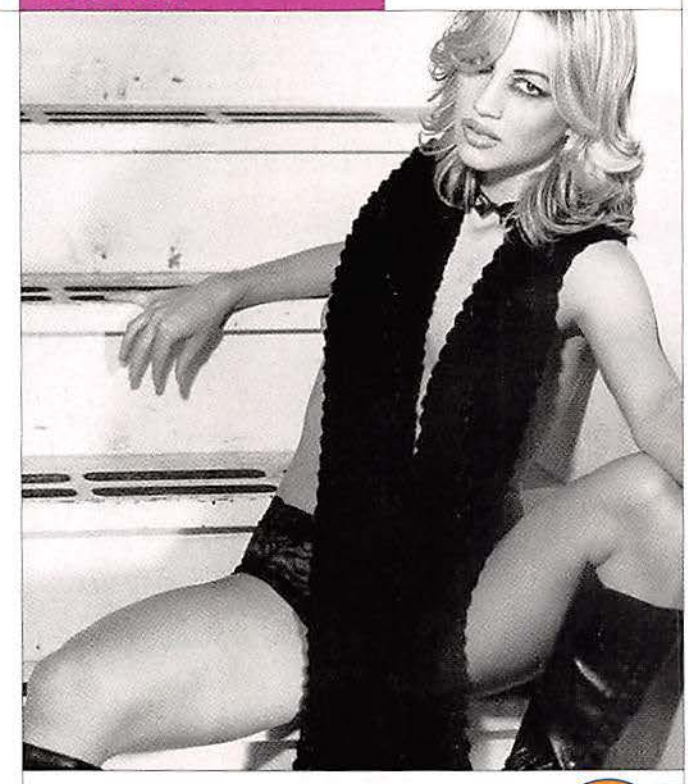
In a press conference following the game Andrew Harte, Davis' boss, said, "I don't care if he is my top seller. For the remainder of the season Davis will be selling programs."

When confronted with the news that he had been demoted to Program Guy, Davis threw an empty cup and said, "It wasn't me."

heineken.com/headlines

Heineken

©2005 HEINEKEN LAGER BEER. HEINEKEN USA INC., WHITE PLAINS, NY.

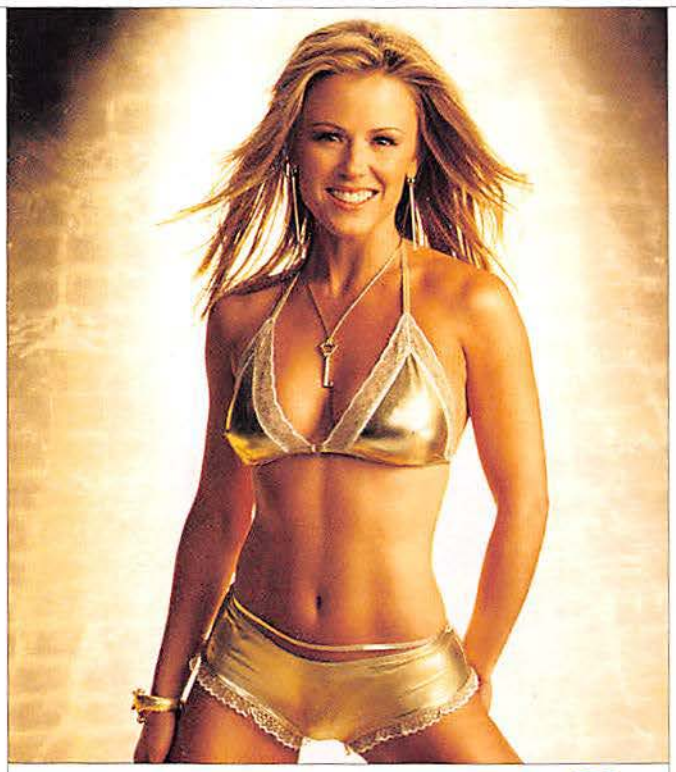


BRIDAL BABE: BILLIE JEANNE

Where you've seen her: *Married by America*
Altar ego: "I said, 'I do,' and he . . . didn't. But that's OK—it's his loss. I just question his sexuality."

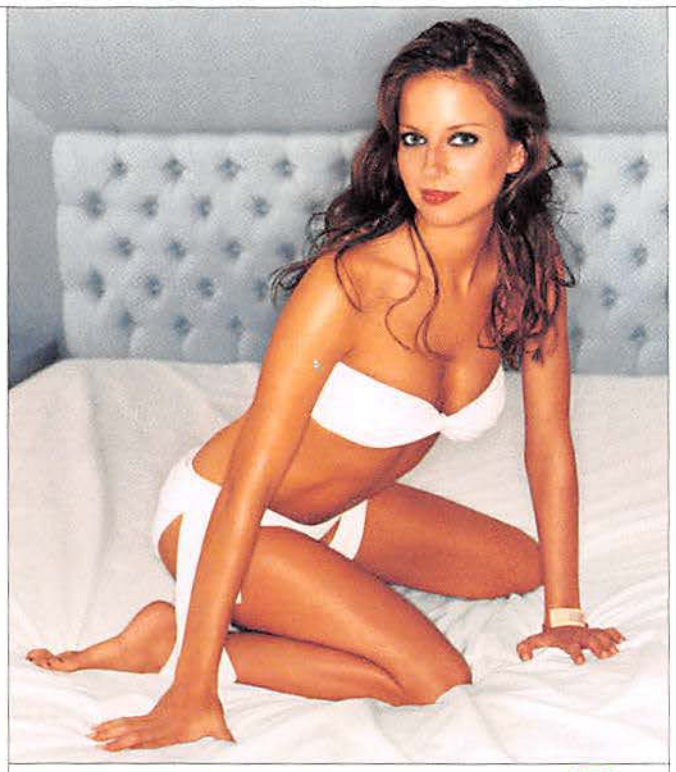
WILD CHILD: LORI TRESPICIO

Where you've seen her: *Real World 10: Back to New York*
Blowing off steam: Once had sex in a boiler room. "It was exciting but too long. I'm like a guy: When you're done, you're done."



RYAN'S HOPE: TRISTA REHN

Where you've seen her: *The Bachelorette*
Dating games: "Even though I'm extremely independent, I love a guy who can take charge. That's a huge turn-on for me."



NATURE'S CHOICE: AMBER BRKICH

Where you've seen her: *Survivor: The Australian Outback*
T-ing off: Her Beaver, Pennsylvania high school team made a shirt that read BEAVER DIVING.

Photograph (Trista), Dominick Guillemot; styling, Suzie Hardy; hair, Bernhard Tamme for Cloutier; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe Photographs, (Lori) Naomi Kaltman; (Billie) Robert Caldrone; (Amber) Chris Cuffaro.

"My partner and I are like brother and sister.
But a brother and sister who have sex."
– Dep. Trudy Wiegel
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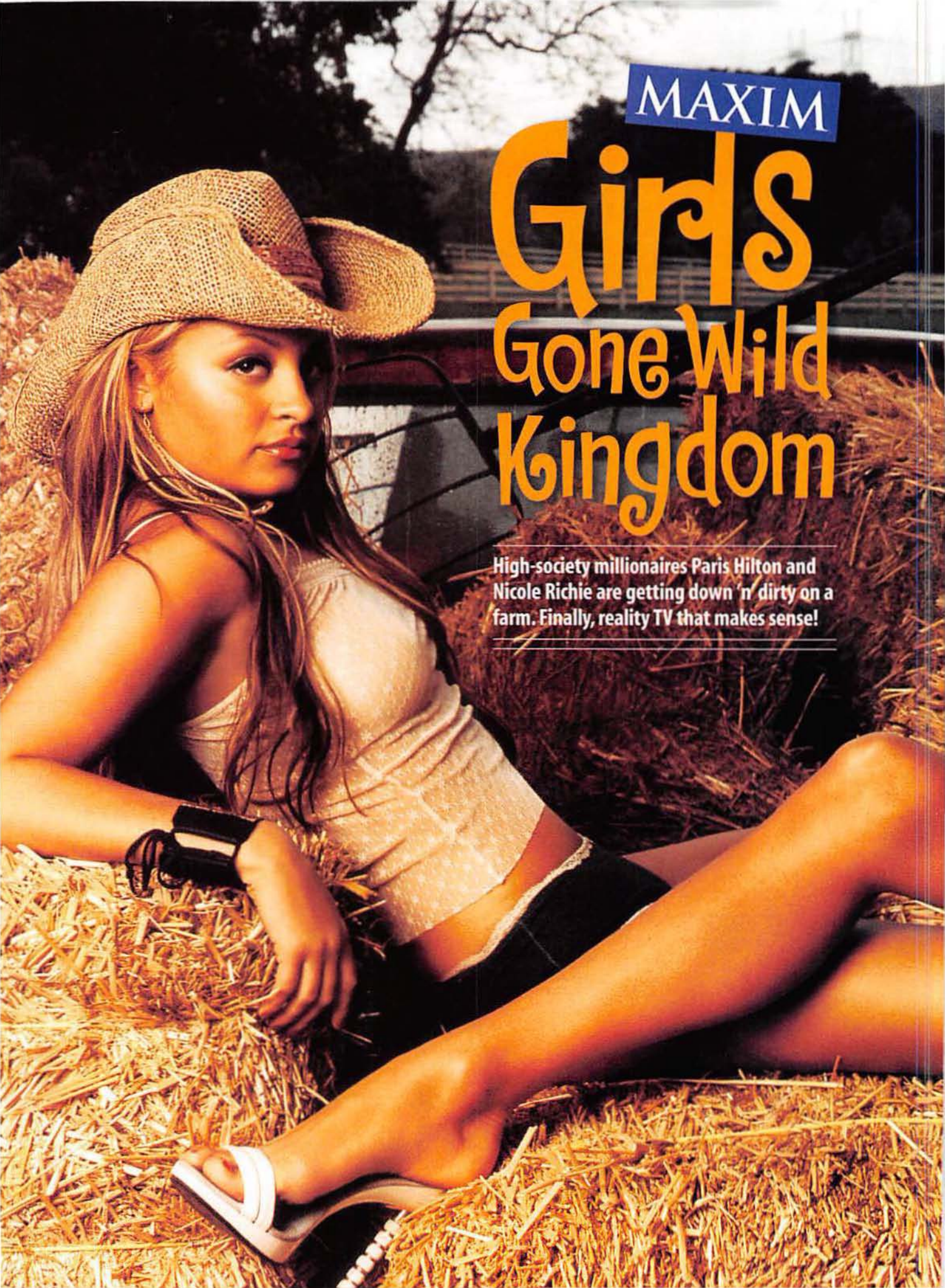
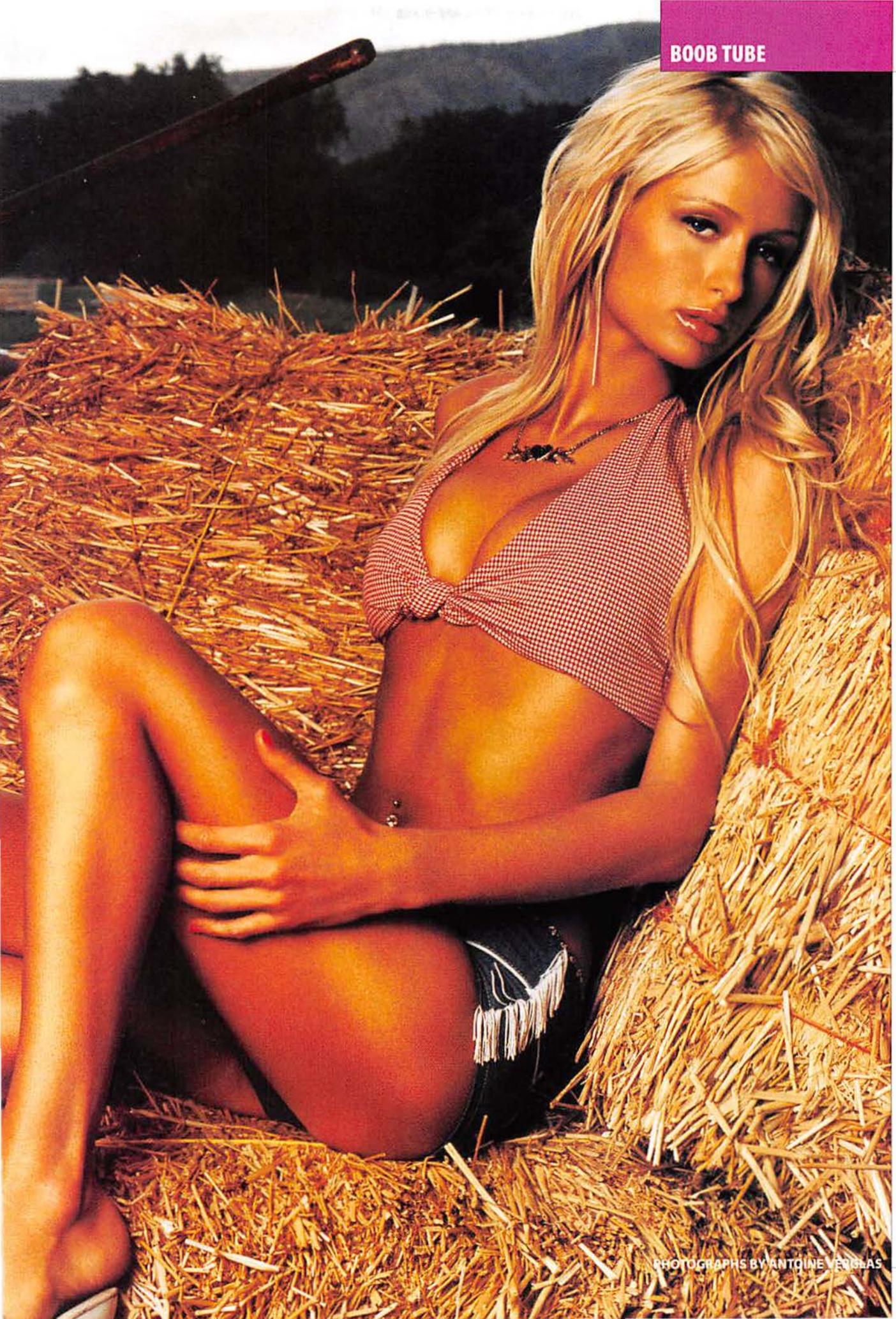
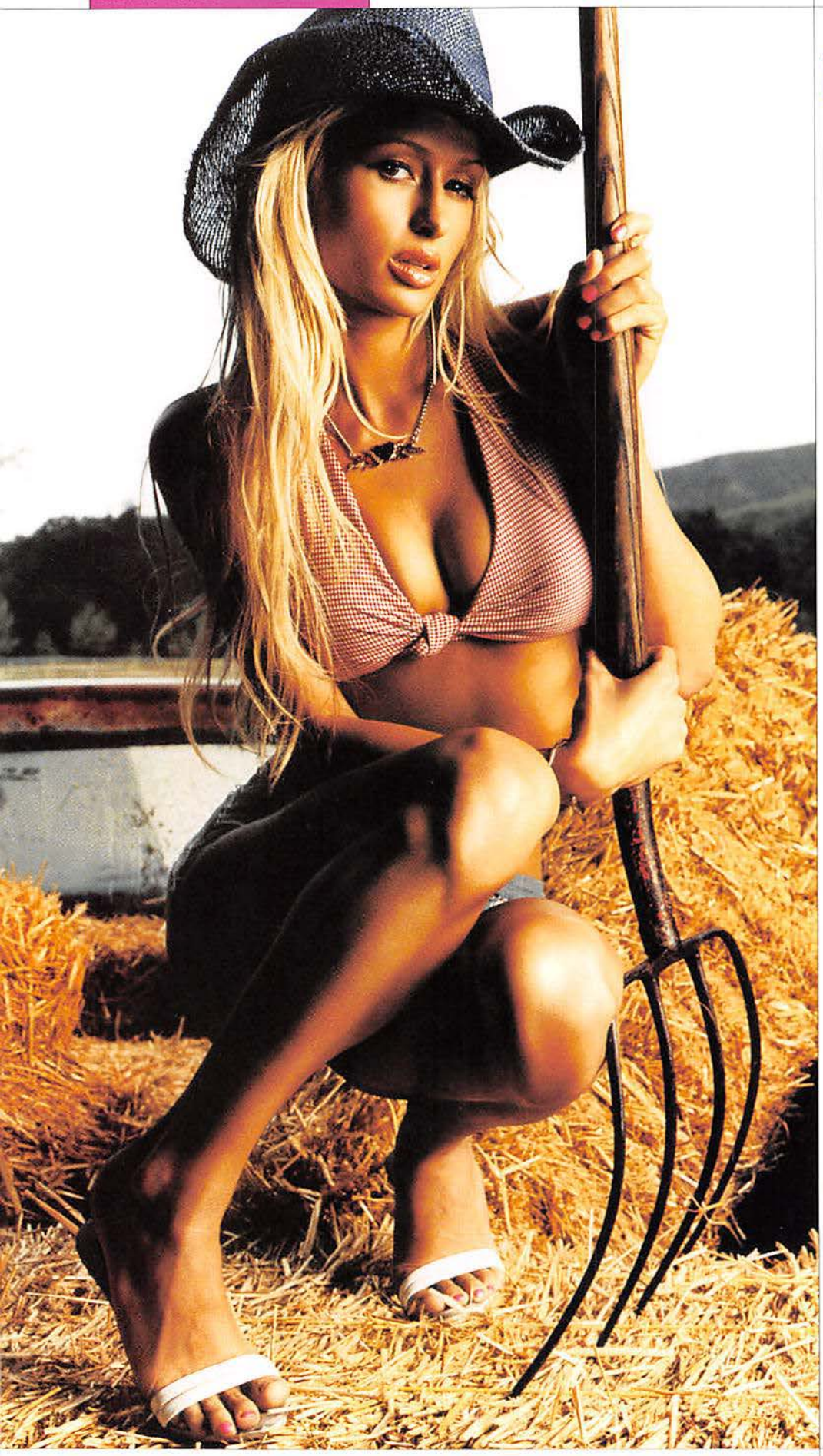

MAXIM
Girls Gone Wild Kingdom
High-society millionaires Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie are getting down 'n' dirty on a farm. Finally, reality TV that makes sense!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



URBAN COWGIRLS

Paris & Nicole

It's about time someone made a show with a premise aimed specifically at twisted, bitter guys like us. Fox's *The Simple Life* sends two superhot, filthy-rich big-city debutantes to live with an Arkansas farming family, totally cut off from everything (money, cell phones, butlers, their self-respect) and forces them to interact with—*gasp!*—common folk and mangy farm animals.

Paris Hilton (as in the $3.8-billion-a-year Hilton hotel fortune) and Nicole Richie (daughter of Lionel "Say You, Say Me" Richie) agreed to be the show's first guinea pigs, sacrificing five weeks of their dream lives for our viewing pleasure. Among other indignities, both will have to take minimum-wage jobs, milk cows by hand, and share bathrooms with a multigenerational farm family.

Why take the challenge? "I think the biggest misconception about me is that I'm this spoiled brat," says Paris, who threw no fewer than five 21st birthday parties for herself—one each in New York, Las Vegas, London, Hollywood, and Tokyo. "But I'm not. I'm, like, the total opposite." Though Paris has been known to do anything for publicity, the show's real loose cannon is Nicole, arrested on a heroin charge a mere six months ago. "I'm really bad sometimes," she admits. "I'm impulsive and always tempted to do things I'm not supposed to do. So I can totally see myself getting into trouble on the show."

Still, both ladies have their limits. Paris, who's bringing racks of designer clothes, swears she won't kill anything, even a chicken. Nicole draws the line elsewhere. "It may never come to this," explains Nicole, who's rumored to have mixed it up in a local bar fight, "but I won't do anything sexual. Especially with farm animals."

With the folks at Fox in charge, she should put that in her contract.

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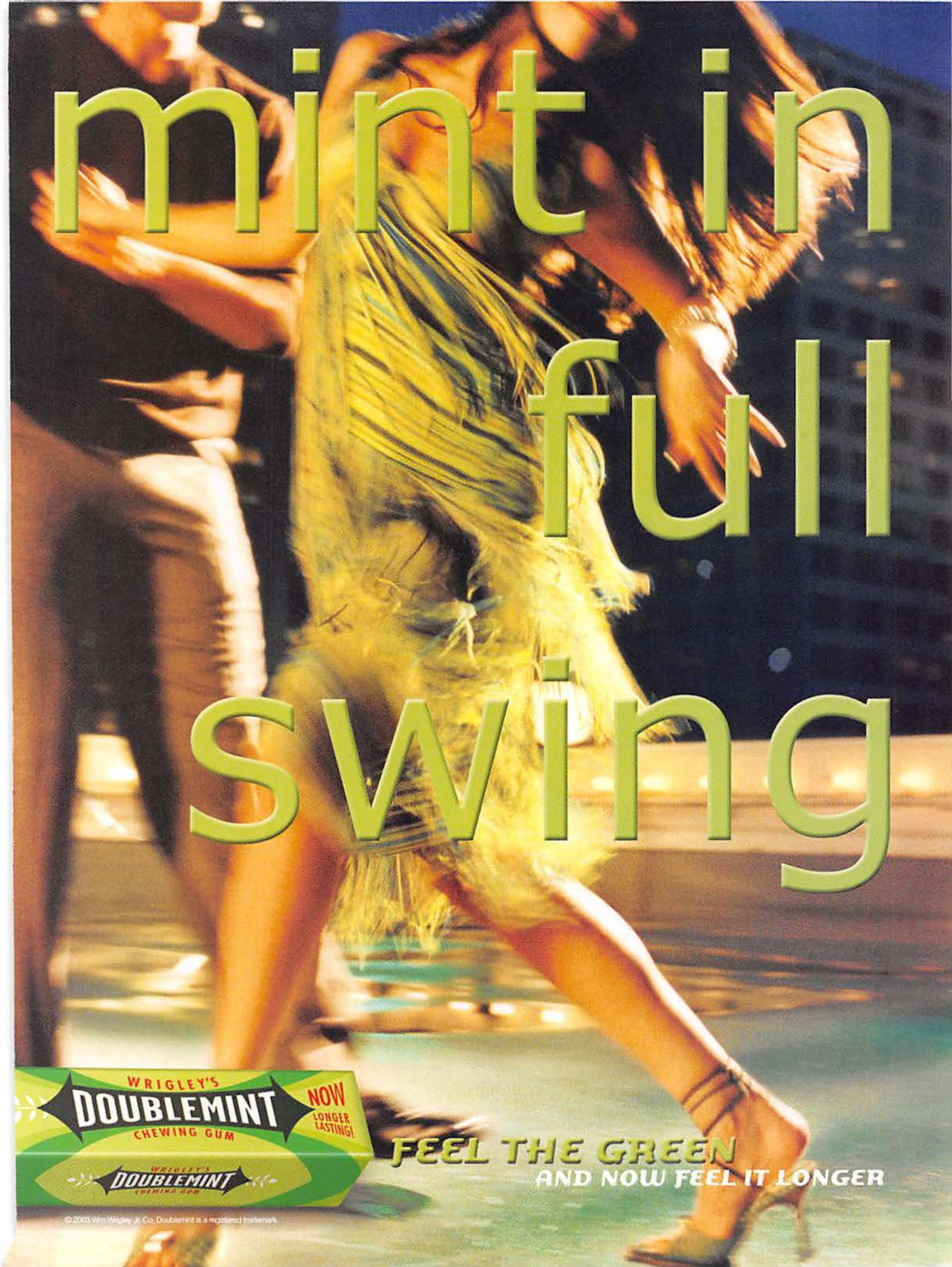
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

'I love animals, I hate dead things, and I won't play with poop,' says Paris.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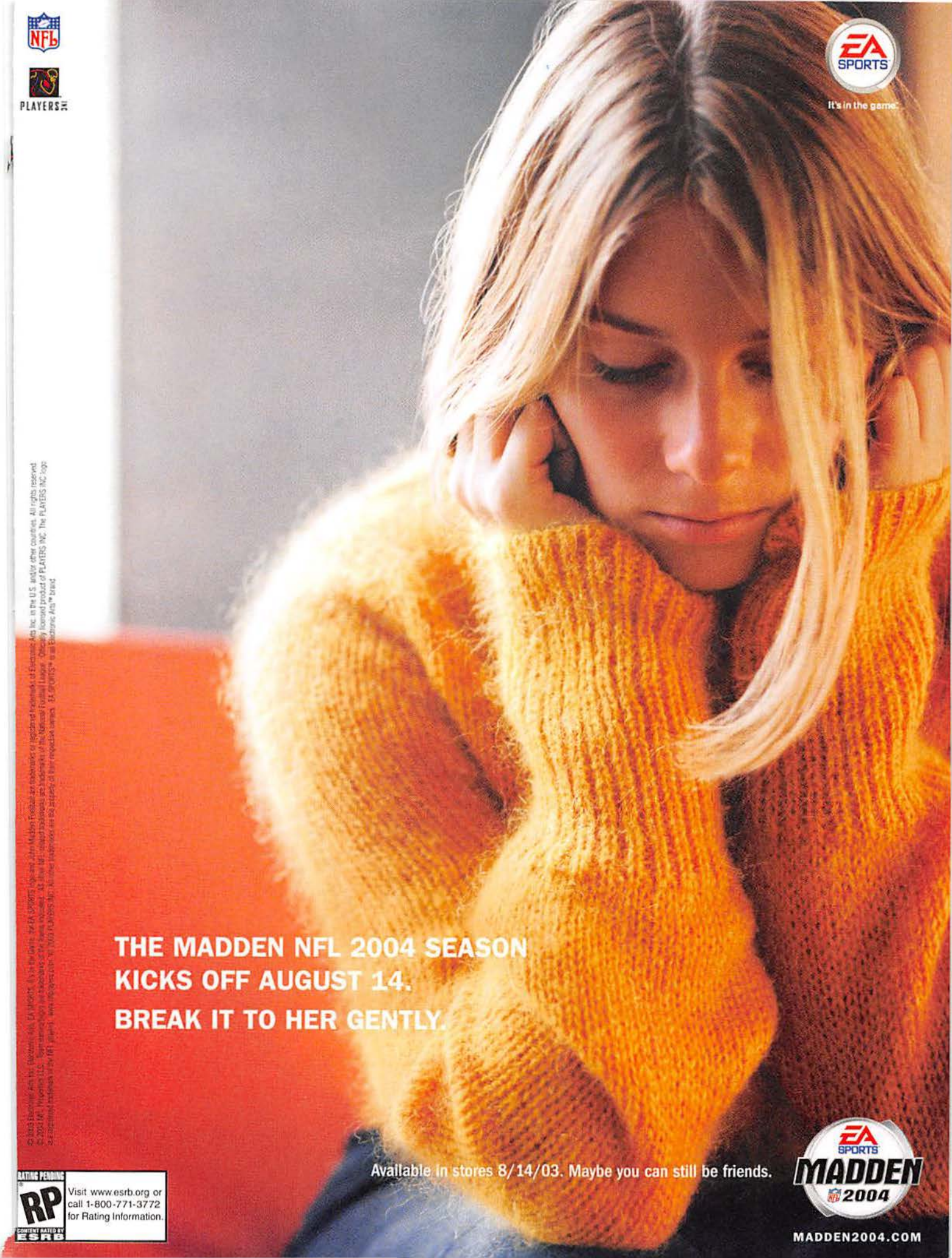
'I won't do anything sexual, especially with farm animals,' says Nicole.

Maxim subscribers see video and more photos in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Suzie Hardy; hair, Steven Lake for Luxe; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe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How do you want to look today? August 2003

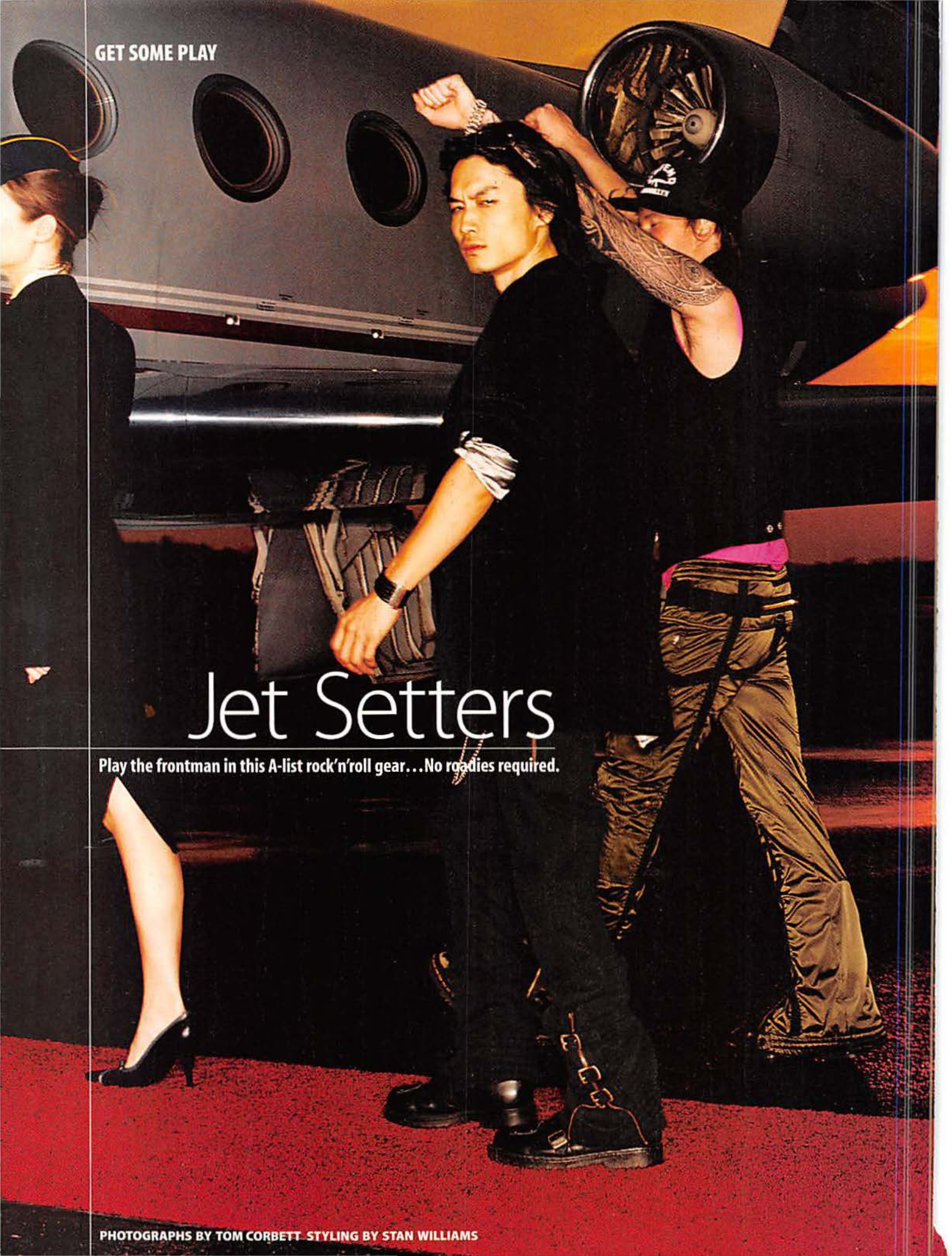
MaximWear

Undercover Case

When you've absolutely gotta sneak out of Dodge, we've got your bags. And we didn't see nuthin'. **(from left)** Travel bags, **$250, $170,** and **$200,** all by Gravis.

For buying information, see page 198.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS STEIN



Jet Setters

Play the frontman in this A-list rock'n'roll gear…No roadies required.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT STYLING BY STAN WILLIAMS

Big Takeoff

(from left) Smoking jacket, **$3,395,** and pants with side zip and buckles, **$895,** both by Dolce & Gabbana; sunglasses, **$210,** by Alain Mikli; cuff, **$165,** by Manacles; boots, model's own. T-shirt, **$175,** and nylon pants, **$610,** both by JPG Jeans; denim vest, **$96,** by Levi's; boots, **$180,** by Dr. Martens; wide link bracelet, **$1,140,** by A&G; hat, model's own. Embellished muscle shirt, **$985,** gold pants, **$920,** and eagle belt, **$285,** all by Dsquared²; leather harness boots, **$109,** by Durango Boot; silver buckle bracelet, **$290,** by A&G; cuff and sunglasses, model's own. **On women, from left:** Suit by Dolce & Gabbana; scarf and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo. Leather vest, pants, and men's belt, **$230,** all by Dsquared²; sunglasses, **$335,** by Oliver Peoples; boots, model's own.

Flight Club

(from left) ED UP T-shirt, **$22**, by X-Large; X-Rotuck jeans, **$189**, by Diesel; leather harness boots, **$109**, by Durango Boot; cross necklace, **$1,150**, by A&G; belt and cuff, model's own. T-shirt, **$175**, and nylon pants, **$610**, both by JPG Jeans; denim vest, **$96**, by Levi's; skull cap, **$24**, by Buffalo; boots, **$180**, by Dr. Martens; wide link bracelet, **$1,140**, and large cross bracelet, **$890**, both by A&G. **On her:** Skirt suit by Dolce & Gabbana; shirt by Calvin Klein; scarf and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo.

Champagne courtesy of Dom Perignon

Ax Men

(from left) Leather uniform jacket, **$450**, by Cloak; pants, **$175**, by VGRANTHAM; boots, **$180**, by Dr. Martens; sunglasses, **$335**, by Oliver Peoples. Crown velvet blazer, **$750**, by Ted Baker Global; T-shirt, **$80**, by Moschino Jeans Uomo; Da Vinci jeans, **$169**, by Jean Paul Da'mage; cuff, **$75**, by DieselStyleLab; Celtic leather chain, **$575**, by A&G; necklace, **$75**, by Manacles; boots, model's own.

Styling assistance, Maria Ruocco; prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; hair, Sandrine Van Slee for CMI; makeup, Rimmi Yip for CMI. Model: Anton Newmann. Tee (r): Mambo. Pants: Cheap Monday. Girls: Ashley and Annalyce (l) (r).

Airplay

(this page) Skull tank, $60, by A&G; button-down shirt, $255, by DieselStyleLab; X-Roth-X jeans, $189, by Diesel; belt and cuff, model's own. On bed: Suit by Dolce & Gabbana; scarf and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo.

(opposite page, clockwise from top) Velvet blazer, $575, by Pringle of Scotland; T-shirt, $110, by DieselStyleLab; jeans with dragon embroidery, $300, by Moschino Jeans Uomo; leather bracelet, $165, by Manacles; Celtic leather necklace, $575, by A&G.

Red Sid vintage denim jacket, $348, by Keanan Duffty; leather tearaway pants, $465, by Cover; wide link bracelet, $1,140, by A&G.

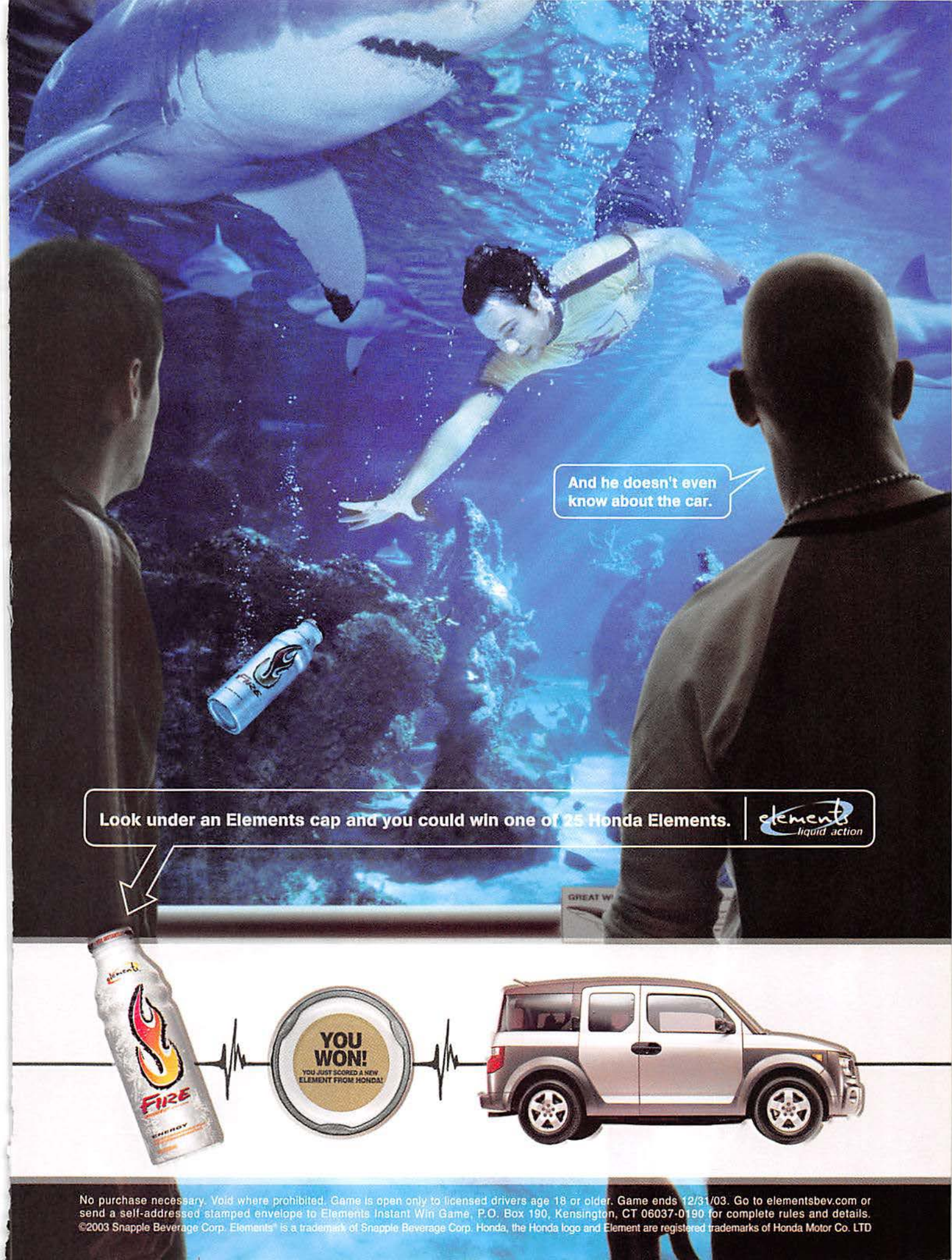
Cotton/leather appliquéd tank, $96, by Keanan Duffty; leather jacket, $547, by VGRANTHAM; cracked suede pants, $845, by JPG Jeans; cross necklace, $1,150, by A&G; leather harness boots, $109, by Durango Boot; belt, model's own.

On women, from top: Suit by Dolce & Gabbana; shirt by Calvin Klein; scarf and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo. Jacket by Dsquared²; skirt by Armani Jeans; gloves by A|X Armani Exchange.

Sky High

(from left) Shirt, **$985,** gold pants, **$920,** and eagle belt, **$285,** all by Dsquared²; cross necklace, **$1,150,** by A&G; cuff and sunglasses, model's own. **On her:** Jacket, pants, and men's belt, **$230,** all by Dsquared²; sunglasses, **$335,** by Oliver Peoples.

G500 Mercedes-Benz courtesy of Mercedes Benz. Special thanks to Keystone Aviation Services, Connecticut (www.keystoneaviation.com).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Tank, $60, by A&G; pants, $920, and belt, $285, both by Dsquared²; sunglasses, $300, by Paul Smith Spectacles; cross necklace, $1,150, and silver buckle bracelet, $290, both by A&G; cuffs, model's own.

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Here's how to improve your first impression, from ugly head to smelly toe.

1. Hair and body wash, **$15,** by Op Blend
2. Sport X-Treme Hold high-endurance gel, **$3,** by L.A. Looks
3. Algae facial cleanser, **$20,** by Anthony Logistics
4. Alcohol-free styling gel, **$6,** by Clubman Pinaud
5. Lemon Essential preshave oil, **$22,** by the Art of Shaving
6. Ocean shampoo, **$15,** by John Allan's
7. Invigorating body shampoo, **$13,** by Aramis
8. Citrus-blend body cleansing gel, **$16,** by Anthony Logistics
9. Mint conditioner, **$17,** by John Allan's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAWTON

For buying information, see page 198.

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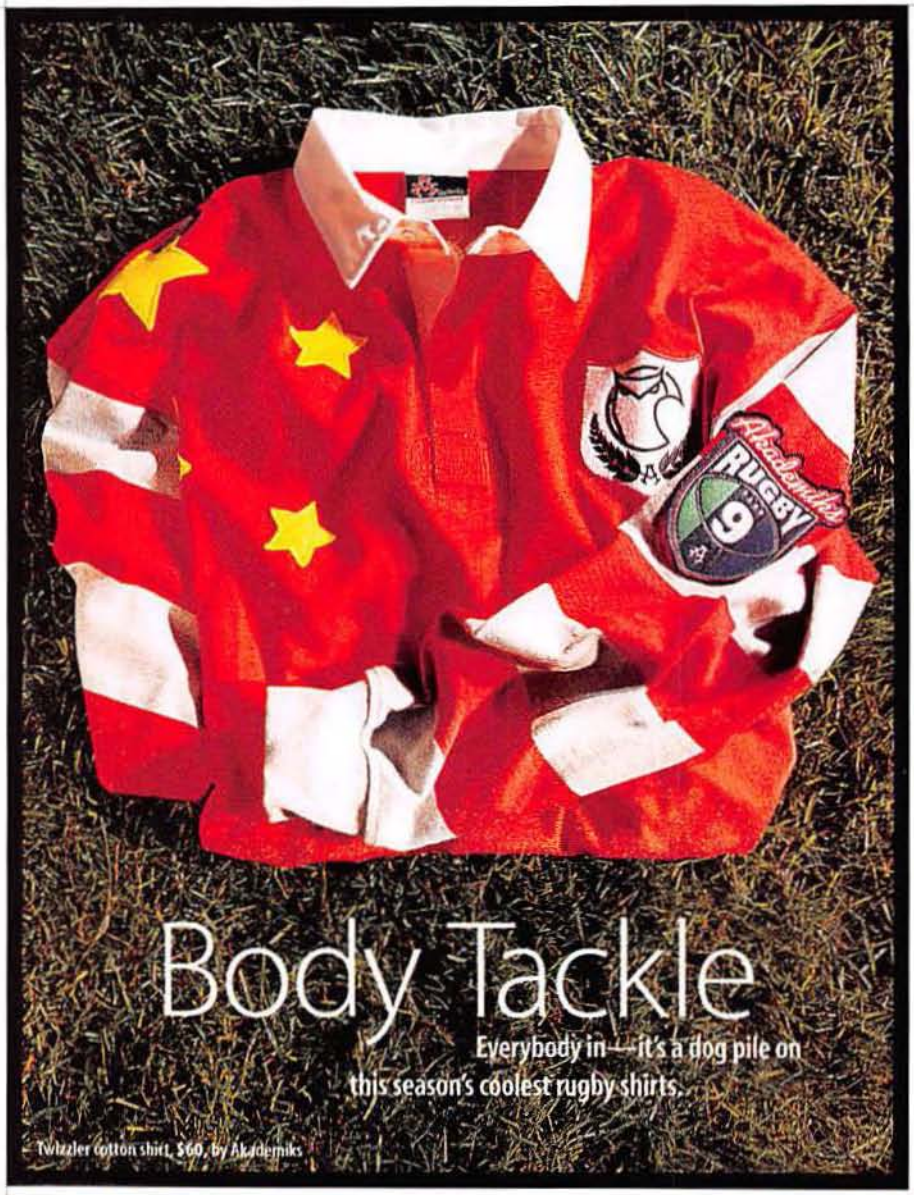


Body Tackle

Everybody in—it's a dog pile on this season's coolest rugby shirts.

Twizzler cotton shirt, $60, by Akademiks

Vintage jersey rugby, $50, by Nautica Jeans Company

Bremner rugby shirt, $120, by Pringle of Scotland

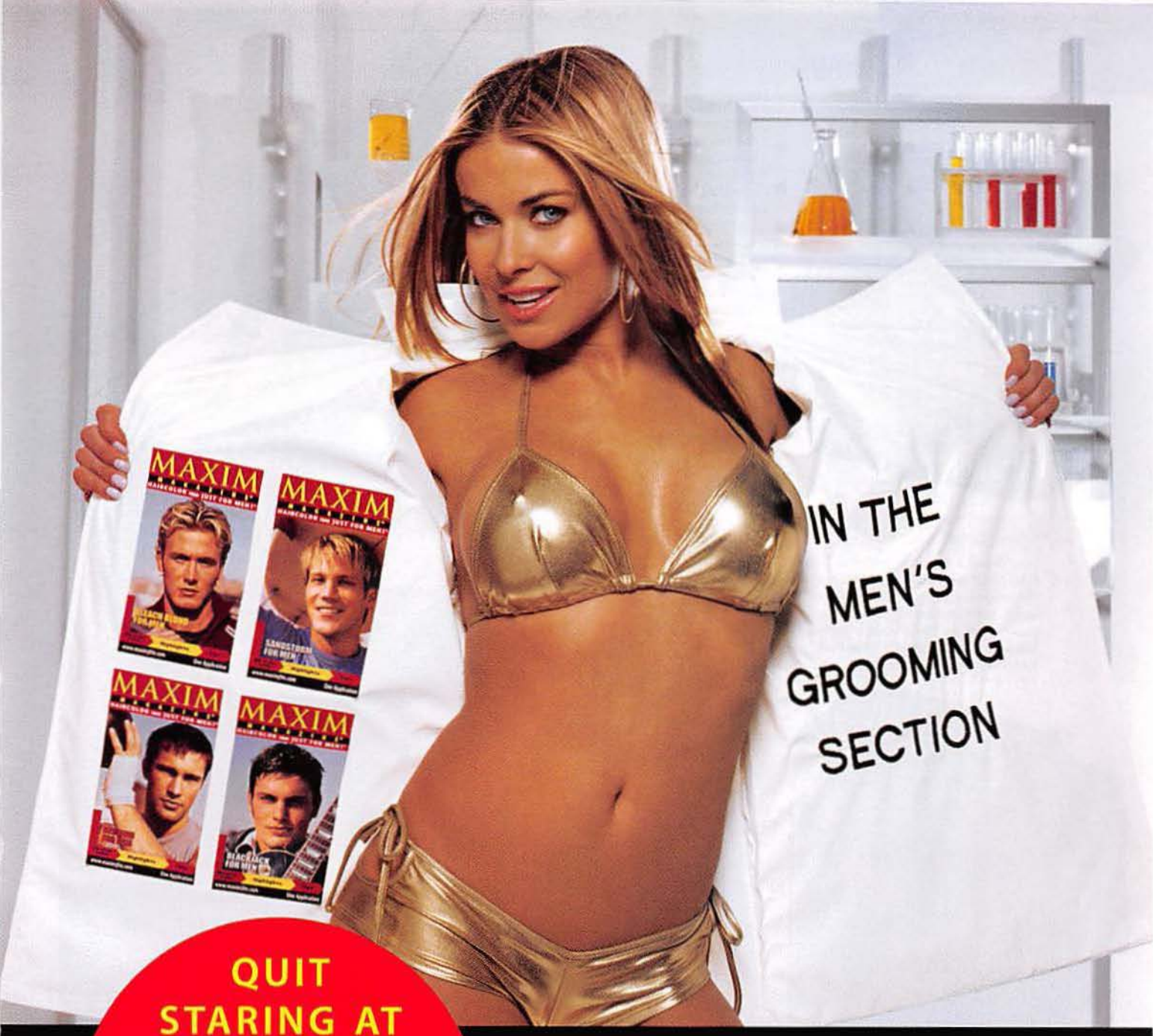
Mixture rugby shirt, $80, by Polo by Ralph Lauren

Cotton striped rugby, $58, by Mecca

Striped rugby shirt, $58, by J.Crew

For buying information, see page 198.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN KLUTCH



QUIT STARING AT THE MAXIM BOXES AND PAY ATTENTION TO CARMEN.

Here's a flash from Carmen Electra: "Girls love guys with great hair like guys love girls in thongs. And now, it's really **EASY** for guys to get the look that girls love. Try Maxim Haircolor. You can get highlights. Tips. All over color. Check out how easy it is to do at www.maximjfm.com."

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Spin Cycle

Scratch out a new look with this DJ bag from Loop. It's made to haul discs to the turntable, but use it to pack your lunch, stow your beach towel, or just make other DJs think you got game. Get yours for $50 at Star Treatment in Van Nuys, CA and Show, L.A.

Big Time

If you're looking for a monster watch, this half-globe crystal timepiece by Locman is the beast for you. The Luna comes in 10 colors with matching alligator straps and sells for $450 at Mayors, FL and Bassano Jewelry, N.Y.C., or call 888-5LOCMAN.

Style Guide

Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.

Chill, Baby

Wear the new Aramis Cool fragrance and you'll soon have her body a-shiverin'. Stir up a bottle for $39 at better department stores, such as Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue.

Nice Tee

Flaunt your benevolent side with T-shirts from Peace Agent. Show her your WEAPON OF MASS AFFECTION logo and you might just save yourself a dozen roses and a candlelight dinner. Get yours for $19.95 at peaceagent.com.

Take the feeling of clean to the extreme.

Micro-Active Foam showers your whole mouth as it seeks out germs that can cause bad breath...then rinses clean away, leaving only a cool tingling sensation that just won't quit!

New EXTREME CLEAN® from AQUAFRESH®

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This Month's **Label**

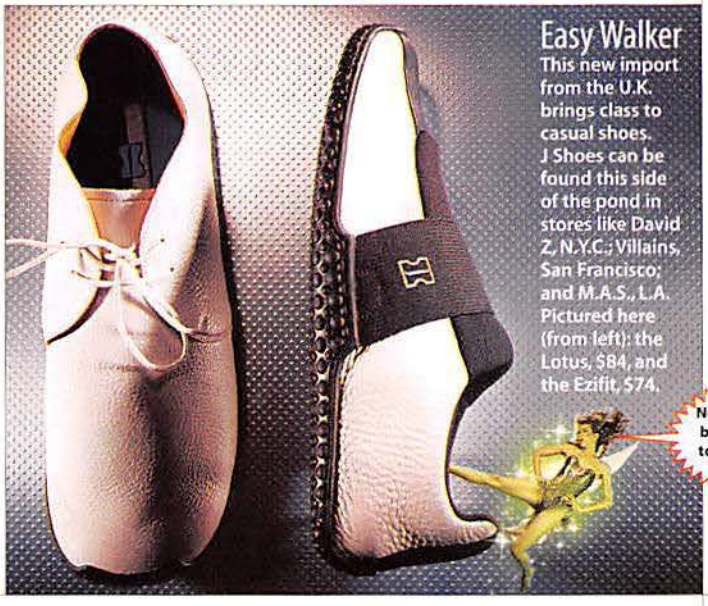
Frisco skateboard star Mark Gonzales is sporting a new apparel line. Each piece is dyed, then sun-bleached for five days and mud-cured for three weeks. (When we tried that, our girlfriend bolted.) Dig some up, $125 to $375, at Barneys New York.

Between the Seams ▶

The pennant races are now in full swing, so gear up in new Louisville Slugger threads from GIII Sports. The line includes sweats, Tees, and outerwear, priced from $10 to $105. Step up to the plate at specialty stores like Total Sports and Dr. Jays.

Wild Thangs

If you're looking for a scent that doesn't cost a lot but really drives her wild, check out the new Coty Wild fragrances for men. They come in three degrees of wilditude—spice, citrus, and woods—and can be corralled for $10 a pop at mass retailers everywhere.



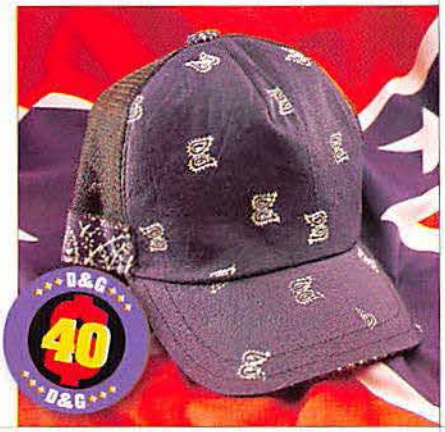
Easy Walker

This new import from the U.K. brings class to casual shoes. J Shoes can be found this side of the pond in stores like David Z, N.Y.C.; Villains, San Francisco; and M.A.S., L.A. Pictured here (from left): the Lotus, $84, and the Ezifit, $74.

Not my size, but I'd love to meet the owner

Name Your **Price**

Breaker one-nine, good buddy…now pull that big rig right over and grab yourself one of these bad-ass trucker-style caps from O'Neill, X-Large, or D&G.



For buying information, see page 198.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN KLUTCH

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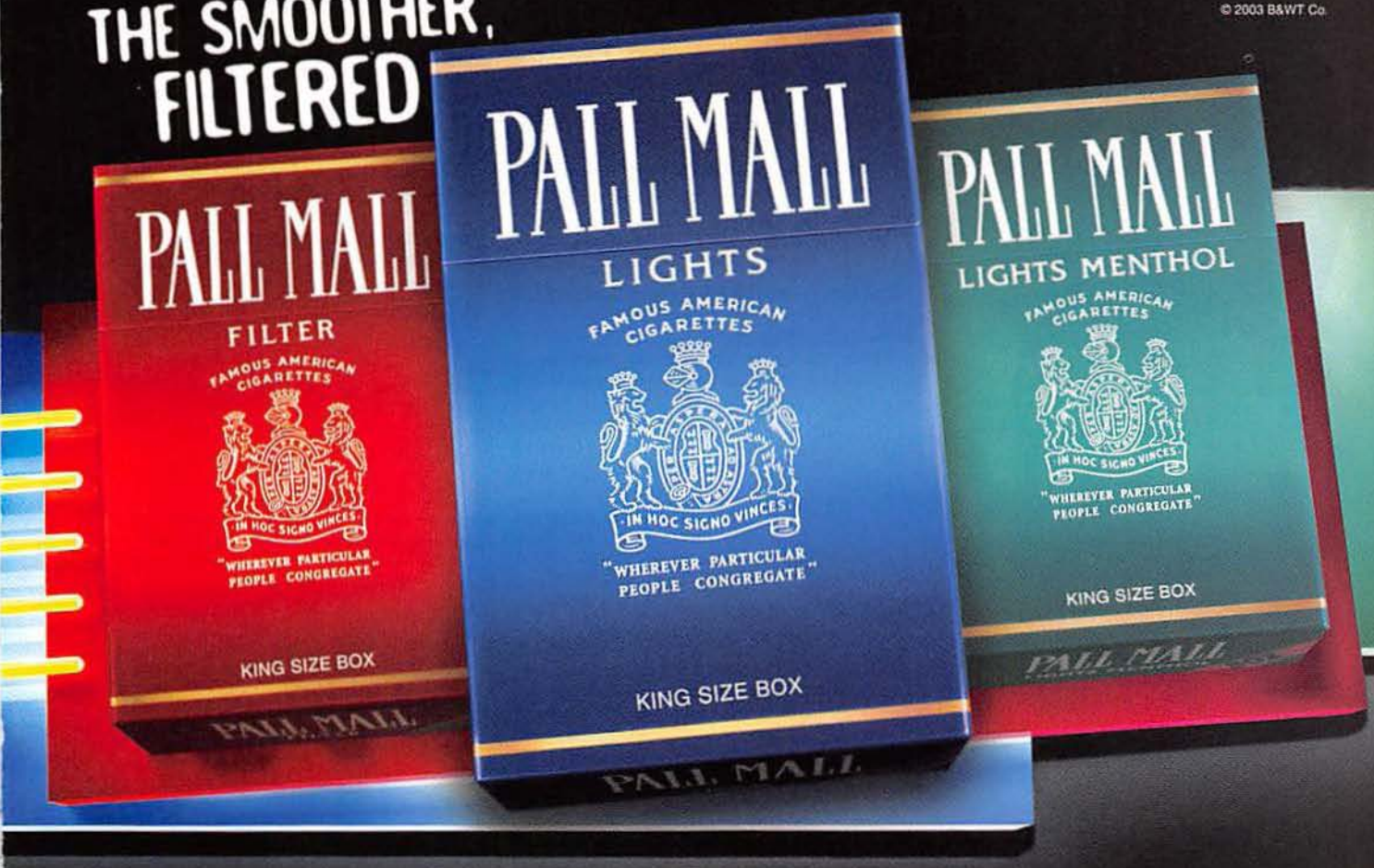
THE SMOOTHER, FILTERED



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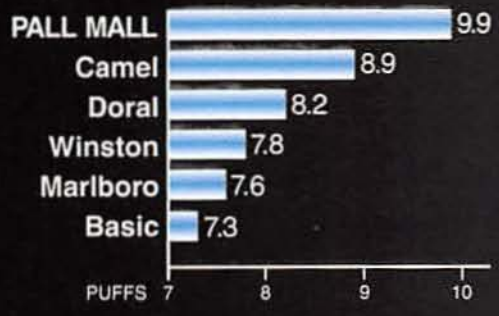

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DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER? *Of course it does!*

BREAKTHROUGH PENIS ENLARGEMENT METHOD

The **MAGNA-RX+** *Penis Enlargement System* is the easiest, fastest and safest doctor-recommended way to add 2", 3", even 5" to your penis. In just a few short weeks, you and your lover will be amazed as you watch your penis become bigger, thicker and harder. No penis enlargement system, pump or pill is easier to use, works faster, or is more effective than the **MAGNA-RX+** *Penis Enlargement Formula.*

REAL DOCTORS, REAL SCIENCE, AND REAL RESULTS!

THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA

In the past year, demand for **MAGNA-RX+** has exploded as word of mouth spreads about what medical experts have called the world's most powerful *Penis Enlargement Formula.* Dr. George Aguilar has led a dedicated team of accomplished biochemists working in one of this country's most state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories to create **MAGNA-RX+**. The result of their diligent, disciplined work is a proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like you, who want bigger, thicker penises... FAST!

See what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: **MAGNA-RX+** is the world's #1 best-selling *Penis Enlargement Formula* for one very simple reason: *IT WORKS!*

MORE INTENSE ORGASMS

Only **MAGNA-RX+** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked *Orgasmic Thrust Activation* process. Not only do **MAGNA-RX+** users report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the unparalleled intensity, concentrated power and mind-blowing energy of their orgasms! And their very satisfied lovers love it, too!

100% NATURAL

By using this proven formula daily, patients have dramatically increased their penis size by *2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks.* And, best of all, **MAGNA-RX+**'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. This clean, simple formula requires no prescription.

A 60-DAY SUPPLY LASTS A LIFETIME!

The **MAGNA-RX+** formula is so powerful, so effective and so complete, you will *NEVER* have to purchase more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. Dr. Aguilar has focused on getting the best results as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the **MAGNA-RX+** system, you can *skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less with nothing else to buy ever again.*

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the **MAGNA-RX+** *Penis Enlargement Formula* once a day for three to five weeks and you will:

- *Increase penis size by two to five full inches*
- *Enjoy a thicker, fuller penis*
- *Experience more confidence and self-esteem*
- *Satisfy your lover like never before*

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE (A $60 SAVINGS!)

Need another reason to try **MAGNA-RX+**? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* **MAGNA-RX+** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply. *But if you order now, we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!* Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to five full inches for less than a $1.00 a day!

WHAT DO OUR CLIENTS SAY?

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

"I've been using your product for two months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2"."
–WB, Washington, DC

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just three weeks!" –VW, Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know... she thinks it's natural!"
–TM, Oklahoma

"I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more."
–RC, South Carolina

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SATIVOL

Tests Prove: A Sex Solution For Men And Women!

This amazing pill gets everyone ready to go! The secret is an enzyme found only in certain grasses. It works on the libido centers of the brain. A manufactured, highly-concentrated dose of that enzyme has a pronounced effect on humans!

Safe And Proven Effective!

Sativol was found effective in two research studies, proving it measurably increased horniness, erections, and pleasure.

- Enjoy big, powerful, throbbing, erections with no letdown
- Enjoy a horny feeling of wanting sex more often
- Enjoy a renewed sex life at any age (providing reasonable health)
- Enjoy women who are once again eager to be sexually active

Regularly $75.00 **60 CAPSULES ONLY $49.95**

MOTIVATOR

Motivate her with just one of these tablets (use as directed and with her permission), giving her intense sexual feelings in about five minutes. Best of all, the effect lasts for a passionate half-hour! You'll find the effect of these tablets is irresistible. Motivator will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989.

24 TABLETS FOR $12.00

POWER PILLS

Endurance in a bottle from Peter North (Matt Ramsey). "My private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." Known for his sexual endurance in take after take, he personally perfected highly-concentrated doses of ingredients to maintain his supercharged performances. You can have a sustained erection and climax control just like Peter. 87% of our customers reorder!

30 TABLETS FOR $18.00
SAVE! 120 TABLETS ONLY $35.00

THE ECONOMY PACK GIVES YOU:

60 MAGNA-RX+, 60 SATIVOL,
24 MOTIVATOR, 30 POWER PILLS

Regularly $139.90
All For Only
$89.95
SAVE $49.95!

THE DOCTOR BEHIND MAGNA-RX+

The genius behind MAGNA-RX+ is Dr. George Aguilar, MD, a Board Certified Urologist who has treated over 70,000 patients suffering erectile problems. He is a member of both the College of Urology and the Society of Urology, and the director of 46 urologists. He is also the former president of his state's Society of Urologists. After more than seven years of diligent research and testing, Dr. Aguilar made the amazing discovery now known as MAGNA-RX+: a powerful, reliable, 100% natural, Penis Enlargement Formula.

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE ANYTIME: 1-800-227-0009

Send to: **RIGHT CHOICE LABORATORIES** DEPT. MX-083, PO BOX 10132, VAN NUYS, CA 91409-0132

Please ship me the following items:

- ☐ **MAGNA-RX+** (2 months supply) **$59.95**
- ☐ **SATIVOL** (60 capsules) **$49.95**
- ☐ **MOTIVATOR** (24 tablets) **$12.00**
- ☐ **POWER PILLS** (30 tablets) **$18.00**
- ☐ **POWER PILLS** (120 tablets) **$35.00**

SAVE $49.95 ON THE ECONOMY PACK!

- ☐ **Send me MAGNA-RX+ (2 months supply), 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator, 30 Power Pills** *all for only* **$89.95**

I enclose $_____ ☐Check ☐M/O ☐Cash

Charge it: ☐VISA ☐M/C ☐AMEX ☐DISC Exp. Date_____

Acct #_____

Signature X_____

CALL 1-800-227-0009 • FAX 1-818-991-0462

Total Purchase	$_____
CA Residents ADD Sales Tax	$_____
Shipping Via Priority Mail or FedEx	$ 6.95
ADD $2 for RUSH Service	$_____
Foreign Orders ADD $10 S&H *Remit in US funds*	$_____
TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED	$_____

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City/State/ZIP_____

WWW.RIGHTCHOICELABS.COM

Contents

Everything you need to keep your life from sucking!

Grab Bag
A smoke-ring gun and a wrist-top fish finder! **p.194**

According to Gorp
Take a hike. But first browse our camping gear picks… **p.196**

Top Gear

LIVE TO RIDE
BIG SHOT
RIDE TO MEET HOT CHICKS IN BIKINIS

"Lady, are you done buffing the seat? Sheesh!"

One torque over the line

Smoking pipe!

Show me your pixie stick first.

WHEELIE COOL

It's a fact: Women like big, powerful things between their legs.

"Whose motorcycle is this?" It's a chopper, baby. Anyone with a Y chromosome can place the quote and appreciate its message: A bike is transportation, but a chopper is a way of life. With a low-slung seat and a raked front fork, this American-made beauty from Big Dog Motorcycles pimp-slaps imported crotch rockets right off the blacktop. But looks aren't everything; that's a 1,750 cc V-twin motor and a six-speed tranny, which in English means this rumbler will run the quarter-mile in 12 seconds. *(bigdogmotorcycles.com, $30,000)*

Photographs, Mark Mann; set design, Chelsea Maruskin for Art House; styling, Tiffany Pentz; makeup, Wendy Brown; hair, Laura Nakamoto for artistsbytimothypriano.com

GRAB BAG

There are some things in life that money can't buy. . . crappy, pointless things, for the most part.

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR

1

2

3

4

INVADER ($180)
Frag your friends on company time in 4.1 surround sound. This self-powered 80-watt system renders all the shrieks and growls in your games with amazing clarity. And damned if they ain't purty. *(jblinvader.com)*

ZERO BLASTER ($20)
"C'mon over, baby, and I'll show you my toroidal vortex." If that line doesn't get you a second look, she's deaf. Using the same fog fluid found in special-effects smoke machines, the blaster fires smoke rings up to 14 feet away. They illustrate the principle of toroidal vortices, the swirling wind patterns that can grow up to become deadly tornadoes. But relax; these li'l twisters are safe and nontoxic. And if you're baked enough, they contain great meaning. *(zerotoys.com)*

1. OPALESCENCE NOW ($40–$100)
You've bought those do-it-yourself teeth-whitening kits before. They're tedious and time-consuming, sometimes requiring several weeks of treatment before results are visible. And that's if you can get the dog to keep the damn thing in his mouth for weeks on end—no small feat. Professional whitening's no help; it can easily cost more than a new, cleaner dog. But Ultradent, which makes custom-fit whitening trays for the pro market, now offers a one-size-fits-all system for home use. Each syringe contains a premixed peroxide formula to whiten teeth in days rather than weeks. Now stay. Good boy. *(ultradent.com)*

2. SMARTCAST FISHFINDER ($90)
Oh, yah, sure, the crappies are bitin'. But for gosh sakes, wouldn't ya just give yer darn eyeteeth to know where? You could use sonar to find out the depth and bottom contour and where the fish are, but bulky systems like that are usually found only on boats. Until now. This wristwatch receiver lets you use the same technology from any comfy spot along the bank, or paddle right out into the company koi pond. Those stupid fish will never hear you coming. *(humminbird.com)*

3. WIRELESS NETWORK ($75)
You're living the wired home dream. Your PC is the center of an entertainment and productivity powerhouse, bringing every room within easy reach of the Web . . . and burying you in coaxial cable. Cut the cord with Microsoft's broadband network. This notebook adapter and wireless base station let you waste your time in record time—up to 11 Mbps.—and you won't hang yourself with the co-ax. *(microsoft.com)*

4. QUIETCOMFORT 2 HEADPHONES ($299)
Bad food, contemptuous service, and fat row mates all contribute to the soul-destroying punishment that is modern air travel. But the worst offender of all is also the subtlest: Cabin noise can turn the mellowest frequent flyer into a dead-eyed rage puppet. Get your head inside these noise-canceling headphones—a step up from Bose's original pioneering design—and make the world go away. Until people come with mute buttons, this is the best option available. *(bose.com)*

5. VL-Z7U CAMCORDER ($900)
Your own vile personal habits notwithstanding, most people use camcorders at outdoor events like picnics, vacations, and ball games, where bright sunlight makes a typical LCD viewfinder useless. New technology in this palm-size mini-DV cam throws a brighter image from the 2.5-inch screen, so you can frame your treasured moments under any conditions. Just ask those hitchhikers for proof of age before you roll tape. *(sharpusa.com)*

6. LITECUBES ($13–$18 for four)
Don't drink alone in the dark. Light up your glass with these freezable plastic ice cubes. Powered by a tiny battery, they'll give your drink the same inner glow it gives you. *(glowcube.com)*

PITCH PERFECT Unfurl the wind-tunnel-tested Raptor 2 ($250) and be the envy of scouts everywhere. This two-man tent employs Kelty's trademark Webforce tendon technology to withstand Mother Nature's worst shitstorms. Also shown: Mountainsmith's Cypher ($380, blue) and Vision ($300, silver) sleeping bags. *(kelty.com; mountainsmith.com)*

LIGHT SWITCHER When darkness falls and the forest comes alive with the sounds of wailing wolves and sniggering mountain men in search of tail, you'll be glad you packed a Stretch Light. "Who the fuck's there?" Just slide open the anodized aluminum shell to release 360 degrees of LED light; or slide it shut and twist the cap to use it as a simple flashlight. Its base and cap are made of a shock- and water-resistant polymer and it can operate for 100 hours on three AAA batteries, so the Stretch Light won't conk out like ordinary flashlights. . . when the locals come a-hog-callin'. *(essentialgear.com)*

WHEN NATURE CALLS...

Take on the great outdoors! Thanks to the latest advances in camping technology, you can blaze uncharted trails, set up camp, and grill five-pound T-bone steaks any-damn-where you please.

BY ROB BERNSTEIN PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLIN COOKE

TAKE A HIKE The Peak Bagger from CamelBak ($100; in blue) can lug enough gear, clothing, and gorp for a one-day ascent and still have space for all your inflatable friends. Easily accessed mesh side pouches are perfect for storing any smokable flora you might find on the way up, and a built-in three-liter hydration pack is ready to dispense life-giving fluid when the thirst kicks in. Also shown: CamelBak Ares day pack ($100) and FlashFlo hydration fanny pack ($40); Lowa Arko GTX Hiking Boots ($190); and MSR Tracks Travel Staffs ($65 each). *(camelpak.com; lowaboots.com; msrcorp.com)*

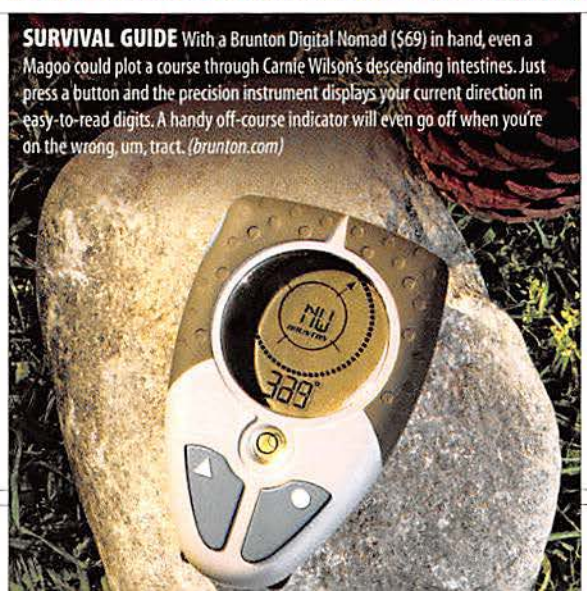
YOUR MOOSE IS COOKED Way to go, shooter. You just blew Bullwinkle's brains out, and without a hunting permit. That'll cost you $100 in fines. . . unless, of course, you can dispose of the evidence in a hurry. Hungry? The Coleman RoadTrip Grill ($179) with foldaway stand can easily charbroil your game with its 20,000 BTUs of cooking power. This portable furnace takes a 16.4-ounce propane cylinder (not included) and boasts 285 square inches of grill space, with handy mix-and-match surfaces (grill, griddle, and stove). The lid is also detachable to accommodate mammoth-size pots, pans, and antlers. And a removable grease pan lets you clean up in a hurry, which is good news. . . 'cause it won't be long before your achy colon starts sounding moose calls. *(coleman.com)*

HATCHET JOB Whether you're chopping kindling for the evening's namby-pamby s'morefest or hacking through an arm that's become impossibly wedged beneath a 500-pound boulder (that'll leave a mark!), be thankful you packed your Gerber Sport Utility Pack ($250). This indispensable, all-in-one tool kit includes a foldable saw and spade, a flashlight, a first-aid pouch, and a multitool with blades, screwdrivers, pliers, wire cutter, and the most important camping tool of all. . . a bottle opener. But the pack's real show-stopper is its Finnish-engineered Back Paxe hatchet, made from forged steel and sharp as an, er, ax. The whole shebang folds up into a 12"x11"x3" rugged polyester travel case, with kung fu Velcro grips. Nice package! *(gerberblades.com)*

GLOBAL DOMINATION Is your gal skittish about camping in those dark, creepy woods just yonder? Maybe you shouldn't have coerced her into watching *The Hills Have Eyes Part 2*, cinematic masterpiece or not. Assuage her fears by giving her a Garmin Rino 120 ($250), a combo two-way radio and GPS receiver that'll electronically tether her to you at all times. As a radio, the Rino can transmit voice messages over a five-mile expanse anywhere in the world. As a GPS device, it can pinpoint the location of another Rino user (within 20 to 40 feet) via satellite technology. And with its 8 MB of internal memory, you can also upload directions to city streets, campsites, and other areas of interest. Hey, whaddaya know, this map says you're tromping near a local strip club. Did we mention that the Rino also comes with a handy on/off switch? *(garmin.com)*

WATT ON EARTH! Fresh air, furry little creatures, and the sweet smell of horseflies crackling on an open bug zapper. Ah, nature. With the Solo 2 portable power unit from Brunton ($949), campers can fire up a 7.5-, 12-, or 110-volt electrical device from any remote location—even Iowa. When fully juiced, this heavy-duty, 17-pound battery runs from two to 64 hours (depending on what's plugged into it) before requiring a full recharge. Of course, that can be accomplished by simply connecting the unit to your gas-guzzling, eco-unfriendly SUV's cigarette lighter. *(brunton.com)*

SURVIVAL GUIDE With a Brunton Digital Nomad ($69) in hand, even a Magoo could plot a course through Carnie Wilson's descending intestines. Just press a button and the precision instrument displays your current direction in easy-to-read digits. A handy off-course indicator will even go off when you're on the wrong, um, tract. *(brunton.com)*



Set design and props, Greg Meyer for Halley Resources

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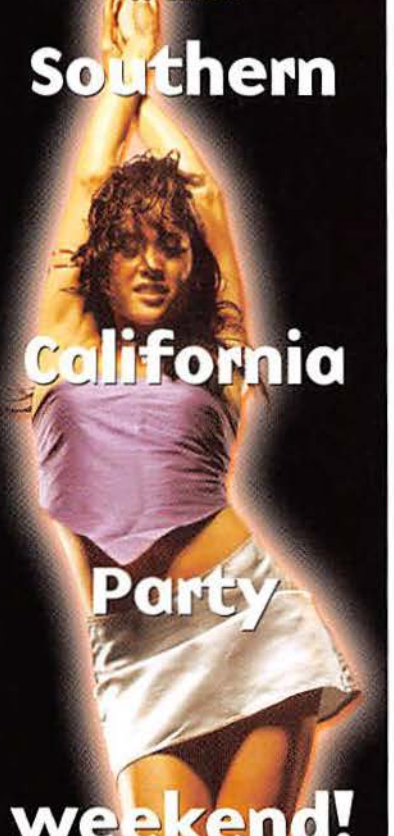
Southern



California

Party

weekend!

That's Las Vegas action, San Diego style.

Harrah's® Oh Yeah! SAN DIEGO

See website for complete sweepstakes rules. MUST BE 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER TO ENTER CONTEST AND FACILITY AND TO GAMBLE. Know When To Stop Before You Start.® Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-522-4700. Owned by the Rincon San Luiseño Band of Mission Indians. Managed by Harrah's Entertainment, Inc. ©2003, Harrah's Operating Company, Inc.

BUYING GUIDE

UNDERCOVER CASE

Page 171: Travel bags, $250, $170, and $200, all by Gravis; call 800-223-7450; or visit gravisfootwear.com.

JET SETTERS

Page 172–173: (from left) Jacket, $3,395, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Dolce & Gabbana stores. Pants, $895, by Dolce & Gabbana, at Neiman Marcus. Shirt, $110, by DieselStyleLab, at DieselStyleLab store, N.Y.C.; and Platinum, Philadelphia. Sunglasses, $210, by Alain Mikli, at Alain Mikli store, N.Y.C.; or call 800-829-8032. Cuff, $165, by Manacles, at Bloomingdale's. T-shirt, $175, by JPG Jeans, at Neo Moda, Miami. Pants, $610, by JPG Jeans, at Lior, Las Vegas. Vest, $96, by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; or visit levi.com. Boots, $180, by Dr. Martens, at 99X, N.Y.C.; and Wayne, L.A.; or call 800-229-1262; or visit drmartens.com. Bracelet, $1,140, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Shirt, $985, pants, $920, and belt, $285, all by Dsquared^2, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Maxfield's, L.A.; and Nida, San Francisco. Boots, $109, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388, or visit durangoboot.com. Bracelet, $290, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. On women: Men's belt, $230, by Dsquared^2, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Maxfield's, L.A.; and Nida, San Francisco. Sunglasses, $335, by Oliver Peoples.

Page 174: (from left) Shirt, $22, by X-Large, at X-Large store, L.A. and N.Y.C.; or visit xlarge.com. Jeans, $185, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Boots, $109, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388; or vnit durangoboot.com. Necklace, $1,150, by A&G, at Barney's New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. T-shirt, $175, by JPG Jeans, at Neo Moda, Miami. Pants, $610, by JPG Jeans, at Lior, Las Vegas. Vest, $96, by Levi's, call 800-USA-LEVI; or visit levi.com. Hat, $24, by Buffalo, at Buffalo store, Cambridge, MA; or call 617-494-1505. Boots, $180, by Dr. Martens, at 99X, N.Y.C.; and Wayne, L.A.; or call 800-229-1262; or visit drmartens.com. Bracelet, $1,140, and bracelet, $890, both by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA.

Page 175: (from left) Jacket, $450, by Cloak, call 212-226-5507. Pants, $175, by VGRANTHAM, at Bloomingdale's. Boots, $180, by Dr. Martens, at 99X, N.Y.C.; and Wayne, L.A.; or call 800-229-1262; or visit drmartens.com. Sunglasses, $335, by Oliver Peoples, visit oliverpeoples.com. Jacket, $750, by Ted Baker Global, at Ted Baker London store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-343-8989. Shirt, $80, by Moschino Jeans Uomo, at Gigio/Raful, N.Y.C.; and Velleriano, Houston. Jeans, $169, by Jean Paul Da'mage, at Blue Genes; Mister; and Posh. Cuff, $75, by DieselStyleLab; at DieselStyleLab store, N.Y.C. Chain, $575, by A&G, at Barney's New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica. Necklace, $75, by Manacles, at Bloomingdale's. Boots, model's own.

Page 176: Jacket, $575, by Pringle of Scotland, at Bloomingdale's; Rolo, San Francisco; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Shirt, $110, by DieselStyleLab, at DieselStyleLab store, N.Y.C.; and Platinum, Philadelphia. Jeans, $300, by Moschino Jeans Uomo Blue, at Macy's East, N.Y.C.; Macy's West, San Francisco; Lee Newman, NJ. Bracelet, $75, by Manacles, at Bloomingdale's. Necklace, $575, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Jacket, $348, by Keanan Duffty, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Atrium, N.Y.C.; Base, Miami Beach; and Rolo, San Francisco. Pants, $465, by Covet, at Bergdorf Goodman; or call 212-529-3195. Boots, $180, by Dr. Martens, at 99X, N.Y.C.; and Wayne, L.A.; or call 800-229-1262; or visit drmartens.com. Bracelet, $1,140, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Tank, $96, by Keanan Duffty, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Atrium, N.Y.C.; Base, Miami Beach; and Rolo, San Francisco. Jacket, $547, by VGRANTHAM, at Bloomingdale's. Pants, $845, by JPG Jeans, at Jean Paul Gaultier store, N.Y.C. Necklace, $1,150, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Boots, $109, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388; or visit durangoboot.com.

Page 177: Tank, $60, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Shirt, $255, by DieselStyleLab, at DieselStyleLab store, N.Y.C. Jeans, $189, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Boots, $180, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388; or visit durangoboot.com.

Page 178: (from left) Shirt, $985, pants, $920, and belt, $285, all by Dsquared^2, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Maxfield's, L.A.; and Nida, San Francisco. Boots, $109, by Durango Boot, call 800-251-3388; or visit durangoboot.com. Necklace, $1,150, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. On her: Men's belt, $230, all by Dsquared^2, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Maxfield's, L.A.; and Nida, San Francisco. Sunglasses, $335, by Oliver Peoples, visit oliverpeoples.com.

Page 180: Tank, $60, by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA. Pants, $920, and belt, $285, by Dsquared^2, at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; Maxfield's, L.A., and Nida, San Francisco. Sunglasses, $300, by Paul Smith, visit oliverpeoples.com. Necklace, $1,150, and bracelet, $290, both by A&G, at Barneys New York; H.Lorenzo, L.A.; and Fred Segal Finery, Santa Monica, CA.

BODY TACKLE

Page 186: (clockwise from left) Shirt, $60, by Akademiks, at Bloomingdale's; The Lark; Fred Segal Man; Up Against The Wall Rugby, $50, by Nautica Jeans Company, at select Bloomingdale's; select Macy's; select Lord & Taylor stores; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nauticajeans.com. Shirt, $120, by Pringle of Scotland, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. Shirt, $60, by J.Crew, visit jcrew.com. Rugby, $58, by Mecca, visit meccausa.com. Shirt, $80, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at select Polo Ralph Lauren stores; and Bloomingdale's.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 190: (from left) Hat, $20, by O'Neill, at Pacific Sunwear. Hat, $27, by X-Large, at X-Large, N.Y.C. and L.A. Hat, $40, by D&G, at D&G, N.Y.C., Bal Harbour, FL, and L.A.

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

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Morris/Corbis **p.142:** Crown, Laurence Dutton/Getty Images; Ruffo at ATM, NC, Trump Palace, Nathaniel Lindsey; Reuters, NC, Philip Morris, Wayne Scarberry/Getty Images/Newscom.com; Ruffo, NC **p.144:** Rocancourt in jail, HIRES CHIP/Gamma; Pia Reyes with jewels, Gamma; Bruce Cutler, Ross Frank/Corbis Sygma; Rocancourt on boat, Gamma; Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Nik Wheeler/Corbis; Mug Shot, Getty Images **p.145:** Rocancourt with Sagan, Gamma; Fingerprints, Gamma; Dino De Laurentiis, Rufus F. Folkks/Corbis; Sophia Loren, Douglas Kirkland/Corbis; lawyers, HIRES CHIP/Gamma; Ellen Peck, Bettmann/Corbis; The Sting, The Kobal Collection; Count Victor Lustig, Bettmann/Corbis; Howard Hughes, AP Photo; Sophia Loren, The Kobal Collection/20th Century Fox **p.146:** Abdallah, NYPD/AP Photo; credit cards, Michael Lichter/International Stock; Zaytoons, Courtesy of Jessica Leigh Endelson; Forbes, NO Credit; Bloomberg, Lyn Hughes/Wireimage.com; Stewart, RJ Capak/Wireimage.com; Winfrey, James Devaney/Wireimage.com; fake Rolex, Bettmann/Corbis **p.148:** Miami Dade Prison, Eliot J. Schechter/Getty Images; diamonds, D. Boone/Corbis; Camcorder, Tom Vano/IndexStock; Rolex, Howard Sokol/IndexStock; Fanies, NC; Danny De Vito/Matilda, The Kobal Collection/In Star **p.195:** Sumo wrestlers, Michael Coglianttry/Getty Images **p. 200:** Drunk guy, N/C, two Girls, Steven Galeener/Index Stock; explosion, James Porto/Getty Images/Getty; beer, N/C, Britney Spears, Bettina Schwarzwalder/DPA/Landov; Natalie Portman, Dan Chung/Reuters/Landov; Liv Tyler, Hubert Boesl/DPA/Landov; Molly Sims, Jeff Christensen/Reuters/Landov; ballerina, Adri Berger/Getty Images; Horias Wagner, AP Photo/Kathy Willens

CLOTHING CREDITS

p.36: Bottoms by BCBG **p.54:** School girl outfit available at Religious Sex; or at Religioussex.com. Bra by Simone Perele. Panty by Calvin Klein. Garter and stockings by Wolford **p.55:** Pink top and panty by the Pink Slip, available at thepinkslip.com (on him) T-shirt available at the gap. Jeans by Diesel **p.66:** Brown leather jacket by Romain Kapadia, $895, at romainkapadia.com. White button down shirt and jeans by Iceberg Jean, at The Lounge, N.Y.C. Brown Glendale leather boots, $185, by Birkenstock, call 1-800-761-1404. White halter dress, $350, by OMO Norma Kamali. Gold lariat necklace, $48, by Alex & Ani, at Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.; or alexandani.com. Stiletto sandal in white leather, $185, by Stuart Weitzman, at Stuart Weitzman Boutique, Beverly Hills; or call 310-860-9600. Black rubber dress, $395, by Inner Sanctum, at Religious Sex, N.Y.C. Black leather fingerless gloves, $40, by La Crasia, at La Crasia, Grand Central N.Y.C. Black leather thigh-high boots by Guiseppe Zanotti for Baby Phat. Aqua halter top, $72, by Catherine Brule, at Big Drop N.Y.C. Red miniskirt, $175, by OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C. Clear high heels, $250, by Charles Jourdan, at Charles Jourdan N.Y.C.; or call 212-219-0490. Black dress, $190, by Catherine Brule, at Atrium N.Y.C. Gold cuff bracelet, $48, by Alex & Ani, at Henri Bendel N.Y.C. **p.68:** Black patent leather corset, $510, by Dark Garden Unique Corsetry, San Francisco. Black vinyl hotpants by Leg Avenue, at legavenue.com. Black vinyl gloves, $100, by La Crasia N.Y.C. Black vinyl boots, $172, by Religious Sex N.Y.C. Devil horns and pitchfork by leg avenue, at www.legavenu.com. Green fairy costume made by Lara Greene, call 212-244-2060; or laracorsets.com. Stiletto sandal, $185, by Stuart Weitzman, Beverly Hills **p.92:** Top by Guess?. Bra and boy short by Hurt. Shoes by Cesare Paciotti **pp.114–115:** Black zip-up by Adidas. Khaki trunks by Quicksilver. Red sweatshirt by Adidas. Trunks by Quicksilver. Purple pullover by Adidas. Shorts by OP. Light blue T-shirt and track suit by Puma. Red visor by Speedo. Red one-piece swimsuit by Speedo. Green bikini by Guess?. Blue bikini by Roxy **p.116:** (group shot) Blue bikini by Guess?. Trucker hat by Roxy. Purple bikini top by Roxy. Shorts by Puma. Red and black track suit by Adidas. Surf shorts by OP. Red dress by Puma, sunglasses by Oakley. Striped T-shirt by OP. Surf shorts by Speedo. Sunglasses by Oakley (oyster shot) Bikini by Roxy **p.118:** Red one-piece swimsuit by Speedo. Red bikini top by Guess?. Sport short by Puma. Shoes by Melissa **p.122:** (left to right) Bikini by Guess?. Sweatshirt by Adidas. Bikini by Guess? Bikini by Guess?. Sweatshirt by Adidas. Bikini by Quicksilver. Bikini by Guess? Sweatshirt by Puma **p.142–148:** (model 1) Suit, Hugo Boss. Shirt, Calvin Klein. Tie, Ted Baker. Hat, Worth & Worth. (model 2) Suit, Hugo Boss. Shirt, Calvin Klein, tie, Ted Baker. (Model 3) Suit & shirt, Ted Baker. Tie, Calvin Klein. (model 4) Suit, Paul Stuart. Shirt & tie, Hugo Boss. Hat, Worth & Worth. (model 5) Suit, Hugo Boss. Shirt, Kenneth Cole. Tie, Ted Baker **p.150–151:** Crystal bustier available at Jack Henry, L.A. Norma Kamali bikini bottoms. Charles David Shoe **p.152:** Pink mesh corset top by Le Mesh. String bottoms by Norma Kamali. Handcuff earnings available at Jennifer Kaufman, L.A. Shoes by Charles David **p.154:** Wet seal white net tank. Delicocy red hot pants available at Madison, L.A. Erickson Beamon belt and armband available at Jack Henry, L.A. **p.158:** SNCE red croquet bathing suit available at Everything but Water. Shoes, Cesare Pacotti green sequin heels **p160:** Trista Rehn gold bikini, Frank and Franco **p.162–164:** (left) Red Gingham halter top by Space Cowboys. Shorts by Frankie B. Jewelry by Kaviar. Nicole (right) Top by Abercrombie and Fitch. Shorts by Eberjay. Vintage Cowboy boots, at Charizmatik. Jewelry by Kaviar **p.166:** (Paris) Top by Nina Ricci. Camouflage shorts by Eberjoy. Cell phone holster belt by Abu Design, at pink book Los Angeles. Earrings by Kaviar. Boots by Manolo Blahnik. (Nicole) Top by Suss Design. Shorts by Abercrombie and Fitch. Belt by Red Monkey. Earrings and necklace by Kaviar. Shoes by Cesare Paciotti **p.168:** Bra and panties by Nina Beri. Jewelry by Kaviar. Boots by Guiseppe Zionnatti.

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Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Power Lunch

The Inside Story On Healthy Sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe and he was hotter than ever before. The power and sexual energy that he suddenly had was even more than when we first started making love almost 10 years ago! It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of it all – he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking, men don't have multiples. That's what I thought too, but trust me, he was and his newfound passion and vigor was such an incredible turn-on to me also, that before we knew it we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely, out of the ordinary. After a few days, I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our love-making, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of nearly 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes this supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes" and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a supplement that will most certainly trigger much longer and stronger orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate her own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang throughout Europe for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As for finding it in the states, I know of just one importer, Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-OGOPLEX or Ogoplex.com. Ogöplex tablets are pure flower seed extract and are safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Jamie Ireland

The persons appearing in the ad are models, and the images are being used for illustrative purposes only.

1 **What's the worst thing about coming to the morning after?**

a. ■ The vomit-hangover combo
b. ■ Realizing you got seriously facialed
c. ■ Not being able to recollect all the stupid things you surely did
d. ■ Thinking you somehow lost 40 bucks

2 **Fifty percent of American girls have done what by age 19?**

a. ☐ Held an underwater tea party
b. ☐ Written fan mail to their idol
c. ☐ Smoked pot
d. ☐ Let boys play in their secret gardens

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at **maximonline.com**, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3. **What important question should all Americans ask themselves these days?**

a. ☐ Do we have the guts to hunt down, torture, and burn alive every last terrorist?
b. ☐ Are we spending enough on education?
c. ☐ How many more fucking times is TBS going to inflict *Rudy* and *Sister Act* on us?*

4. **What's been eBay's biggest transaction to date?**

a. ☐ Gulfstream II ($4.9M)
b. ☐ Miami beachfront estate ($2.5M)
c. ☐ Honus Wagner baseball card ($1.6M)
d. ☐ Princess Leia's un-dry-cleaned golden bikini ($.3M)

5. **At which two massive racetracks does NASCAR require horsepower-zapping restricter plates?**

a. ☐ Daytona, FL
b. ☐ Dearborn, MI
c. ☐ East Bumfuck, IA
d. ☐ Talladega, AL

6. **Where in Europe is beer considered a "staple food"?**

a. ☐ Ireland
b. ☐ Bavaria
c. ☐ Ireland

7. **True or false: The idea of being in a dank room with a nameless Asian hooker and a strap-on mustn't ever enter your mind.**

a. ☐ True
b. ☐ La-la-la-la, I'm not listening!

8. **Which of these terms is the most endearing among your stupid friends?**

a. ☐ Douchebag
b. ☐ Cock-munch
c. ☐ Dickhead
d. ☐ Cum junkie

9. **Who is the only major-leaguer ever to hit two grand slams in a single inning?**

a. ☐ Fernando Tatis
b. ☐ Hank Aaron
c. ☐ Ken Griffey Jr.

10 **Which one of these pretty faces is currently majoring in psychology at Harvard? Seriously.**

a. ☐ Britney Spears
b. ☐ Natalie Portman
c. ☐ Liv Tyler
d. ☐ Molly Sims

11. **Which of these scenarios is definitely the most humiliating?**

a. ☐ Losing at arm wrestling in a crowded bar
b. ☐ Being told "You're so big" when you know damn well you're not
c. ☐ Blowing your entrance in ballet class
d. ☐ Having a midget hump your leg in front of a date
e. ☐ Seeing your girlfriend choking on a pony schlong in a porn video

Want to learn more startling, useless trivia?

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Last month's answers: 1. a 2. b 3. 1-c, 2-d, 3-a, 4-b 4. a 5. a 6. d, c, a, b 7. c 8. a 9. b 10. b 11. b 12. b 13. b

*For the love of God!

FOLD PAGE OVER SO ARROWS MEET

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Miller Genuine Draft is cold-filtered at a constant 32°. What's left is pure beer that hasn't had its flavor heated away. Only cold-filtering gives you a taste this pure, this refreshing. Cold-filtered Miller Genuine Draft.

Live Responsibly

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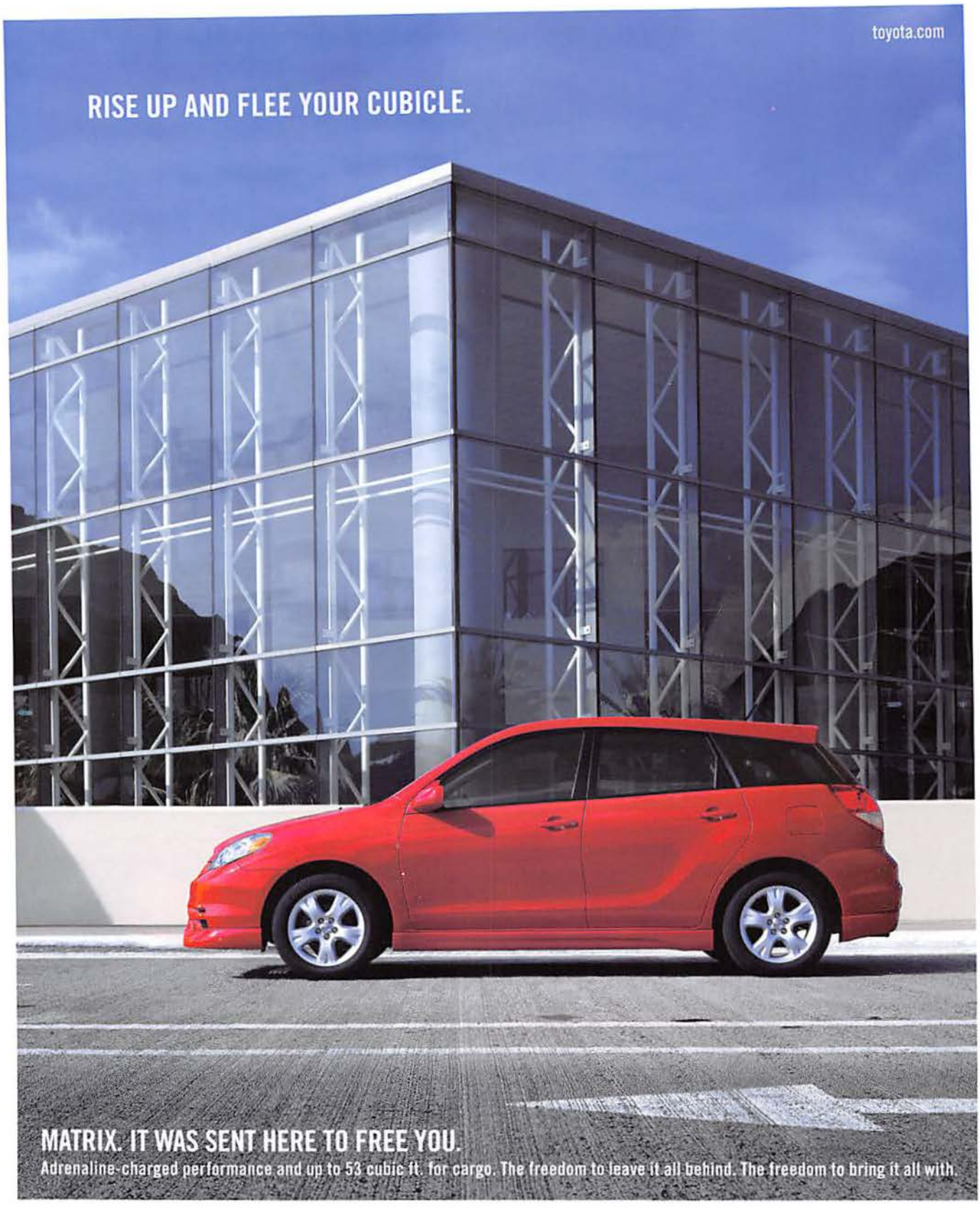
FOLD PAGE OVER SO ARROWS MEET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